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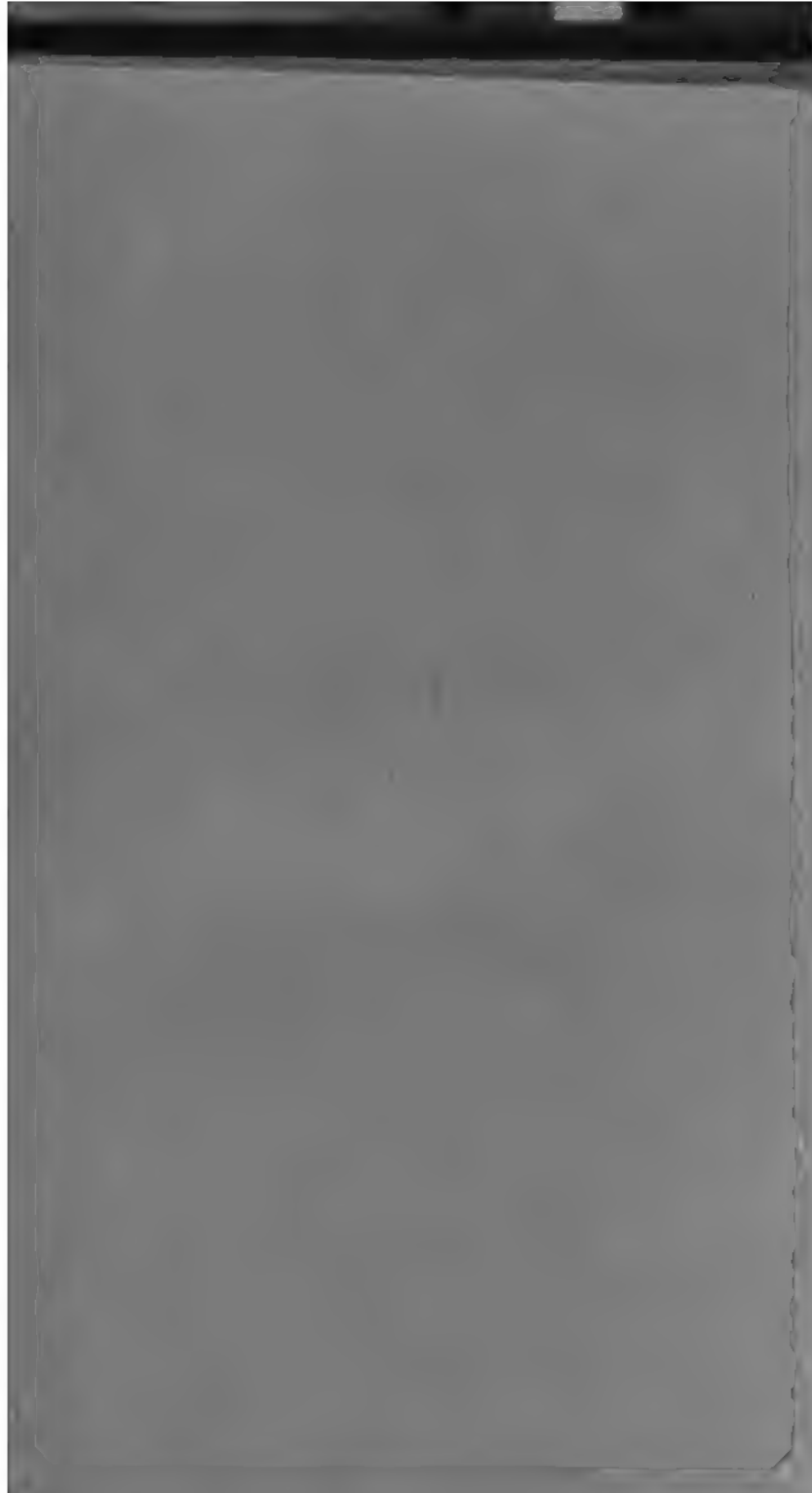


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THE
Gentleman's Magazine

60469

VOLUME CCLIV.

(254)

JANUARY TO JUNE 1883

PRODESSE & DELECTARE



E PLURIBUS UNUM

Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1883

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LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

CONTENTS OF VOL. CCLIV.

	PAGE
esses, Rejected. By ALEX. C. EWALD, F.S.A.	51
and Sepoy. By F. BOYLE	385
arnian Alps, May Day in the. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING .	503
le and his Wife. By H. R. FOX BOURNE	530
le-Emerson Correspondence, The. By R. H. SHEPHERD .	415
ervative Party, The Prospects of the. By REV. MALCOLM MACCOLL, M.A.	562
A, for Help. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING	273
o-pint. By GRANT ALLEN	152
: a Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE :	
haps. XXXI., XXXII., XXXIII.	93
XXXIV., XXXV.	214
XXXVI., XXXVII.	304
End Chapter, An. By WALTER BESANT, M.A.	358
onable English. By DUDLEY ERRINGTON	576
n Murder and Sudden Death." By HENRY BROWN	89
n, My Suburban. By H. F. LESTER	480
Sun-spot, A. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR	260
a, The Tramp's. By F. G. WALLACE-GOODBODY	176
A Cry for. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING	273
ert Spencer's Philosophy. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR	73
y Grail," The, a Coral Stone. By KARL BLIND	606
seria." By RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD	624
Hanway, the Philanthropist. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. .	296
a and Zuleykha. By STANLEY LANE-POOLE	166
atto. By REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D.	401
fishing. By REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.	21
Lawrence. By EDWARD B. EASTWICK, C.B.	513
Day in the Californian Alps. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING .	503
s, Village. By RICHARD JEFFERIES	615
lling and Sculpture. By PERCY FITZGERALD	207
eys. By ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E. :	
part I.	281
part II.	373
Musical Life.—I. By REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.	595
Suburban Garden. By H. F. LESTER	480
s, Surnames, and Nicknames. By HENRY BRADLEY	193
Iwynn. By DUTTON COOK	489
Abelard, The : a Romance. By ROBERT BUCHANAN :	
room	1
hap. I. The Two	2
II. Old Letters	8
III. The Bishop	15
IV. Worldly Counsel	129
V. "Mrs. Montmorency"	137
VI. Alma	147
VII. A Side Current	241
VIII. Mystifications	248
IX. Farewell to Fensea	255
X. From the Post-bag	337
XI. An Actress at Home	352
XII. In a Sick Room	441
XIII. A Runaway Couple	450
XIV. A Mystery	456

	PAGE
New Abelard, The—continued.	
XV. The Cousins	545
XVI. In the Vestry	552
XVII. Counterplot	559
Personal Nicknames. By W. H. OLDING, LL.B.	35
Prospects, The, of the Conservative Party. By REV. MALCOLM MACCOLL, M.A.	562
Rejected Addresses. By ALEX. C. EWALD, F.S.A.	51
Science Notes. By W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, F.R.A.S. :	
Atmosphere <i>versus</i> Ether—A Neglected Disinfectant—Another Disinfectant—Ensilage—The Fracture of Comets—The Origin of Comets	115
Saving the Eyes—Transfusion by Pressure—The Physiology of Haunted Chambers—A Plea for Sour Grapes—The Nutriment in Wine—Aeronautical Exploration—The Blood of Moun- taineers	230
The New Foot-warmers—Nutritive Value of Skim-milk—Perver- sion of Herbivora—Electric Light and Vegetation—A Drawing- room Optical Illusion—Iron in the Tea-plant—"The Force of Habit" in Plants	325
Is the Sun Blue?—The Travelling of the "Fixed" Stars—Water Gas to the Rescue—Skin Vision—Transmission of Force	428
A Scientific Veteran—Electric Fishing—Fireproof Upholstery— Electricity as a Source of Power—Nordenskjöld's New Ex- pedition—What Nordenskjöld may Find—The Distribution of Meteoric Iron—A Scientific Swindle	534
The Evolution of Silkworms—The "Fume" of the Blast Furnace —"Vivisection"—The Future of the Black Country—Iron Salt as a Manure—Mushroom Poison—Nordenskjöld's New Arctic Expedition—Nordenskjöld's Route—The Lost Greenland Colony	631
Sculpture and Modelling. By PERCY FITZGERALD	207
Sepoy and Arab. By F. BOYLE	385
Spencer's, Herbert, Philosophy. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR	73
Suburban Garden, My. By H. F. LESTER	480
Sun-spot, A Great. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR	260
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN :	
Editions of Rabelais in the Sunderland Sale—Relation of Scenic Illustration to the Drama—"Readiana"—A Literary Parallel —Lamentation in Renaissance Literature—A Lost Custom— Publishers and Authors	124
The P.-R. B.—National Biography—Spoliation of the Foreigner —The Toll of Fire	238
Cruel Sports—Slavery and the Straits Settlements—Elementary Education in Saving Life—Storage of Petroleum—Burial Alive —East End Poverty—What is the Future of our Race?	333
Religious Mania—Hospital Wards for Paying Patients—Risks of Ocean Travelling—Prevention of Disaster at Sea—Capital Punishment—Are we Sycophants?	437
Modern Pisciculture—Mr. Dutton Cook's Republished Criticisms —The Promise of May—Literary Fund Pensions—Chinese Impressions Concerning England	542
A Spanish Bibliophile—The Price of an Old Print—"The Real Lord Byron"—The Chess Tournament—The Arteries of London	641
Tramp's Haven, The. By F. G. WALLACE-GOODBODY	176
Village Miners. By RICHARD JEFFERIES	615
Wagner's "Siegfried" and the City of the Nibelungs. By KARL BLIND	462
Whistling. By REV. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.	392

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1883.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

Now the Monsters besetting Christian's path were three, and these were their names,—Agnosticism, Materialism, Spiritualism. The first was a chilling shadow, the second a grinning Skeleton, the third looked like an Angel, but as (methought) a Devil in disguise.—THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS (*revised to etc.*).

PROEM.

Shipwreck What succour?—

On the gnawing rocks

The ship grinds to and fro with thunder-shocks,
And thro' her riven sides with ceaseless rush
The foam-fleck'd waters gush ;
Above, the soot-black sky ; around, the roar
Of surges smiting on some unseen shore ;
Beneath, the burial-place of rolling waves—
Flowerless, for ever shifting, wind-dug graves !

A moment on the riven deck he stands,
Praying to heaven with wild uplifted hands,
Then sees across the liquid wall afar
A glimmer like a star ;
The lighthouse gleam ! Upon the headland black
The beacon burns and fronts the stormy wrack—
Sole speck of light on gulfs of darkness, where
Thunder the sullen breakers of despair

The ship is gone Now in that gulf of death
He swims and struggles on with failing breath ;
He grasps a plank—it sinks—too frail to upbear
His leaden load of care ;

Another and another—straws!—they are gone!
 He cries aloud, stifles, and struggles on;
 For still thro' voids of gloom his straining sight
 Sees the sad glimmer of a steadfast light!

He gains the rocks What shining hands are these,
 Reached out to pluck him from the cruel seas?
 What shape is this, that clad in raiment blest
 Now draws him to its breast?
 Ah, Blessèd One, still keeping, day and night,
 The lamp well trimm'd, the heavenly beacon bright,
 He knows thee now!—he feels the sheltering gleam—
 And lo! the night of storm dissolves in dream!

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO.

Miriam. But whither goest, then?

Walter.

On the highest peak,
 Among the snows, there grows a pale blue flower—
 The village maidens call it *Life-in-Death*,
 The old men *Sleep-no-more*; I have sworn to pluck it;
 Many have failed upon the same wild quest,
 And left their bleaching bones among the crags.
 If I should fail—

Miriam.

Let me go with thee, Walter!
 Leave me not here i' the valley—let us find
 The blessed flower together, dear, or die!

The Sorrowful Shepherdess.

ON a windy night in the month of May, the full moon was flashing from cloud to cloud, each so small that it began to melt instantaneously beneath her hurried breath; and in the fulness of the troubled light that she was shedding, the bright tongues of the sea were creeping up closer and closer through the creeks of the surrounding land, till they quivered like quicksilver under the walls of Mossleigh Abbey, standing dark and lonely amongst the Fens.

It was a night when, even in that solitude, everything seemed mysteriously and troublously alive. The wind cried as with a living voice, and the croaks of herons answered from the sands. The light of the moon went and came as to a rhythmic respiration; and when it flashed, the bats were seen flitting with thin z-like cry high up over the waterside, and when it was dimmed, the owl moaned

from the ivied walls. At intervals, from the distant lagoons, came the faint "quack quack" of flocks of ducks at feed. The night was still, but enchanted; subdued, yet quivering with sinister life. Over and above all was the heavy breath of the ocean, crawling nearer and nearer, eager yet fearful, with deep tremors, to the electric wand of that heavenly light.

Presently, from inland, came another sound—the quick tramp of a horse's feet coming along the narrow road which wound up to, and past, the abbey ruins. As it grew louder, it seemed that every other sound was hushed, and everything listened to its coming; till at last, out of the moonbeams and the shadows, flashed a tall white horse, ridden by a shape in black.

Arrived opposite the ruins, the horse paused, and its rider, a woman, looked eagerly up and down the road, whereupon, as if at a signal, all the faint sounds of the night became audible again. The woman sat still, listening; and her face looked like marble. After pausing thus motionless for some minutes, she turned from the road, and walked her horse through the broken wall, across a stone-strewn field, and in through the gloomy arch of the silent abbey, till she reached the roofless space within, where the grass grew rank and deep, mingled with monstrous weeds, and running green and slimy over long-neglected graves.

How dark and solemn it seemed between those crumbling walls, which only the dark ivy seemed to hold together with its clutching sinewy fingers! yet, through each of the broken windows, and through every archway, the moonlight beamed, making streaks of luminous whiteness on the grassy floor. The horse moved slowly, at his own will, picking his way carefully among fragments of fallen masonry, and stopping short at times to inspect curiously some object in his path. All was bright and luminous overhead; all dim and ominous there below. At last, reaching the centre of the place the horse paused, and its rider again became motionless, looking upward.

The moonlight pouring through one of the arched windows suffused her face and form.

She was a fair woman, fair and tall, clad in a tight-fitting riding dress of black, with black hat and backward-drooping veil. Her hair was golden, almost a golden red, and smoothed down in waves over a low broad forehead. Her eyes were grey and very large, her features exquisitely cut, her mouth alone being, perhaps, though beautifully moulded, a little too full and ripe; but let it be said in passing, this mouth was the soul of her face—large, mobile, warm,

passionate, yet strangely firm and sweet. Looking into the grave eyes of this woman, you would have said she was some saint, some beautiful madonna; looking at her mouth and lips, you would have said it was the mouth of Cytherea, alive with the very fire of love.

She sat motionless, still gazing upward on the soft milky azure, flecked with the softest foam of clouds. Her face was bright and happy, patient yet expectant; and when the low sounds of the night were wafted to her ears, she sighed softly in unison, as if the sweetness of silence could be borne no longer.

Suddenly she started listening, and at the same moment her horse, with dilated eyes and nostrils, trembled and pricked up his delicate ears. Clear and distinct, from the distance, came the sound of another horse's feet. It came nearer and nearer, then it ceased close to the abbey wall; and almost simultaneously, the white steed threw forth its head and neighed aloud.

The woman smiled happily, and patted his neck with her gloved hand.

A minute passed. Then, through the great archway slowly came another rider, a man. On seeing the first comer, he rose in the saddle and waved his hand; then leaping down, he threw his reins over an iron hook fixed in the wall, and came swiftly through the long grass.

A tall man of about thirty, wrapt in a dark riding cloak and wearing a broad-brimmed clerical hat. He was clean shaven, but his black hair fell about his shoulders. His eyes were black and piercing, his eyebrows thick and dark. The head, with its square firm jaw and fine aquiline features, was set firm upon a powerful neck and shoulders. His cloak, falling back from the throat, showed the white neckcloth worn by English clergymen.

The white horse did not stir as he approached, but turning his head, surveyed him calmly with an air of recognition. He came up, took the rein and patted the horse's neck, while the woman with a cry of welcome leapt from her seat.

"Shall I fasten your horse with mine?" he asked, still holding the rein.

"No, let him ramble among the grass. He will come at my call."

Released and riderless, the horse moved slowly through the grass, approaching the other in a leisurely way, with a view to a little equine conversation. Meantime the man and woman had sprung into each other's arms, and were kissing each other like lovers—as indeed they were.

“ You are late, dearest,” said the woman presently, when the first delight of meeting was over. “ I thought perhaps you could not come to-night.”

Her voice was deep and musical—a soft contralto—with vibrations of infinite tenderness. As she stood with him, fixing her eyes fondly upon him, it almost seemed as if she, not he, were the masculine, the predominant spirit; he the feminine, the possessed. Strong and passionate as he seemed, he was weak and cold compared to her; and whenever they clung together and kissed, it seemed as if her kisses were given in the eagerness of mastery, his in the sweetness of self-surrender. This, seeing her delicate beauty, and the powerful determined face and form of the man, was strange enough.

“ I could not come earlier,” he replied gently. “ I had a call to a dying man which detained me. I left his bedside and came straight hither.”

“ That is why you look so sad,” she said, smiling and kissing him. “ Ah, yes—death is terrible ! ”

And she clung to him fondly, as if fearful that the cold cruel shadow even then and there might come between them.

“ Not always, Alma. The poor man whose eyes I have just closed—he was only a poor fenman—died with a faith so absolute, a peace so perfect, that all the terrors of his position departed, leaving only an infinite pathos. In the presence of such resignation I felt like an unholy intruder. He went away as calmly as if Our Lord came to him in the very flesh, holding out two loving hands, and indeed—-who knows? His eyes were fixed at last as if he *saw* something, and then . . . he smiled and passed away.”

They moved along side by side through the deep shadows. She held his hand in hers, drawing life and joy from the very touch.

“ What a beautiful night ! ” he said at last, gazing upwards thoughtfully. “ Surely, surely, the old argument is true, and that sky refutes the cry of unbelief. And yet men perish, generations come and go, and still that patient light shines on. This very place is a tomb, and we walk on the graves of those who once lived and loved as we do now.”

“ Their souls are with God,” she murmured; “ yes, with God, up yonder ! ”

“ Amen to that. But when they lived, dearest, belief was so easy. They were not thrust into a time of doubt and change. It was enough to close the eyes and walk blindly on in assurance of a Saviour. Now we must stare with naked eyes at the skeleton of what was a living truth.”

"Do not say that. The truth lives, though its face has changed."

"Does it live? God knows. Look at this deserted place, these ruined walls. Just as this is to habitable places, is our old faith to the modern world. Roofless, deserted, naked to heaven, stands the Church of Christ. Soon it must perish altogether, leaving not a trace behind; unless" . . .

"Unless?" . . .

"Unless, with God's aid, it can be *restored*," he replied. "Even then, perhaps, it would never be quite the same as it once was in the childhood of the world; but it would at least be a Temple, not a ruin."

"That is always your dream, Ambrose."

"It is my dream; and my belief. Meantime, I am still like a man adrift. O Alma, if I could only *believe*, like that poor dying man!"

"You do believe," she murmured; "only your belief is not blind and foolish. Why should you reproach yourself because you have rejected so much of the old superstition?"

"Because I am a minister of the Church, round which, like that dark devouring ivy, the old superstitions still cling. Before you could make this place what it once was, a prosperous abbey, with happy creatures dwelling within it, you would have to strip the old walls bare; and it is the same with our religion. I am not strong enough for such a task. The very falsehoods I would uproot have a certain fantastic holiness and beauty; when I lay my hands upon them, as I have sometimes dared to do, I seem to hear a heavenly voice rebuking me. Then I say to myself that perhaps, after all, I am committing an act of desecration; and so—my life is wasted."

She watched him earnestly during a long pause which followed. At last she said:

"Is it not, perhaps, that you *think* of these things too much? Perhaps it was not meant that we should always fix our eyes on what is so mysterious. God hid Himself away in the beginning, and it is not His will that we should comprehend Him."

The clergyman shook his head in deprecation of that gentle suggestion.

"Then why did He plant in our souls such a cruel longing? Why did He tempt our wild inquiry, with those shining lights above us, with this wondrous world, with every picture that surrounds the soul of man? No, Alma, He does not hide Himself away—it is we who turn our eyes from Him to make idols of stone or flesh, and to worship these. Where, then, shall we find Him? Not among

the follies and superstitions of the ruined Church at the altar of which I have ministered to my shame !”

His words had become so reckless, his manner so agitated, that she was startled. Struck by a sudden thought she cried :

“ Something new has happened ? O Ambrose, what is it ?”

“ Nothing,” he replied ; “ that is, little or nothing. The Inquisition has begun, that is all.”

“ What do you mean ?”

He gave a curious laugh.

“ The clodhoppers of Fensea have, in their small way, the instinct of Torquemada. The weasel is akin to the royal tiger. My Christian congregation wish to deliver me over to the moral stake and faggot ; as a preliminary they have written to my Bishop.”

“ Of what do they complain *now* ?”

“ That I am a heretic,” he answered with the same cold laugh. “ Conceive the ridiculousness of the situation ! There was some dignity about heresy in the old days, when it meant short shrift, a white shirt, and the *auto da fé*. But an inquisition composed of Summerhayes the grocer, Hayes the saddler, and Miss Rayleigh the schoolmistress ; and instead of Torquemada, the mild old Bishop of Darkdale and Dells !”

She laughed too, but somewhat anxiously. Then she said tenderly, with a certain worship :

“ You are too good for such a place. They do not understand you.”

His manner became serious in a moment.

“ I have flattered my pride with such a thought, but after all have they not right on their side ? They at least have a definite belief ; they at least are satisfied to worship *in a ruin*, and all they need is an automaton to lead their prayers. When they have stripped me bare, and driven me from the Church——”

“ O Ambrose, will they do that ?”

“ Certainly. It must come, sooner or later ; perhaps the sooner the better. I am tired of my own hypocrisy—of frightening the poor fools with half-truths when the whole truth of unbelief is in my heart.”

“ But you *do* believe,” she pleaded ; “ in God and in our Saviour !”

“ Not in the letter, dearest. In the spirit, certainly !”

“ The spirit is everything. Can you not defend yourself ?”

“ I shall not try. To attempt to do so would be another hypocrisy. I shall resign.”

“ And then ? You will go away ?”

“ Yes.”

“ But you will take *me* with you ? ”

He drew her gently to him ; he kissed her on the forehead.

“ Why should you share my degradation ? ” he said. “ A minister who rejects or is rejected by his Church is a broken man, broken and despised. In these days martyrdom has no glory, no honour. You yourself would be the first to feel the ignominy of my situation, the wretchedness of a petty prosecution. It would be better, perhaps, for us to part.”

But with a look of ineffable sweetness and devotion, she crept closer to him, and laid her head upon his breast.

“ We shall not part,” she said. “ Where you go I shall follow, as Rachel followed her beloved. Your country shall be my country, dearest, and—your God my God ! ”

All the troubled voices of the night responded to that loving murmur. The moon rose up luminous into the open heaven above the abbey ruins, and flashed upon the two clinging frames, in answer to the earth's incantation.

CHAPTER II.

OLD LETTERS.

What's an old letter but a rocket dark—
Once fired i' the air and left without a spark
Of that which once, a fiery life within it,
Shot up to heaven, and faded in a minute ?
But by the powdery smell and stick corroded,
You guess—how noisily it once exploded !—*Cupid's Postbag.*

I.

To the Right Reverend the Bishop of Darkdale and Dells.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR,—We the undersigned, churchwardens and parishioners of the church of St. Mary Flagellant, in the parish of Fensea and diocese of Dells, feel it our duty to call your lordship's attention to the conduct of the Rev. Ambrose Bradley, vicar of Fensea aforesaid. It is not without great hesitation that we have come to the conclusion that some sort of an inquiry is necessary. For many months past the parish pulpit has been scandalised by opinions which, coming from the pulpit of a Christian church, have caused the greatest astonishment and horror ; but the affair reached its culmination last Ascension Day, when the Vicar actually expressed his scepticism as to many of the Christian miracles, and

particularly as to the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ *in the flesh*. It is also reported, we believe on good authority, that Mr. Bradley is the author of an obnoxious article in an infidel publication, calling in question such facts as the miraculous conversion of the Apostle Paul, treating other portions of the Gospel narrative as merely "symbolical," and classing the Bible as only one of many Holy Books with equal pretensions to divine inspiration. Privately we believe the Vicar of Fensea upholds opinions even more extraordinary than these. It is for your lordship to decide, therefore, whether he is a fit person to fill the sacred office of a Christian minister, especially in these times, when Antichrist is busy at work and the seeds of unbelief find such ready acceptance, especially in the bosom of the young. Personally, we have no complaint against the Vicar, who is well liked by many of his congregation, and is very zealous in works of charity and almsgiving. But the pride of carnal knowledge and the vanity of secular approbation have turned him from that narrow path which leads to righteousness, into the howling wilderness of heterodoxy, wherein having wandered too far, no man may again find his soul alive. We beseech your lordship to investigate this matter without delay ; and with the assurance of our deepest respect and reverence, we beg to subscribe ourselves, your lordship's humble and obedient servants,

HENRY SUMMERHAYES,
EZEKIEL MARVEL,
WALTER ROCHFORD,
SIMPSON PEPPERBACK,
JOHN DOVE,
TABITHA RAYLEIGH, *spinster*,
all of the parish of Fensea.

II.

*From the Bishop of Darkdale and Dells to the Rev. Ambrose Bradley,
Vicar of Fensea.*

Darkdale, *May* 28.

DEAR MR. BRADLEY,—I have just received from some of the leading members of your congregation a communication of an extraordinary nature, calling in question, I regret to say, not merely your manner of conducting the sacred service in the church of Fensea, but your very personal orthodoxy in those matters which are the pillars of the Christian faith. I cannot but think that there is some mistake, for I know by early experience how ready churchgoers are, especially in

the rural districts, to distort the significance of a preacher's verbal expressions on difficult points of doctrine..

When you were first promoted to the living of Fensea, you were named to me as a young man of unusual faith and zeal—persevering, indeed, to a fault ; and I need not say that I had heard of you otherwise as one from whom your university expected great things. That is only a few years ago. What, then, has occurred to cause this sad misconception (I take it for granted that it *is* a misconception) on the part of your parishioners ? Perhaps, like many other young preachers of undoubted attainments but limited experience, you have been trying your oratorical wings too much in flights of a mystic philosophy and a poetical rhetoric ; and in the course of these flights have, as rhetoricians will, alarmed your hearers unnecessarily. Assuming this for a moment, will you pardon me for saying that there are two ways of preaching the gospel : one subtle and mystical, which appeals only to those spirits who have penetrated into the adytum of Christian theology ; one cardinal and rational, which deals only with the simple truths of Christian teaching, and can be understood by the veriest child. Perhaps, indeed, of these two ways, the latter one most commends itself to God. “ For except a man be born again,” &c. Be that as it may, and certainly I have no wish to undervalue the subtleties of Christian philosophy, let me impress upon you that, where a congregation is childlike, unprepared, and as it were uninstructed, no teaching can be too direct and simple. Such a congregation asks for bread, not for precious stones of oratory ; for kindly promise, not for mystical speculation. That you have seriously questioned, even in your own mind, any of the divine truths of our creed, as expressed in that Book which is a light and a law unto men, I will not for a moment believe ; but I shall be glad to receive forthwith, over your own signature, an assurance that my surmise is a correct one, and that you will be careful in the future to give no further occasion for misconception.

I am, my dear Mr. Bradley, yours,

DARKDALE AND DELLS.

III.

From the Rev. Ambrose Bradley to the Right Reverend the Bishop of Darkdale and Dells.

Vicarage, May 31, 1880.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—I am obliged to you for your kind though categorical letter, to which I hasten to give you a reply. That

certain members of my congregation should have forwarded complaints concerning me does not surprise me, seeing that they have already taken me to task on many occasions and made my progress here difficult, if not disagreeable. But I think you will agree with me that there is only one light by which a Christian man, even a Christian clergyman, can consent to be directed—the light of his own conscience and intellect, divinely implanted within him for his spiritual guidance.

I will be quite candid with you. You ask what has changed me since the day when, zealous, and, as you say, “*perfervid*,” I was promoted to this ministry? The answer is simple. A deep and conscientious study of the wonderful truths of Science, an eager and impassioned study of the beautiful truths of Art.

I seem to see you raise your hands in horror. But if you will bear with me a little while, perhaps I may convince you that what I have said is not so horrible after all—nay, that it expresses a conviction which exists at the present moment in the bosom of many Christian men.

The great question before the world just now, when the foundations of a particular faith are fatally shaken, when Science denies that Christ as we conceive him ever was, and when Art bewails wildly that He should ever have been, is whether the Christian religion can continue to exist at all ; whether, when a few more years have passed away, it will not present to a modern mind the spectacle that paganism once presented to a mediæval mind. Now, of our leading churchmen, not even you, my Lord Bishop, I feel sure, deny that the Church is in danger, both through attacks from without and through a kind of dry-rot within. Lyell and others have demolished and made ridiculous the Mosaic cosmogony. Strauss and others have demolished, with more or less success, the Biblical and Christian miracles. No sane man now seriously believes that the sun ever stood still, or that an ass spoke in human speech, or that a multitude of people were ever fed with a few loaves and fishes, or that any solid human form ever walked on the liquid sea. With the old supernaturalism has gone the old asceticism or other-worldliness. It is now pretty well agreed that there are substantially beautiful things in this world which have precedence over fancifully beautiful things in the other. The poets have taught us the loveliness of nature, the painters have shown us the loveliness of art. Meantime, what does the Church do? Instead of accepting the new knowledge and the new beauty, instead of building herself up anew on the *débris* of her shattered superstitions, she buries her face in her own

ashes, and utters a senile wail of protestation. Instead of calling upon her children to face the storm, and to build up new bulwarks against the rising wave of secularism, she commands them to wail with her or *to be silent*. Instead of perceiving that the priests of Baal and Antichrist might readily be overthrown with the weapons forged by their own hands, she cowers before them powerless, in all the paralysis of superstition, in all the blind fatuity of prayer.

But let us look the facts in the face.

The teachers of the new knowledge have unroofed our Temple to the heavens, but have not destroyed its foundations ; they have overthrown its brazen images, but have not touched its solid walls. Put the case in other and stronger words. The God who thundered upon Sinai has vanished into air and cloud, but the God of man's heavenly aspiration is wonderfully quickened and alive. The Bible of wrath and prophecy is cast contemptuously aside, but the Bible of eternal poetry is imperishable, its wild dreams and aspirations being crystallised in such literature as cannot die. The historic personality of the gentle Founder of Christianity becomes fainter and fainter as the ages advance ; but, on the other hand, brighter and fairer grows the Divine Ideal which rose from the ashes of that godlike man. Men reject the old miracles, but they at last accept a miracle of human idealism. In one word, though Christianity has perished as a dogmatic faith, it survives as the philosophic religion of the world.

This being so; how does it behove a Christian minister, eating the Church's bread, but fully alive to her mortal danger, to steer his course?

Shall he, as so many do, continue to act in the nineteenth century as he would have acted in the fifteenth, or indeed in any century up to the Revolution? Shall he base his teaching on the certainty of miracles, on the existence of supernaturalism, on the evil of the human heart, the vanity of this world, and the certainty of rewards and punishments in another? Shall he brandish the old hell fire, or scatter the old heavenly manna?

I do not think so !

Knowing in his heart that these things are merely the cast-off epidermis of a living and growing creed, he may, in perfect consciousness of God's approval, put aside the miraculous as unproven if not irrelevant ; warn the people against mere supernaturalism ; proclaim with the apostles of the Renaissance the glory and loveliness of *this* world—its wondrous scenes, its marvellous story as written on the rocks and in the stars, its divine science, its literature, its poetry, and

its art ; and treading all the fire of hell beneath his feet, and denouncing the threat of eternal wrath as a chimera, base his hope of immortality on the moral aspirations that, irrespective of dogma, are common to all mankind.

This I think he may do, and must do if the Church is to endure.

Let him do this, and let only a tithe of his brethren imitate him in so doing, and out of this nucleus of simple believers, as out of the little Galilæan band, may be renewed a faith that will redeem the world. Questioned of such a faith, Science will reply—"I have measured the heavens and the earth, I have traced back the book of the universe page by page and letter by letter, but I have found neither here nor yonder any proof that God is *not* ; nay, beyond and behind and within all phenomena, there abides one unknown quantity which you are quite free to call—God." Similarly questioned, Art will answer—"Since you have rejected what was so hideous, tested by the beauty of this world, and since you hold even my work necessary and holy, I too will confess with you that I hunger for something fairer and less perishable ; and in token of that hunger, of that restless dream, I will be your Church's handmaid, and try to renew her Temple and make it fair."

The keystone of the Church is Jesus Christ. Not the Jesus of the miracles, not Jesus the son of Joseph and Mary, but Jesus Christ, the Divine Ideal, the dream and glory of the human race. Not God who made himself a man, but man who, by God's inspiration, has been fashioned unto the likeness of a God.

And what, as we behold him now, is this Divine Ideal—this man made God ?

He is simply, as I conceive, the accumulated testimony of human experience—of history, poetry, philosophy, science, and art—in favour of a rational religion, the religion of earthly peace and heavenly love. Built upon the groundwork of what, shorn of its miraculous pretensions, was a gentle and perfect life, the Divine Ideal, or Ideal Person, began. At first shadowy and almost sinister, then clearer and more beautiful ; then, descending through the ages, acquiring at every step some new splendour of self-sacrifice, some new consecration of love or suffering, from every heart that suffered patiently, from every soul that fed the lamp of a celestial dream with the oil of sweet human love. And now, far removed as is man himself from the archetypal ape, is this Christ of modern Christendom, this spiritual Saviour of the world, from the ghostly skeleton of the early martyrs, from the Crucified One of early

Christian art. The life of generations has gone to fashion him—all our human experience has served to nourish him—gradually from age to age He has drunk in the blood of suffering and the milk of knowledge, till He stands supreme as we see him—not God, but man made God.

Does it matter so much, after all, whether we worship a person or an idea, since, as I suggest, the Idea has become a Person, with all the powers and privileges of divinity? Nay, who in this world is able, even with the help of philosophy, to distinguish what *is* from what seems—the phenomenal from the real? So long as Our Lord exists as a moral phenomenon, so long in other words as we can apprehend him as an ideal of human life, Christ is not dead, and his resurrection is not a dream. He walks the world. He remembers Greece and Rome, as well as Galilee; He blesses the painter and the poet, as well as the preacher in the Temple. He rejects nothing; He reads the rocks and the stars, and He adds their gospel to his own; He cries to men of all creeds, as his prototype cried to his disciples of yore, “Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and ye shall rest.”

Pardon me, my Lord Bishop, the desultory thoughts noted down in this long letter. They perhaps give you some clue as to the sentiments with which I pursue the Christian mission. You will doubtless think me somewhat heterodox, but I have at least the courage of my opinions; and on some such heterodoxy as mine—though on one, I hope, much broader and wiser—it will soon be found necessary to reconstruct the Christian Church.

I am, my Lord Bishop, yours,

AMBROSE BRADLEY.

IV.

*From the Bishop of Darkdale and Dells to the Rev. Ambrose Bradley,
Vicar of Fensea.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot express to you with what feelings of sorrow and amazement I have read your terrible letter! I must see you personally at once. My only hope now is that your communication represents a passing aberration, rather than the normal condition of your mind. I shall be at Darkdale on Saturday next, the 2nd. Will you make it convenient to be in the town on that day, and to call upon me at about eleven in the forenoon?

I am,

DARKDALE and DELLS,

CHAPTER III.

THE BISHOP.

A priest he was, not over-merry,
Who loved sound doctrine and good sherry
Who wound his mind up every morning
At the sedate cathedral's warning,
And found it soberly keep time,
In 's pocket, to each hourly chime.
Who, church's clock-face dwelling under,
Knew 'twas impossible to blunder,
If Peter's self at 's door should knock,
And roundly ask him—*What's o'clock?*

The Hermitage.

ON the morning of the 2nd June, the Rev. Ambrose Bradley left Fensea by the early market train, and arrived at Darkdale just in time for his interview with the Bishop of his diocese.

Seen in broad daylight, as he quickly made his way through the narrow streets to the episcopal residence, Bradley looked pale and troubled, yet determined. He was plainly drest, in a dark cloth suit, with broad felt hat; and there was nothing in his attire, with the exception of his white clerical necktie, to show that he held a sacred office. His dress, indeed, was careless almost to slovenliness, and he carried a formidable walking-stick of common wood. With his erect and powerful frame and his closely-shaven cheeks, he resembled an athlete rather than a clergyman, for he had been one of the foremost rowers and swimmers of his time. He wore no gloves, and his hands, though small and well formed, were slightly reddened by the sun.

Arrived at his destination, an old-fashioned residence, surrounded by a large garden, he rang the gate bell, and was shown by a footman into the house, where his card was taken by a solemn-looking person clerically attired. After waiting a few moments in the hall, he was ushered into a luxuriously furnished study, where he found the Bishop, with his nether limbs wrapt in rugs, seated close to a blazing fire.

Bishop — was a little spare man of about sixty, with an aquiline nose, a slightly receding forehead, a mild blue eye, and very white hands. He was said to bear some facial likeness to Cardinal Newman, and he secretly prided himself upon the resemblance. He spoke slowly and with a certain precision, never hurrying himself in his utterance, and giving full force to the periods of what was generally considered a beautiful and silvery voice.

“Good morning, Mr. Bradley,” he said, without noticing the other’s extended hand. “You will excuse my rising? The rheumatism in my knees has been greatly increased by this wretched weather. Pray take a chair by the fire.”

Bradley, however, found a seat as far from the fire as possible; for the weather was far from cold, and the room itself was like a vapour bath.

There was a pause. The Bishop, shading his face with one white hand, on which sparkled a valuable diamond ring, was furtively inspecting his visitor.

“You sent for me?” said Bradley, somewhat awkwardly.

“Yes—about that letter. I cannot tell you how distressed I was when I received it; indeed, if I may express myself frankly, I never was so shocked in my life. I had always thought you so different, so very different. But there! I trust you have come to tell me that the hope I expressed was right, and that it was under some temporary aberration that you expressed sentiments so extraordinary, so peculiarly perverted, and—hem!—unchristian.”

The clergyman’s dark eye flashed, and his brow was knitted.

“Surely not unchristian,” he returned.

“Not merely that, sir, but positively atheistic!” cried the Bishop, wheeling round in his chair and looking his visitor full in the face.

“Then I expressed myself miserably. I am not an atheist; God forbid!”

“But as far as I can gather from your expressions, you absolutely dare to question the sacred character of the Scriptures, and the Divine nature and miraculous life and death of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!”

“Not at all,” replied Bradley quietly.

“Not at all!” echoed the Bishop.

“Permit me to explain. I expressed my humble opinion that there are many things in the Scriptures which are contradicted by modern evidence, so that the sacred writings must be accepted not as history but as poetry; and I said that, although the miraculous narrative of Christ’s life and death might have to be rejected, the beautiful Ideal it had set before us was sufficient for all our needs. In other words, whether Our Lord was a Divine personage or not, He had become a Divine Influence—which, after all, is the same thing.”

“It is *not* the same thing, sir!” exclaimed the Bishop, horrified. “It is very far from being the same thing. Why, any Unitarian would admit as much as you do!—and pardon me for reminding

you, you are not an Unitarian—you are a clergyman of the Church of England. You have subscribed the articles—you—God bless my soul! what is the world coming to, when a Christian minister uses language worthy of the atheist Bradlaugh?”

“You remind me that I subscribed the articles,” said Bradley, still preserving his calmness. “I did so without thought, as so many do, when I was a very young man.”

“What are you now, sir? A young man, a very young man; and in the audacious spirit of youth and inexperience you touch on subjects which the wisest minds of the world have been content to approach with reverence, with awe and trembling. I see your position early enough. The horrible infidelity which fills the air at the present day has penetrated your mind, and with the pride of intellectual impiety—that very pride for which Satan was cast from heaven—you profane the mysteries of your religion. After what you have said, I am almost prepared to hear you tell me that you actually did write that article on Miracles, which your parishioners impute to you, in the *Bi-monthly Review!*”

“It is quite true. I did write that article.”

“And you have contributed to other infidel publications; for instance, to the *Charing Cross Chronicle*, which is edited by an infidel and written for infidels?”

“Excuse me; the *Chronicle* is not generally considered an infidel publication.”

“Have you contributed to it—yes or no, sir?”

“Not on religious subjects; on literary topics only.”

“But you have written for it; that is enough. All this being granted, I think I may safely gather whence you receive your inspirations. From that portion of the press which is attempting to destroy our most sacred institutions, and which is endeavouring, in one way or another, to undermine the whole foundations of the Christian Church.”

Bradley rose to his feet and stood on the hearthrug, facing his superior, who looked up at him with ill-concealed horror and amazement. By this time he was not a little agitated; but he still preserved a certain outward composure, and his manner was full of the greatest humility and respect.

“Will you permit me to explain?” he said in a low voice. “The hope and dream of my life is to upraise the Church, not to destroy it.”

“Humph! to upraise *a* church, perhaps, but not the Church of Christ.”

“The Church of Christ—a church wherein all men may worship, irrespective of points of dogma, which have been the curse of every religion, and of ours most of all. For such a communion only two articles of faith would be necessary—a belief in an all-loving and all-wise Creator, or First Unknown Cause, and a belief in a Divine Character, created and evolved we need not ask how, but bearing the name of the Founder of Christianity.”

“And the Bible, sir, the Bible!” cried the Bishop impatiently. “What would you do with that?”

“I would use it in its proper place, as—literature.”

“Literature!” said the Bishop with uplifted hands. “You would then class that Blessed Book, from which the world has drawn the milk of immortal life, in the same category as Homer’s Iliad, the profane poems of Horace and Catullus, and—save the mark!—Lord Byron’s poems, and the miserable novels of the period?”

“You do not quite understand me!”

“Sir, I understand you only too well.”

“I do not call all printed matter literature; but I hold that all literature of the higher kind is, like the Bible, divinely inspired. Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare were as assuredly sent by God as Moses and Elijah. Shall we call the Book of Job a divine piece of moral teaching, and deny that title to ‘Hamlet’ and ‘King Lear’? Is not the ‘Faust’ of Goethe as spiritual a product as the Song of Solomon? Ezekiel was a prophet; prophets also are Emerson and Carlyle. Spinoza has been called God intoxicated; and it is true. There might be some question as to the mission of Byron (though I myself believe there is none); but surely no thinking person can reject the pretensions of that divine poet and martyred man who wrote the ‘Prometheus Unbound’!”

“Shelley!” ejaculated the other, as if a bomb had exploded under his feet. “Are you actually speaking of *him*, sir?—the atheist Shelley!”

“He was no atheist. More than most men he believed in God—a god of love.”

This was too much. Quite forgetting his rheumatism, the Bishop threw off his rugs and rose tremulously to his feet.

“Mr. Bradley,” he said, “let there be an end to this. I have heard you patiently and respectfully, thinking perhaps you might have something to say in your own defence; but every word you utter is an outrage—yes, sir, an outrage. Such opinions as you have expressed here to-day, and the other day in your letter, might be conceivable in a boy fresh from college; but coming from one who

has been actually ordained, and has held more than one office in the Church, they savour of blasphemy. In any case, I shall have to take the matter into consideration, with a view to your immediate suspension. But if you wish it I will give you time—a little time—to reflect. I would do anything to avoid a scandal.”

The clergyman lifted his hat and stick, with a slight involuntary shrug of the shoulder.

“It is, then, as I expected,” he said. “I am to be denounced and unfrocked. The days of persecution are not yet quite over, I perceive.”

The Bishop flushed angrily.

“It is absurd to talk of persecution in such a case, Mr. Bradley. Do you yourself conceive it possible that you, bearing such opinions, can remain in the Church?”

“I do not conceive it possible. Shall I resign at once?”

“Permit me to think it over, and perhaps to consult with those who in such matters are wiser than myself. I shall do nothing hasty, or harsher than the occasion warrants, be sure of that.”

“Thank you,” returned Bradley with a peculiar smile.

“You shall hear from me. In the mean time, let me entreat you to be careful. Good morning.”

And with a cold bow, the Bishop dismissed his visitor.

On leaving the episcopal residence Bradley went straight to the railway station, had a slight and hasty lunch at the buffet, and then took the mid-day express to London. Entering a second-class carriage, the only other occupants of which were a burly personage going up for a Cattle Show, and a spruce individual with “bagman” written on every lineament of his countenance, he resigned himself to reflections on his peculiar position.

Throughout these reflections I have no intention of following him, but they seemed less gloomy and miserable than might be conceived possible under the circumstances. His eye was clear and determined, his mouth set firmly, and now and then he smiled sadly to himself—just as he had smiled in the presence of the Bishop.

The express reached London in about six hours, so that it was evening when Bradley arrived at King’s Cross, carrying with him only a small hand-bag. Instead of hailing a cab, he walked right on along the streets—through Taverton Street to Russell Square, thence into Holborn, and thence, across Lincoln’s Inn Fields, into the Strand. He then turned off towards the Temple, which he entered with the air of one who knew its quiet recesses well.

He was turning into Pump Court when he suddenly came face to face with a man of about thirty, elegantly dressed, with faultless gloves and boots, and carrying a light cane. He was very fresh and fair-complexioned, with sandy whiskers and moustaches ; and to complete his rather dandified appearance he sported an eyeglass.

“ Cholmondeley ! ” cried the clergyman, pronouncing it “ Chumley ” according to the approved mode.

“ Ambrose Bradley ! ” returned the other. “ Is it possible ? Why, I thought you were hundreds of miles away. ”

“ I came up here by the express, and was just coming to see you. ”

“ Then come along with me and dine at the ‘ Reform. ’ ”

They looked a strange contrast as they walked on side by side—the powerful, grave-looking man, shabbily attired in his semi-clerical dress, and the elegant exquisite attired in the height of London fashion, with his mild blue eye and his eyeglass in position. Yet John Cholmondeley was something more than the merely ornamental young person he appeared ; and as for his mildness, who that had read his savage articles on foreign politics in the *Bi-monthly Review* would have taken him for a harmless person ? He was a Radical of Radicals, an M.A. of Oxford, and the acting-editor of the *Charing Cross Chronicle*. His literary style was hysterical and almost feminine in its ferocity. Personally he was an elegant young man, with a taste for good wines and good cigars, and a tendency in external matters to follow the prevailing fashion.

They drove to the ‘ Reform ’ in a hansom, and dined together. At the table adjoining theirs on one side two cabinet ministers were seated in company with Jack Bustle, of the *Chimes*, and Sir Topaz Cromwell, the young general just returned from South Africa ; at the table on the other side an Under-Secretary of State was giving a little feast to Joseph Moody, the miners’ agent and delegate, who had been a miner himself, and who was just then making some stir in political circles by his propaganda.

After dinner they adjourned to the smoking-room, which they found almost empty ; and then, in a few eager sentences, Bradley explained his position and solicited his friend’s advice. For that advice was well worth having, Cholmondeley being not only a clever thinker but a shrewd man of the world.

(*To be continued.*)

LOCH-FISHING.

FISHING, like shooting, possesses a multitude of secondary pleasures, owing to the constant change of scene which it involves. Of course, we do not speak of roach-fishing in the Lea, or gudgeon-fishing, that delight of sedentary cockneys, from a Thames punt; any more than we are thinking of firing upon terrified blue-rocks at Hurlingham, before bright eyes, whose possessors straightway go home and sign petitions against vivisection. But Mr. Ruskin and the Archbishop of York have spoken plainly enough upon this style of shooting. The higher and more sportsmanlike pleasures, both of shooting and fishing, can only be enjoyed with much hard work and healthy exercise, amid grand or tranquillising scenes. A day's shooting with the friend of your heart, over the yellow stubbles of Norfolk, meets this requirement as well as a ramble in mid-August over miles of heather, terminating in blue hazy mountains with distant peeps of a bluer sea. In both, Nature with her benign calm soothes the mind musing upon many things, while cares are exorcised by the spells of free action amid beautiful scenery. Hence the delights of these two sports, fishing and shooting, are perennial. Happy the parent who has indoctrinated his boys with either taste; still better if the lad can satisfy his longings with both. Lawn tennis, in spite of its respectable ancestry and the favour in which it is held at present, may perish in a year or two as utterly as badminton or croquet have died out. Archery manages to preserve a semblance of vitality, unsuited though it be as a recreation to our fickle climate. Cricket and football, as the sports of summer and winter respectively, will always hold their own and charm their many athletic votaries. But shooting and fishing, it may safely be predicted, will be passionately pursued by Englishmen so long as any quarry remains for them to pursue on earth, or in sky and water. They give change of scene, exercise, and recreation at once. They afford the requisite activity of mind which prevents a man who indulges in them from deeming himself lazy. They help him, with Horace, to banish the black brood of cares *in mare Creticum*, or into any other sea which may be more convenient. They are ever with us, like Cicero's liberal studies, in

our day as well as our nightly dreams. They charm youth, soothe manhood, and are not too severe for old age. However pent up in cities and business a man may be, they bring him into close relations with nature; and as Antæus gained fresh strength every time that he touched the ground, they send him back to work in the crowded city with nerves braced and spirits invigorated, cheery, contented, thankful.

It is not our purpose to compare the respective delights of shooting and fishing. Suffice it to say that both are entrancing, because they bring us face to face with nature. It is our intention rather to dwell upon one particular branch of the latter amusement, loch-fishing, to recall a few of its pleasures, and awake a sympathetic glow in those readers who have shared them. If a nineteenth-century Xerxes were to offer a reward for a new pleasure, he might well be directed, as we hope to show, to the charms of loch-fishing. While admitting the element of chance as freely as does river-fishing, it does not demand so much hard work and activity as the latter sport. Hence loch-fishing is emphatically the amusement to be recommended to an aged man, or to one jaded with hard bodily or mental work. No other sport seems to us at once so soothing and so fraught with a gentle excitement. All care about the certainty and steadiness of the feet is at once put out of mind in a boat; and frequently in fishing a rocky stream, or threading the precarious path by a swampy one, not a little decision and trust in nerves as well as in strength of ankles is requisite, to say nothing of the general tone of bodily health implied in the ability to take a long summer day's ramble by a devious stream. An attentive and skilled boatman takes all trouble off the fisherman's shoulders, and enables him, snugly ensconced in the stern, to devote his whole mind to the delightful business which is so dear to a fisherman's heart. In this position too, while the gillie rows him before beautiful scenery and snatches of sublime grouping among rocks which change every moment as fresh shoulders of the mountains or new corries open out, while frequent waves of light and colour pass over the face of the hills and sweep down to the little patches of oats and groups of Scotch firs at their base, the mind is eminently receptive. Perhaps it should rather be said that a man's whole nature then expands to receive the manifold glories of water, rock and sky, the many influences of wild sights and sounds, the grateful breeze, the floods of sunshine, even the sudden storm of rattling hail or large-dropped shower which one moment descends upon the boat, to be transfigured next minute into a speedy change of fuller,

warmer sunlight. All the latent poetry and artistry of a man's composition then awake. The better qualities of the heart resume their rightful sway where emulation, love of money if not mean avarice, party spirit, the rancour and uncharitableness engendered by public life, were lately predominant. The angler now understands how Hercules cleansed the Augean stables by an abundant flow of water, and appreciates the allegory in his own case. Perhaps the rod falls upon the thwarts, and he indulges in the pleasures of memory, or is transported to the purity and singleness of aim which actuated his youth. Perhaps his day-dream gives place to a veritable forty winks under the monotonous thud of the oars in their rowlocks. Donald knows how to respect privacy as well as how to tell a good story or kindle the flagging enthusiasm of his master, by marvellous stories of trout and salmon which he helped to kill. A fortnight of such diversion in a constant air-bath of the freshest atmospheric constituents literally recreates a man. *Credas experto.*

Loch-fishing is of many kinds, each of which possesses its own devotees. A humble and yet a pleasant branch of it consists in taking perch from a boat with a worm and a float. In some lakes, as at Slapton Lea, at Bala, and, we believe, in Ellesmere, this fish abounds. As most boys know, it is a "bold-biting fool;" and Izaak Walton says "if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be at one standing all caught one after another; they being like the wicked of this world, not afraid though their fellows and companions perish in their sight." Very little excitement attends this form of loch-fishing; the sportsman taking his ease in the stern sheets of the boat while his hook is baited for him. This he drops in, and if fortunate in his choice of locality may then take out one after another almost as many of the fish as he chooses. Unfortunately perch generally run much of one size and that not more than half a pound, although every now and then larger specimens even up to 4 lbs. may be secured. As a general rule, however, these are taken with a minnow. The sport becomes monotonous after a little, especially to those who delight in some form of bodily activity, however little may be the exertion called into play. Still, there are worse amusements than a day's perch-fishing. It is eminently a family pleasure; boys, girls, and ladies can all join in it, provided that the attendant be sufficiently quick to bait all the hooks at once, and sufficiently patient to take good-humouredly every form of impatience from his young charges. A book can be taken also, and when tired of pulling out perch may be produced, and in fine air, before a lovely pastoral view, when the

tired angler is far afloat on a sheet of glittering water will be greatly enjoyed. And prithee, good reader, for preference on such an expedition take a volume of old-fashioned poetry. A three-pound perch is a very good fish, and although a perch has been caught as heavy as five pounds, the angler need not expect to catch many of this size in a lifetime.

How different from this *dolce far niente* style of fishing is casting a fly on some large loch for a freshly run salmon or sea-trout ! From this diversion the fisherman will assuredly return with aching back and arms which might have been racked ; with dazzled eyes and blistered hands and tottering knees, and yet with a very contented heart, if his gillie bears a couple of salmon or half a dozen splendid sea-trout in silvery pride. What matters it if he finds himself so stiff that he can barely crawl to bed—to bed never more welcome ? Sleep with ambrosial influence speedily creeps over him, and without lying late next morning, thanks to the salubrity of Scottish air, the sportsman finds himself invigorated and ready after breakfast for another day's fishing. This nobler kind of fishing, too (for we hold fly-fishing as superior to bait-fishing as the sunbeams are to moonlight, to say nothing of the nobler quarry which is pursued in this style of loch-fishing), does not lightly pall upon its votaries. We cannot fancy for ourselves the pleasure of sitting two whole days in a windsor chair in a Thames punt to catch coarse fish ; but we would not envy others who can enjoy such a water frolic. Much of the difficulty of killing a salmon or sea-trout from the shore, when a man must throw a long line, is absent from loch-fishing, as there is no need to make an exceptionally long cast for a fish which will for the most part only be lying in one corner of a pool. Autumn is a favourable time for this sport, as salmon are travelling at that season to the outlets of the lochs, and of course a loch is best fished, like a river, when swollen with much rain. Mr. Colquhoun has some sensible remarks on this as on all Highland sports.¹ The foundation of success in loch-fishing he deems to be a perfect local knowledge of the water. "In order to obtain this angling geography the lake should be surveyed in dry weather ; and when the different feeding grounds are discovered, they should be noted by marks from different portions opposite to or crossing each other. A decayed stump of a tree exactly opposite a shepherd's hut, making a triangle with a rock or the end of a point, may be the only available beacons to guide you to a first-rate mid-loch cast." As for flies, the same author holds that the size and colour of loch-flies for salmon do not vary so much as those used in

¹ *The Moor and the Loch* (ed. 4, 1878), vol. ii. p. 314.

rivers. Red palmers, green bodies, and darker wings — these he thinks useful salmon flies for lochs. We agree again with him in his dictum that too much wind spoils loch-fishing more than too little. On Loch Ericht, for instance, it is not merely useless but dangerous to fish in a high wind, when the force of the air accumulates on the loch, being driven between high mountains as through a funnel, and a rough, swelling sea results. We have been on this loch in a gale of wind with a boatman who knew little or nothing of his business, and had it not been for reminiscences of rowing off the Devonshire coast we should almost certainly have been swamped. In such a gusty sea trout appear to lie at the bottom and do not care to rise.

The fishing on Loch Tay in February for salmon is frequently very good. It is distasteful to a fly-fisher, for it consists wholly in trolling with real or artificial minnow, but the results are almost sure to be excellent. Few waters hold so many "fish" as will Loch Tay in early spring, but the exposure and the rough weather which frequently prevail there at that season are very trying, unless a man possess a frame of iron and exceptional endurance. Playing a heavy salmon in a gale of wind during February with snow on all the hills and the thermometer considerably below freezing-point, is not altogether an unmixed pleasure. Warm garments, rugs, and well-filled flasks become under such circumstances a necessity, as the angler has merely to sit still while his boatmen row him up and down with two large rods set out at the stern, each holding a reel with 100 or 120 yards of line upon it and a phantom minnow, say, size No. 7, at the end, which is attached to it by a gut trace. Mr. Watson Lyall had four days' fishing upon Loch Tay at the very beginning of the season in 1877, and was exceptionally fortunate, as he took in that time 26 salmon of the weight of 551 lbs. More details of this loch and its fishing will be found in the same gentleman's *Sportsman's Guide*, which is published monthly during the season. As the value of fishing, like everything else, rises in proportion to its excellence, it is scarcely needful to add that salmon-fishing on Loch Tay, when hotels, boatmen, and the like are taken into account, is scarcely an amusement for a poor man. Moreover, it is somewhat of a lottery, productive though the loch is. For instance, a friend sought Loch Tay prepared to fish as long as 25*l.* lasted. He caught one fish, exactly of 25 lbs. weight, for his money.

Although many of the Scotch lochs hold pike of respectable size, if not exactly equal to the monsters of Loch Corrib or Loch Mask, pike-fishing is not generally identified with angling in the Scotch lochs. The professors of this art are to be found mainly in the

London Angling Clubs or among the frequenters of the sluggish broads and muddy river bends of East Anglia. A pike is a heavy-pulling, dogged fish, being unlike the spirited and active members of the *salmonidae*. Moreover, it is a foul-feeding fish and not much esteemed when it appears on the table. Bishop Thirlwall, indeed, regarded it as beyond the pale of human sympathy because it was a cannibal fond of eating its own kind ; but then that tender-hearted man and scholar knew nothing probably of the nature of the trout. Indeed to men of his character, who are not aware of the shortcomings of trout in this respect, anglers had better hold their peace. Those who like fishing for this "tyrant of the fresh waters," as Walton calls the pike, should consult their *Compleat Angler* for the toothsome receipt which its writer gives for cooking a pike. The mere reading of it serves instead of a banquet, and if a man has a mind to try dinner with Duke Humphrey let him peruse this receipt and duly smack his lips over the aromatic flavours of thyme, sweet marjoram, winter savory, pickled oysters, anchovies, butter, claret, oranges, and other ingredients which he is here invited to taste in a pike "roasted very leisurely." No wonder that the patriarch adds, "This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers or very honest men." A pike so treated (or, we may add, a pair of old shoes) would indeed be ethereal. We could never stoop to troll for pike amid the trout of a northern loch, and, amazing though it must seem to the pike-fisher, would infinitely prefer catching a few small trout with artificial fly, to having runs innumerable with monster pike and filling the boat with booty which no one cares to eat. The mention of artificial flies, indeed, reminds us that it is possible in very windy weather to take pike with a so-called fly. This is more like a bird, say a glorified dab-chick, than a fly, just as a salmon fly rather resembles a gorgeous tropical insect than some of the numerous varieties of *crustacea*—shrimps, prawns, and the like—which it is supposed a salmon deems it. Take a huge hook, fasten on it plenty of richly coloured worsted with much peacock harl, wrap this all round with gold list and add the eye at the end of a peacock's feather for wings, and you will possess a pike fly. It may be a very fatal bait on certain days ; but as a rule we believe it is but a precarious lure, depending as it does for its efficacy on the fact that with a north-west breeze a pike will almost eat anything.

Once more reverting to the nobler members of the great salmon family, the monarch of the great Scotch lochs, the *Salmo ferox*, at once claims attention. Multitudes of people go northwards annually ambitious of catching a monster specimen, and multitudes return with

their noble ambition unappeased. The fascination which the pursuit engenders arises from the fact that the fisherman on Loch Laggan, Awe, or Rannoch knows that he is being rowed over the haunts of his fish, and that it may take the artificial minnow, which is being towed astern to tempt it, at any moment. As day by day passes on without success, the angler, determined not to be beaten, and after the manner of his kind persevering in the teeth of despair, only becomes more keen in his endeavours, being duly encouraged by his gillie's talk of monstrous specimens which Mr. A. or Major B. once took on this very loch, until time at length vanquishes him and he has to return to the ordinary duties of civilised life in the South. At least one gentleman whom we could name passes his whole summer in assiduous daily attempts to catch the wily *Salmo ferox*. Others give up grouse-shooting, deer-stalking, money- or even love-making for this fascinating pursuit. No angler is so near to a fanatic as the fisher for *ferox*; and we have known a Highland fishing hotel bear a perilous resemblance to a *maison de santé* at breakfast and dinner time when the votaries of this sport assembled. Ministers might fall or shares go up, empires rise, revolt or revolution stalk in blood and fire through the land, for all they cared about it. They had set their hearts on capturing a big *ferox*, and day after day and all day they slaved in blinding sunshine, the prey of numberless midges, while their hearts grew daily as dark as their countenances, till they had succeeded in their fell purpose. In after life such a maniac can afford to smile at his devotion to this long piratical-looking, pink and brown trout; but at the time the occupation is all-absorbing. Nothing is allowed to interfere with it; nothing can be thought of or named in comparison with this sport. At the end of the season the bulk of these fanatics return gloomy and unsatisfied homewards. A few lucky men carry away the skins of their captives wrapped up in folds of blotting paper steeped in carbolic acid, to hang up in their halls some months afterwards a misshaped, painted, and varnished monstrosity, which some taxidermist who never saw such a fish in the flesh, any more than a siren or mermaid, has the audacity to call a *Salmo ferox*.

We laugh; and yet we have been smitten in our time with this midsummer madness. Nay, were we beside one or two favourite Northern lochs, the nympholepsy would return, perhaps set in with greater intensity as the grey mountains, the nearer pastures, or scanty crop of oats, won from the devouring grasp of heather, the fringe of graceful reeds, above all the breadths of shining water, shimmering beyond the rocky point under a stiff breeze, met the eye, and the old

love woke again within the heart. Before catching a *ferox*, however, comes the question, what is a *ferox*? Is it a separate species, or merely (as almost all keepers and gillies in Scotland affirm) an overgrown variety of the common trout? The Thames trout, for instance, is not a different species from the common English brown trout, *S. fario*. What can be said when a practical fisherman states his belief that, in the same manner, a *ferox* is either an exaggerated variety of the common lake-trout, an overgrown and old specimen of it, or a sea-trout which has given up migration, much as in the "Water Babies" the salmon reproaches the common trout for doing, and has therefore grown old, fat, and lazy? To make the confusion worse, Mr. Colquhoun (the highest authority on fishing for *ferox*) states that many big *feroxes* are often found to be salmon kelts.¹ Mr. Stoddart would even lower the *ferox*, with his fine appetite for fish, to a tame companion of the carp, and have us believe that it is fond of grazing on grass and weeds. Yarrell does not accurately discriminate between the common trout and this fish; making the fin rays the same in number in each, save that the *ferox* possesses 13 instead of 14 dorsal rays like the other. Günther gives the *ferox* more vertebrae but fewer pyloric appendages than the common trout; adding that its great characteristic seems to be "the crescent-shaped preoperculum with the hinder and lower margins passing into each other without forming an angle."² It may therefore be concluded that the *ferox* is a distinct species, whatever Scotch fishermen may say; theirs by no means being a solitary instance of ignorance barking like a cur at science, to use an expression of Plato. With regard to the size which this fish attains, Mr. Colquhoun states that in 28 years of his life he has known three to have been taken in Loch Rannoch of the respective weights of 23, 22, and 20 lbs. This sportsman thinks the reason why so few large *feroxes* (or *feroces*) are taken to be that they are so frequently pricked and terrified with the constant trolling of phantom minnows and "those villainous spoons" over them. Little specimens will occasionally take a trout fly, he says, but seldom or never the larger ones. On Loch Laggan we heard of a keeper taking several small ones with a Cardinal fly, a gorgeous production wholly crimson with plenty of gold tinsel twisted on it. A man might, however, as an ordinary thing as well hope to make ropes out of the sand on the edge of the loch as catch the *feroces* in it with fly. Some authorities recommend a natural minnow, some a steady reliance on Brown's phantom. Our opinion is that an angler should in the first

¹ In the *Field* paper, Nov. 13, 1880.

² Catalogue of the Fishes in the British Museum, vol. vi, *Salmonidae*, 1866.

place provide himself with an inexhaustible fund of hope and patience, and then proceed to troll with two rods, one bearing a phantom, the other a natural minnow or small trout. With luck and perseverance he may during the term of a tolerably long life succeed in catching a 20-lb. *ferox*, when of course he will be happy ever after. Life will have nothing left worth pursuing. Therefore it is fortunate that a large *ferox* is seldom caught.

“Trolling for giant trout is the very acme of rod-fishing,” says the author of “The Moor and the Loch,”¹ and then proceeds to give rules, which are so remarkably pertinent, and so little bear extraction from the context, that we content ourselves with directing the *ferox* fisher by all means to make himself master of Mr. Colquhoun’s whole chapter on this exciting sport. When the angler is suitably equipped and gently rowed on one of the larger Highland lochs, as he reclines in the stern of the boat and watches scene after scene of changeful loveliness open upon his view, each illuminated by a brilliant sun or rendered more sombre as the light fades off it, a brother fisherman in less happy case may be excused the only feeling of envy for such a happy wight that should ever trouble his serene nature. How can cares or mundane ambitions consist with such perfect freedom of action, while new emotions of admiration and thankfulness rise within a man each moment? Unlike Virgil’s husbandmen, such a fortunate angler knows and values his own happiness. His only marvel is that all men are not *ferox* fishers. After a day thus spent, including a chat with the shepherd at the shieling by the head of the loch, and a distribution of pence to his bare-legged children, the angler seeks his couch certain of balmy slumbers, at peace with himself and the world. If he has not yet caught the big *ferox* of which he is in quest, he may easily do so in his dreams. Even there the longing will obtrude itself; the *amari aliquid*, inseparable from this world’s joys, will start up. Fortunately, the angler in Scotland is never troubled with indigestion, more especially if he has taken a nightcap of the liquor of the country before bedtime. Else, instead of catching the large *ferox* in the bed of the loch, a monster *ferox* would certainly haunt his dreams and take him in his feather bed, so engrossing is the pursuit of this fish apt to become.

Salt blows the breeze, and the waves run high between the mist-clad mountains where lies our next quest, the pursuit of the sea-trout. It may be taken close at home in beautiful Loch Lomond when summer fairly sets in, or farther afield in Loch Maree during autumn, best of all perhaps in the salt-water lochs and fiords of the north-

¹ Vol. ii. p. 320, *seq.* (ed. 4, 1878).

western Highlands and Sutherlandshire. Who does not know the sensational story of the number captured one afternoon by Mr. Stoddart from the ruins of the old castle on Loch Assynt? We have stood there and thought of his exploit, but, alas! never emulated it. For dashing sport and constant excitement there is no kind of northern loch-fishing so entrancing as is sea-trout angling with artificial fly. "Hah! he had it then," we murmur, as the shapely silvery creature leaps wildly at our gaudy lure, and the unkind barb is driven well home into its palate; and while the boat rocks on the dashing waves, and Donald vainly endeavours to get her head to the wind, whirr! whirr! away goes the swift sea-trout towards the open sea. You hold on, and set your teeth in the face of the wind, while up into the air leaps the fish once and again, and then runs off at a tangent and springs up once more, to fall like a bar of silver on the crest of a big wave. Your heart is in your mouth for a moment; but all is right, and the line is soon seen cutting the dark water to one side of the boat. "Now, Donald, the net!" Whirr! away once more darts the trout, once more springs up thirty yards away from the boat into the sunshine, shows its gallant form for a moment; then there comes a slack line, and you know your fate. "Aweel, sir," says Donald, "snuffing" the while, "I jist thocht that was ower muckle a troot to be ta'en. She's like enough the witch troot that Sandy Macfarlane saw leaping like a flying-fish i' the moonlight roond and roond his boat. Sandy had been, ye ken, to Craigellachy to meet the Men, and hadna but twa drams, when," &c., &c. This story is as good as any other, at all events, to solace you for the disappointment; so you suffer the old man to tell the tale of the "witch troot," and then he too has a dram like his hero Sandy, after which it will not be his fault if you are unsuccessful. Nothing is so snobbish and detestable as to spoil a boatman by overpaying and giving him too much whisky: but a true sportsman and gentleman is always considerate to his gilly; and when the boatman is old, and a specimen of nature's gentlemen like our gillie Donald, a little extra kindness, and indulging him in a "crack" with you now and then between the "drifts," gives him as much pleasure as it will give you profit. Such a man looks forward to summer, when "the gentlemen will be coming," quite as much as the latter long for their northern holiday.

We have not spoken of taking the lordly salmon, as it frequently may be taken in these larger lochs; but not even its capture, not the leaps of a freshly run sea-trout, not the angry, sullen resistance of a big *ferox*, shall seduce us from our allegiance to the little brown or yellow trout, as he is called in Scotland. This lithe and beautiful

fish, after all, is the fly-fisherman's first and last love. He can never forget the red spotted fish, the largest he as yet had ever caught, which amazed him by its vigour one evening when, as a little boy, he was angling for minnows, and by chance caught a trout which had been under the bank. Has not Christopher North painted the scene in words which we will not emulate? And in token that trout-fishing lasts as a perennial delight through the votary's life, nothing more need be said than to recall the affecting end of that great fisherman and good man who on his death-bed, so his daughter tells, asked for his fly-book, took out and smoothed his treasures, and laid them gently by his side. There are many lochs, each possessing its own store of recollections, which rise before the mind's eye in treating of trout-fishing proper. Loch Leven has its own circle of admirers; and doubtless a loch which will almost always yield a fair basket of trout, each on an average weighing a pound, is not a place to be despised. But most people will dislike the commercial flavour which surrounds the whole affair, the paying heavily for permission to use a boat, the allotment of stations, club contests, prizes for greatest weight of trout, and the like. This at once transports us to Dogdyke in Lincolnshire, and the fishing tournaments of the great unwashed in their thousands from Sheffield for perch, eels, and the baser fish. These trials of skill doubtless suit their own admirers, but the man who loves fine scenery, and fishing as the humour takes him for a nobler quarry, cannot away with them. Let him behold the dim grey mountains of Sutherlandshire veiled in almost perpetual mist, the snow-fields on Ben More, whence the breeze blows cool and fresh on the heated forehead of civilisation's victim, the wide rippling surface of Loch Awe, in Assynt, spread before him, where the yellow water-lilies ride in front of an almost tropical growth of papyrus-like reeds. Or let him breast the mountain at the back of the little inn at Inchnadamph, and struggle waist-deep through heather until, by great good fortune, where one stony step is just like another, he arrives at Loch Mulach Corrie, the wondrous abode of the so-called gillaroo trout. Or, once more, let him quit the snug fishing abode at Overscaig and take the road by Loch Giam above Loch Shin into the Duke of Westminster's deer-forest, where an hour's steady walking will bring him to what we regard as the gem of Highland lochs for trout-fishing, lovely Loch Merkland. In any of these sheets of water he will not only speedily fill his basket on a "saft" day, but he will enjoy such a feast of beauty and see so many rare beasts, birds, and flowers, if he possesses a naturalist's eye, that he will not forget the spot in a lifetime.

Hicks's "Wanderings in Assynt" is still a useful book for the flies of that district. But a few red and yellow flies with mallard and teal wings are all that is necessary to provide him with ample sport in these large and little-fished lochs. A very windy day should be avoided. There are no natural flies on the waters in such weather, consequently the fish have no inducements to feed near the surface; and, as far as we have observed, trout do not like broken or agitated water. The angler should first row up wind to the head of the loch, say, trolling with two stiff rods, one armed with a phantom, the other with a natural minnow. Thus he has a good chance of either a sea-trout, a salmon, or a *ferox*. Then let him wind up, take a 14-foot fly-rod, and drift gently down by the edge of the loch, about twenty yards away from it, more or less on the edge of the deep water, so as to be able to throw his flies near the reed beds, floating weeds, fringes of lilies, &c., where the best fish feed. A good boatman is essential in these manoeuvres, his duty being to keep the boat exactly the right distance away from the favourite fishing and feeding grounds, and on no account to suffer it to advance too quickly. He must back-water strongly at times, at other times be prepared to make a stroke to left or right as wanted. As for the angler, his work is to throw deftly as often as he can, not dwelling too long upon one place, and suffering the "bob" fly to show itself as much as possible. Mr. Francis, who is an excellent practical angler, lately set forth, by a simple diagram in the *Field* paper, the best mode of covering all the water contiguous to a boat, so that no part of it should be unfished in such a "drift" as we have described. A moment's reflection on these curves will show the *rationale* of "drifting" down a loch and fishing at the same time better than any verbal description.¹

These hints and reminiscences of loch-fishing might well end here, but the literary like the practical angler never knows when to stop. "Mickle wad aye hae mair" is a piscatorial proverb, frequently exemplified in the arm-chair as well as in the stern of a loch boat. We will so far gratify the eager reader as to bestow another paragraph on a book which has just been published, and which is specially designed for the angler as he has been here drawn.² The author describes it truly as a "very practical treatise;" equipment, tackle, casting and striking, even the etiquette of loch-fishing, are here amply and lucidly expounded. Most men, indeed, require no manual of etiquette for fishing, but are guided by

¹ See the *Field*, May 20, 1882.

² *Scotch Loch Fishing*. By Black Palmer. (Blackwood, 1882.)

the good old rules of the craft, to be as considerate and helpful to others as possible; the Glasgow Fishing Club, however, has elaborated a series of rules for fishing martinets, three of which are printed in this book. We do not see anything in them which ordinary gentlemanly feeling would not dictate, and look with some diffidence, it must be confessed, on all that seems likely to lead up to the "Manual of Fishing Etiquette" of the future. The very word "etiquette" strikes a false note in the Highlands, close as the connection always was between France and Scotland. On one point we are in entire agreement with "Black Palmer;" and his advice is so sensible that, maugre the tacklemaker's ire, we will quote his words in full. "Don't buy a large stock of flies. If going for a day's fishing, buy as many as you think you'll need, and no more. Buy them of different sizes; and if you get a few each time you go for an outing, you will be astonished how soon a spare stock accumulates." There is much sound sense in this. A quantity of spare flies means certain tangles and certain deterioration. *Size*, too, "Black Palmer" deems of more importance than *kinds*. The flies he does recommend are hare lug, red and teal, orange and mallard, green and woodcock, Zulus, red palmers, March browns (have these wrapped, we would add, with gold tinsel), yellow body with cinnamon wings, and hare lug body with mallard wing and red tip. These should be dressed, some Loch Leven size, some on a hook two sizes larger. Too large flies are a great mistake; fish will at times take them, it is true, but they terrify more fish than they kill. Some things sound ludicrous among the articles of an angler's equipment which he prescribes, as, for instance, a screw-driver and gimlet. These resemble the burglar's stock in trade rather than the peaceful angler's, especially when followed by "a carriage lamp and candles to fit;" but it is explained that these last are for travelling. The gimlet is afterwards recommended to be employed as a peg in the thwarts of a boat for leaning a rod against. A neat and enthusiastic trolling friend employs a little brass rest, made in the following shape Υ , for this purpose, and uses a gimlet to fix it into the boat's gunwale. Nothing could be more useful, and it slips in and out without any trouble. For loch-fishing always use a basket; for river-fishing a wallet. This is a wrinkle of our own experience which will commend itself to all true fishermen. "Black Palmer" is most happy in his practical suggestions, and luckily these are what an angler most needs: his reminiscences of Lochs Assynt, Ard, Morar, and Awe are somewhat thin and feeble. A commendable feature in his little book is that it is interleaved for notes. That it

is beautifully printed goes for granted when the publishers' name is mentioned. Altogether, "Loch-Fishing" is a manual which all beginners will be thankful for, and from which even a veteran may take a hint or two.

Did any loch fisherman ever wind up his lines and give the order to return home without regret? Even dinner appears at such a time to have lost its usual attraction. Many and many a time have we dared the *chef's* wrath and outstayed on the loch the hour of that repast, although it had been fixed, taking the long days of Sutherlandshire into consideration, at nine, or it might be even ten. Many and many a time have we found that *chef*, alike good-humoured, alike prepared even at eleven o'clock P.M. with an excellent meal. Those who would enjoy a dinner should eat it after such a day as we have depicted, which has been spent in hard exercise amongst the keenest of summer breezes. But even a Sutherlandshire day comes to an end at last. The most enthusiastic angler must lay down his pen as well as his rod. At all events, let us end with the sweet accents of the North lingering in our ears—sooner or later "the e'en brings a' hame."

M. G. WATKINS.

PERSONAL NICKNAMES.

“NICKNAMES should never be despised : it is by such means men are governed.” So runs one of the “*Idées Napoléoniennes*,” a goodly proportion of which are traceable to an origin remote from Napoleon. Fortunately, in the estimation of the value of any universal proposition, the truth is discernible apart from the circumstances of utterance. In the proposition here made, there is indeed an underlying sentiment of varying applicability : falling in with too marked exactitude to history in some epochs and in some countries, and at others of greater breadth of thought sitting shapelessly upon the *post factum* wearers. But this is but one side of the contention. For if men and nations are influenced—are influenced to action—by nicknames and the inessential : do not yet nicknames embody a characteristic, seize nicely the predominant spirit of a movement or a man ? And if so, is it not rather favourable to right-wiseness (as our ancestors wrote the word) than otherwise that such essential should have development, and should be thrown into a form in which the public are capable of grasping it, and in which it alone becomes capable of development ? But here the bias is equally one-sided. The fact is, that the mere statement of the two views shows that in the mean, or rather in class distinction, lies the truth. If then it be true that nicknames do govern men, and have governed them, we can only tell how far the government is in harmony with what might have been anticipated, and how far it has been directed by what is of accident, in telling what is the origin individually, not collectively, of this and that nickname. As an interpreter of history, or more properly as a part of history, the principal scope of the study thus suggested is no doubt in political names. But of these—though there are among them numbers of instances each representing a lively faction or party of some-time influence, one may yet safely suppose unfamiliar to the general reader—it is not our intention at present to speak. And if from time to time we cross the path of politics, guarded as fame reports by a noxious chameleon whose discernment is balked only by those clothed in its temporary colour, it will be without reference either

to the living, or to bodies of men, or to the kings and monarchs of the world.

Still less is it our purpose to consider how far personal nomenclature shows that surnames have very generally origin in nicknames. Mr. Lower, Mr. Bardsley, Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Finlayson, Mr. Lordan, Mr. Long, Mr. Kemble, Miss Yonge, Verstegan, Camden, Spelman, Pegge, Noble, Duke, Oliver, Brady, and Eusebius Salverte have done much in this—much helpful, if a little unsound. And they show that the custom has not been confined to modern Europe: that Plautus was flat-footed; Crassus, fat; (Horatius) Cocles, one-eyed; Claudius, a limper; (Sallustius) Crispus, curled; Marcellus, hammer-headed; Varus, bow-legged; Scaurus, club-footed; (Horatius) Flaccus, flap-eared; (Ovidius) Naso, bottle-nosed; and Balbus, a stammerer; that Cicero is connected with vetch, Galba with maggot, Strabo with a squint; that the Macri were presumably lean, the Albinovani possibly pale, hollow-faced fellows; that it is likely Alferus Varus was covered with pimples; Brutus, clownish; Cæcilius, fond of lettuces; that (Cassius) Hemina, unlike our own Mat. Prior, who attained to the dignity of Matthew Pintpot, was connected with only a fractional part of that measure of liquids; while (Nigidius) Figulus was a potter; and Scævola certainly without the right hand. Our concern is merely with the names in general of directly ascertainable origin, of the kind noticed in the collections of Dr. Cobham Brewer, or Mr. William Wheeler, but for the most part disregarded by them.

Now, circumstances as diverse have given rise to the sobriquet of modern as of ancient times. What complication—and complication necessarily tends to diversity—could, for instance, be more unforeseen than that bringing the epithet “Nullity” on Bishop Bilson’s son? The Countess of Essex, we are told, was desirous of marrying Rochester, but no cause of divorce from her lawful lord appearing, it was suggested “that in case the Earle was so unable (as she reported) to execute the office of a husband, and that upon search, by the verdict of twelve matrons, shee appear still to be a maid,” it would be “lawful that there might be a divorce.” Wherefore a jury of twelve matrons returned the verdict (the Earl, who was not altogether averse, setting up an absurd distinction of *frigiditas versus hanc*—humorously compared to the case of a man whose stomach could digest everything except Bagshot mutton), that the Countess was still “a true maide.” It was, however, said that Sir Thomas Monson’s daughter was searched in place of the Countess, and, this getting abroad, when the case came to be tried by the bishops and other

lords, under commission from the great seal, though a bill of divorce was eventually granted, their lordships, some prevailed on by duty and evident justice, others by interest, were divided. Archbishop Abbot, on one side, was so much scandalised that he not only voted against the nullity of the marriage, but published his reasons for doing so; and these the King was at the pains to answer with his own pen. But Bishop Bilson, on the other, was more tractable. Unfortunately it was immediately after this display of episcopal amiability, if indeed the amiability was not a cause of it, that the bishop's son was knighted. The giving of a new title naturally called to the mind of the populace its own rights, and suggested the exercise of them by dubbing the knight "Sir Nullity Bilson." This genealogical ennoblement is seen in a somewhat different direction in the case of Prince Rupert. The Prince was the recipient of a number of those pensions that have so curious a tendency to accumulate in the hands of such as need them not. The Earl of Shaftesbury, through his post at the Treasury, could regulate the practical meaning of "having pensions." On the other hand, the Prince was courted because "he had access to the King, and was useful in promoting projects on account of the mountainous shares he was let into the conceit of for support of his luxury." "The result," says North, "was that the Raillieurs (a powerful nation in those times) styled him the 'Earl of Shaftesbury's Footman,' as though the Prince ran about errands to the King in matters personal to the Earl."

But Prince Rupert was not the only one to whom Lord Shaftesbury bequeathed a name. Sir P. Neal, a "deformed little old man," who is credited with having sat to the author of "Hudibras" for the character of Sidrophel, gained from his attention to his Lordship's Hyde Park horses, "with Rhenish wine, and sugar, and not seldom with a bait of cheese-cake," the suitable epithet of "Lord Shaftesbury's Groom." It is noticeable, then, that Lord Shaftesbury himself should have been familiarly called under a name other than his own. The gift of the mob is thus commented on in the "Examen":

In place or out of place he moved not the least for the purpose, or cast an eye towards returning into the interest of the crown, upon any emergency that happened either of favour or displeasure; therefore he was not a person so given to change as many thought, when they nicknamed him my *Lord Shiftsbury*.

The dignity conferred on Samuel Horsey has been questioned on an opposite side. Horsey's style was "King of the Beggars." To this the English Cartouche objects. To say nothing of the claims of Bampfylde Moore Carew, though this kingship is, like others, we suppose, enjoyed by different persons at different times, Horsey had

not any transcendent qualities ; he maintained no superiority over the beggars of even his own district ; he was, in brief, in no way distinguished, except so far as that he was shockingly and constantly drunk. This, however, is, if one may so say, a sort of chronic exploit, in which we perfectly agree with Mr. Thomas Smith, there is nothing worthy of notoriety. Its presence was recognised in Mirabeau (not the distinguished tribune, but his brother, Boniface Riquetti, Viscount de Mirabeau), whose affinity to a barrel was celebrated in the imposed name "Mirabeau-Tonneau," and was imagined in the case of Frederick William, King of Prussia, ignorantly sneered at by English lads as Cliquot. On the other hand, with peculiar disregard to the fiery nature of Old Tom, Thomas Laugher, an abstainer when Father Mathew had not crusaded and abstinence was phenomenal, was well known as "Old Tommy." This individual, who, with due deference to Mr. Thoms (the jingle of names is fortuitous), lived to the age of 112, did not succeed in imparting to his son like qualities with his own. The consequence, as all Good Templars should note, was that the son so aged, the father so juvenesced, that when, in one of the son's better moods but seedier humours, father and son trudged together, a good-natured pilgrim was driven to remonstrate with Old Tommy on his hurrying his father along. If one is to accept, what few will be disposed to accept, the evidence of an ultra-conservative county paper of many years' standing, and therefore presumably in the enjoyment of traditions of hardy and violent language, a more modern advocate of the course of Tom Laugher is in some circles designated "the Pump Buffoon."

The restraint of Old Tommy led to the substitution of persons : the boldness of Cæsar to the engulfing of others in his individuality. Suetonius tells, to adopt the phraseology of a learned gossip of the early years of the seventeenth century, of "certain pleasant men, who would seale bonds, thus, *Caio Cesare ac Julio Cesare consulibus*, whereas Caius Julius was but one man. But Bibulus, his fellow-consul, was counted a gull and a cypher, according to the verses,

This done, Caius and Cæsar consuls were,
For under Bibulus nought done we heare."

Still Bibulus's ill fate is not comparable to Laurentia's. He was merely blotted out, where he had some claims to remembrance ; she, at the hands of an offended people, has undergone a hateful metamorphosis. She assumes various shapes, like those beneath the power of Black Crook, from maid to fawn, from wife to wolf. Her case was

thus related by Joseph Wybarne, Master of Arts of Trinity College, Cambridge, ten lunar cycles since :—

Romulus and Remus, as the fable goes, were nourisht by a shee wolf, indeede by *Laurentia* the wife of *Faustulus*, which woman obtained this worthy title for her unchaste and cruell behaviour.

Less fraught with historic meaning are those instances in which a name has been directly imposed by one individual on another, and accepted by the multitude. Here there is frequently all the arbitrariness that is exemplified in the handiwork of the original godfather. The law, indeed, will not recognise the caprice, as it will the exercise of the godfatherly right ; for it lies, no doubt, within the power of each to use what name he pleases, but so long as he shows no disapproval of the action of his christeners (not of people in general) he is assumed to acquiesce in it. Even if circumstances should make it a matter of displeasure to a father that a son bears his name, or a matter of pecuniary loss, no length of personal enjoyment can give the exclusive title to the patronymic of dubiously remote descent. As it was once humorously put by the Vice-Chancellor Knight-Bruce, in the case of a worthy and benevolent merchant of the Strand, who derived much of his income from following pursuits kindred to those introduced by William Pökel —“ All the Queen’s subjects have a right, if they will, to manufacture and sell pickles and sauces, and not the less that their fathers had done so before them. All the Queen’s subjects have a right to sell these articles in their own names, and not the less so that they bear the same name as their fathers.” On the other hand, if a surname, or at the present day if one’s Christian name, is displeasing to a man, or at least an Englishman, he is at perfect liberty to change it.

But there are many who have succeeded in pointing out to their fellow-citizens a path with which some third person should for ever after be conceived to have particular association. There is General Bee, who, in addressing his own men at Bull Run, likened Thomas Jonathan Jackson to a “stone-wall” ; and Wordsworth, who in his lines on Chatterton seems to have hit the popular view with his “marvellous boy,” better than Byron with his “mad genius” ; and Douglas Jerrold, who transmuted Charles into “Good” Knight ; and Hogg, the “Ettrick Shepherd,” who found a synonym in “Ebony” for Mr. Blackwood ; and Chenier, whose claim it is to have first called Mme. de Genlis “Mère de l’Église” ; and Scott, the originator of the phrase “The Crafty,” in application to Archibald Constable ; and he who gave to his schoolfellows, James and John Ballantyne, the redoubtable names of two characters in Carey’s “Chrononhoton-

thologos," "Aldiborontiphoscophornio," and "Rigdum Funnidos;" and lastly—to put a point somewhere—the elder Pitt, who, in debate, fastened on Lord Grenville, the innocent interrogator, "Tell me where? tell me where?" the nickname "Gentle Shepherd," by humming a line of the popular song "Gentle shepherd, tell me where?" But the office of name-giving is one that kings have deigned to assume. A famous instance is related in Campbell's "Statistical Account of Scotland," with regard to James V. of that kingdom. Being benighted while out hunting and separated from his attendants, he entered a cottage in the midst of a moor, where, unknown, he was kindly received. At parting the King, pleased with his entertainment, said he should be glad to return the "gudeman" Donaldson's civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling he would call at the castle and inquire for the "Gudeman of Ballengeich." Donaldson called; when "his astonishment at finding that the King had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and to carry on the pleasantries, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession," concludes the pleasant statistician, "of the identical spot till very lately." In England the first instance of kings commanding nobles to assume names occurred very early. According to Mr. Finlayson, who follows Dugdale, it was in 1106 when Nigel de Albini, who dismounted Robert Duke of Normandy at the battle of Tenchebray and brought him to the King, was directed to take for himself and posterity the surname of Mowbray—that of the attainted Earl of Northumberland. Of less peremptory character is an example Mr. Bardsley thinks he perceives in the bestowal by Edward III. on one Ralph of the surname of Swyft, especially as there is evidence that Ralph was one of the King's couriers. Centuries after the same name (Mr. Bardsley might have found further evidence in this) was given by Charles II. to Nicks, a highwayman of distinction. The form of this robber-gentleman's name then became Swifticks, so more strictly conforming to the requirements of a nick or eke name. And that he was entitled to it one is disposed to allow when the occasion of granting is known. For having robbed a gentleman at Barnet—time, five in the morning—he was on the bowling-green of York at six in the afternoon. His expedition won for him an acquittal; but, peril being over, he confessed to his acute judge, whose suspicions were not wholly allayed, the facts of the case. In marked contrast Elizabeth was pleased to call one of her courtiers the lawful possessor of the cognomen Swyft,

to wit Sir Robert Swyft, "Cavaliero." It would seem that while fulfilling his office of bowbearer to her at Hatfield Chase he had proved a merry companion. The office itself was one of considerable distinction, remarkably enough held by the Nigel above mentioned in the time of Rufus and First Henry, and continued down to the days of George III., when the Rev. Sir Charles Hill fulfilled functions destined to be no further called in requisition. Another coincidence presents itself in the fact that Sir Robert was connected, through a direct descendant, with another recipient of a royal nickname. The Hon. Mary Swyft was married to the notorious Robert Fielding. He it was whom Charles affected to call Handsome Fielding, and the people generally spoke of as Beau Fielding, but whose fortune at Court prevented neither maltreatment at the hands of the Knights of the Road, nor ridicule in the pages of "The Tatler," nor appearance in a court of justice on a charge of bigamy as recorded in the State Trials. The details of his trial give further evidence of the generality of the use of nicknames at the period, in the frequent reference to one Francisco Dürer, a person attached to one of the foreign ambassadors, willing to weave loose matrimonial bonds much in the same way as was accustomed to the clergy of Gretna Green, and spoken of as simply "The Father-in-Red." The appellation "Beau" was, it is very well known, not singular to Fielding. The life of Beau Nash has been written by Goldsmith. Beau Medicote, cowardly as Fielding, has inglorious fame, on account of the tameness with which he withstood the caning Sir Robert Atkins was pleased to administer to him for consorting more than was to the baronet's taste with the baronet's wife; as well as the thrashing the ruffians Will Ogden and Tom Reynolds thought it in harmony with justice to give him, because to the cry, "Stand and Deliver," he was able to produce but two half-crowns, whereof one was brass. Indeed Beaux have prevailed from the days of Ricciardo and the "Decameron," on.

In a humorous tract of the Lord Somers collection is a list of imaginary "Acts and Orders," much in the style of notices of Parliamentary motions *Punch* from time to time ascribes to unlikely members. In it the act number sixteen runs thus :

An Act for the regulation of Names, that the well-affected may not be abused by Nick-names, but that every syllable have its full pronunciation, as General Monke must hereafter be called Generall Monkey.

The annotator appends the dry observation—"this jest would have been afterwards very ill-timed." But inopportuneness is a not infrequent accompaniment of the nickname, though it must be allowed,

for the most part, to the unwilling bearer. This was very distinctly the case in an incident of College's trial :

Sir George Jeffries and one of the Prisoner's witnesses had a paree of wit. It was one John Lunn, an old quondam drawer, at St. Dunstan's, alias Devil Tavern, and gifted like an army saint. He was once heard praying by the Spirit against the Cavaliers, and among other spiritual elegancies, he cried *Scatter 'em, good Lord, scatter 'em*, which gained him the Nickname of *Scatter 'em*. Sir George Jeffries was somewhat too busy in asking him questions ; and, " Sir George," said he, " I never was upon my knees, as you were, before the Parliament." " Nor I," said Sir George, " for much, but you were so when you cried *Scatter 'em*."

Not more agreeable was the reminder given Lord Sandwich of his sobriquet, " Jemmy Twitcher." It will be remembered that he—who (it is worth a parenthesis) has added to our language the word " sandwich," because that according to his contemporary, Grose, the author of " the Classical Dictionary," " ham, dried tongue, or some other salted meat cut thin, and put between two slices of bread and butter, was said to be a favourite morsel with the Earl of Sandwich " —derived his name from his ill-timed appearance during the performance of " The Beggars' Opera," wherein Jemmy Twitcher is one of the characters ; and that that and his shuffling gait have been commemorated by several poets not too right-heartily disposed towards him. These circumstances in mind, there would seem something a little awkward in a question put to him by the Rev. George Harvest. His lordship was canvassing for the vice-chancellorship of Cambridge, and Mr. Harvest, who had been his schoolfellow at Eton, went down to give him his vote. At dinner, attended by a large company, Lord John jested with Harvest about their boyish tricks, when the latter abruptly exclaimed : " Apropos ; whence do you, my lord, derive your nickname of *Jemmy Twitcher* ? " " Why," answered his lordship, " from some foolish fellow." " No," replied Harvest, " it is not from some, but everybody calls you so." But his lordship knew his guest's tastes, and thrusting a large slice of pudding on his plate, stopped his mouth for that time. After this event one is not surprised to find the eccentric clergyman was termed " The Absent Man." To that distinction Lessing himself, who in old age was so given to abstraction that he suffered himself to be turned from his own door by a servant not recognising him and denying that he was at home, with a " Very well, no matter ; I'll call another time," had no higher title. For it is credibly related that having engaged to marry the daughter of Compton, Bishop of London, and the day being fixed, he unluckily on that day forgot himself. He had in fact been out fishing and

stayed beyond the canonical hour. The lady was justly indignant ; broke off the match ; and possibly received some satisfaction in finding her precedent followed some years after by a second and equally offended bride.

Barebone, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—though, by the by, so far back as Shakespeare's time it was questioned, "May not lucus be draune a luce, seeing it is a grove shining with the torches of heathen idols?"—was one of the many appellations appropriated to Sir John Falstaff. That worthy knight, whose cowardice is not historic, is thus connected with a personage of later history whose character agrees with his own only in absurdity. Praise-God Barebone, fanatic and leather-seller, zealous in either regard, seems to have been equipped with a name devised to emphasise the ludicrousness of the bearer's nature. If the same principle were applied to his two brothers, the lives of those gentlemen would, in representation, have served as caricatures of the nonsensical in all later generations. They were respectively styled "Christ came into the world to save Barebone" and "If Christ had not died, thou hadst been damned Barebone." And this is the point at which this piece of biography becomes justified in the present paper : for the name of the youngest of the brethren was by popular abridgment simply—"Damned Barebone." Sergeant Bind-their-kings-in-chains and Captain Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord, if we remember aright, were fabricated names, and applied generally to the Puritans ; but if real their folly had not much exceeded that of those.

The willing assumption of barbarous names suggests consideration of the former-day custom of adopting forms aping the Greek or Latin and supposed to have connection with the baptismal names. Montaigne, who here as ever reminds one that egotism was no creation of the grammarians of Port Royal, says thus, Cotton translating, in his essay on names :

I am mightily pleased with Jacques Amiot, for leaving throughout a whole French oration the Latine names entire, without varying and dissecting them, to give them a French termination. It seem'd a little harsh and rough at first ; but already custom, by the authority of Plutarch (whom he took for his example), has overcome that novelty. I have often wish'd that such as write chronicle histories in Latine, would leave our names as they find them, and as they are, and ought to be, for in making Vaudemont, Vallemontances, and metamorphosing names, to make them sound better with the Greek or Latine, we know not where we are, and with the persons of the men, lose the benefit of the story.

In reading Latin of the middle ages the truth of this will, perhaps with the majority of readers, have been experienced. It

does not always immediately appear whether the reference is to a man or a mountain ; and the sense is sometimes not so unambiguous as to enable one to meet the difficulty *oculo currente*. How could it be otherwise when the transformations have oftentimes a result extremely remote from the origin ! Take the case of the humanist known to us as Crotus Rubianus or Rubeanus. His proper name was Johann Jäger, and he was born 1480, at Dornheim in Thuringia. He was in fact nothing more than Mr. John Hunter, of Hedgethorn or of Thornicroft. At six-and-twenty he was called with moderate simplicity Joannes Dornheim Venatorius. But this was not enough. Luckily Jäger was not only Hunter but Archer. Now Archer is a constellation ; Sagittarius with the Romans, but Krotos with the Greeks. This confers something of heavenly origin. But better still—how came Crotus among the stars ? Why surely he was placed there by Jupiter in answer to prayer, after he had played with his foster-sisters on Helicon, and with all the advantage of a son of Pan and Eupheme, mother of the Muses. Nothing could better suit one about to enter the service of the Muses. Crotus he accordingly was. And that Dornheim might not be left in its thorny original, the Latin *rubus*, a bramble (or blackberry) bush, was pressed into use. Joannes Crotus Rubianus was the proud result. Alas ! that John Hunter was no seer. He foresaw not the days when Luther and he would quarrel, when profit would be taken from his new-gotten name to dub him Dr. Krote. Krote was unmistakable German for toad ; and its applicability to the toad-eater to the Cardinal of Mayence was none the less because it chanced that Pliny and Juvenal had used *rubeta* for a venomous kind of toad living among the bramble-bushes.

The reason of the employment of names derived from the dead languages is simple. It was considered more in conformity with the advance of Greek and of the study of the classics from the classical writers themselves, rather than through late mediums. The hollow-ness of the reason, in reality opposed to the mother-notion of humanism, the value of refinement, generous learning and truth as truth, was apparent to some ; and at a period a little later was felt to be somewhat opposed to the purity and severity the Reformation at its origin required in its leaders and adherents. But religious reasons have occasionally proved antagonistic to contentedness with childhood's name. Thus Jean Baptiste du Val de Grâce Cloots took from the Scythian philosopher the prenom Anacharsis as a substitute for all his baptismal names. But then Cloots was a violent opponent of all religions, revealed or natural, and had objection to

whatever smacked of superstition. More mercenary considerations induced the great Wellesley to take a form of name that conceals a fact *à-priori* reasoning would never have discovered, his connection with the family of Wesley so notorious in a widely divergent line. Mere conceit must have been the motive of a writer of a date so comparatively late as that of Michael Sparke for signing his letters M. Scintilla : a vagary which might fairly cause the hapless scholar, who has not at his fingers' ends the biography of all second or third rate historians, lugubriously to ditty—

Twinkle ! Twinkle ! Little-star !
How I wonder what you are ;
Up above my wits so high—
Michael, fallen from the sky.

One element of the humanistic practice was that, in accordance with the rule of Conrad Celtis, every person should have three names. 'This multiplicity is of late usage with us. Our princes, who, with submission, have a number of names for which it is difficult to assign any reason, except it be to swell the bulk of Sir Bernard Burke's volume, were in days of yore content with one Christian and one surname. Camden has said that he could call to mind but four instances of the combination of Christian names—the reigning King James I., who was baptized as Charles-James, Prince Henry-Frederick, Mr. Thomas-Maria Wingfield, and Sir Thomas-Posthumous Hobby, the last of which was a century ago distorted into "Sir Posthumous's Hobby," in the sense of a dandy, or one whimsical in dress. The custom of giving English children double and triple ones was, as has been observed, derived from Germany, and fixed by the example of the Hanoverian dynasty. Apparently it does not always give satisfaction ; as we find that Mr. Edmund Jonathan Watkins Hornblower Clarke, incommoded with the terrible length his designation with due additions attained, and struck with the waste of parchment this with the professional requirements of a lawyer frequently entailed, applied in 1862, before the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, for leave to have "Jonathan" and "Watkins" struck off the roll ; an application granted, as all such applications are, with reluctance. There is, indeed, a peculiar legal ground, not much regarded under the broad spirit of legislation and law administration at the present day, which suggests difficulty. For according to Raymond, Salkeld, and other musty authorities, the entire batch of Christian names constitutes but one name ; and thus any omission in the batch makes (nctly a v . Not, as we

have seen, that a new name may not be adopted ; but the adoption does draw with it a certain amount of inconvenience, and leads from time to time to fraud.

Fraud, however, is (or at least its immediate results are) by no means what all have been anxious to avoid. The records of police courts show that aliases have their disadvantages ; the history of crime without the police office shows that they have their temporary advantage-- and the flattering chance of justice that will not overreach makes them believed too valuable allies to be discarded. But the purpose is not always blamable, if equally of use. An incognito is at times a little enforced. Charles, after his escape from Worcester, must assuredly have had considerable satisfaction in the knowledge that, for others, he was only William Jackson. When the king, disguised as a male attendant of Mrs. Lane, paying a visit to her friends the Nortons, arrived at Abbotsleigh, near Bristol, he would, had he proved them, have probably found most of the household good royalists. But the temptation of a long bribe is not always resisted, or at all events suggests a rational re-consideration of one's opinion that ends in inopportune change. When, therefore, after a first night's sound sleep, he repaired at early morning to the buttery, and found there many persons, and ale and sack in plenty to jog on a solid breakfast he was not a little disconcerted at the turn the conversation took. For one of the persons, professing himself to have served in Charles's own regiment at the late battle, described to his audience minutely the particulars of the action ; and, said he, turning all eyes to Charles, " the king was three fingers taller than Jackson." The king duly appreciated the comparison, but at the first occasion offering, thought well to take leave of the buttery. This incident reminds one of the sobriquet conferred by Charles on Richard Penderel. In an earlier part of his adventures, Charles occupied for a night or so an apartment adjoining that of Richard and his wife. The good woman, fearful of the dangers to which her husband's loyalty was exposing him, and greedy of pelf, urged on Richard the desirability of betrayal of his sworn master, and putting before him the gains that would thereby accrue, threatened to take steps for discovery herself. Richard was no Job Caudle, refused in " good-set " terms, and added sufficient to show he intended to carry his point. The dispute having waxed hot, the king overheard the substance of it, and bestowed upon his advocate a title his descendants are proud of to this day—" Trusty Dick."

There are other occasions involving a shift of name. When Hannah Snell, famous among " dashing white sergeants," had

assumed the name of James Gray, she at first enlisted in the army. But presently becoming a marine, her innocent chin exposed her to the jeers of Jack Tar, and she became "Miss Molly Gray." The applicability was painful. Accordingly, Miss Molly, with more excuse than falls to most Mohawks, took prominent share in all riots afloat, and was rewarded with the new sobriquet of "Hearty Jemmy." "La Capitaine Loys," a name bestowed by the besiegers of Perpignan on Louise Charlin, surnamed Labé, no doubt shows that the sex of the valiant damsel, whose modesty Bayle has so causelessly impugned, was generally recognised. Were the masculo-feminine designation wholly masculine, the case of the French poetess would, though drawn in reverse direction, make a precise parallel : for later in life—at Lyons, a ropemaker was not far from an aristocrat—she was known as "La belle Cordière."

Books have given rise to a name that has met with anything like general acceptance less frequently than might have been thought. Matthew Gregory is, indeed, "Monk" Lewis ; the Rev. Jno. Williams, "The Redeemed Captive ;" the Rev. Henry Taylor, who published "The Apology of Benjamin Ben Mordecai for embracing Christianity," "Ben Mordecai ;" John, author of "The First Century of Scandalous Malignant Priests," &c., "Century" White ; William Jones, of Nayland, from his writings in defence of the doctrine of the Trinity, "Trinity" Jones ; B. G. Étienne de la Ville, Count Lacépède, author of "Histoire des Reptiles," "Le roi des Reptiles ;" and Jacques René Hébert, from the journal he edited, "Père Duchesne." But these, with half a dozen more, would really make a considerable breach in the circle of names ; though there are several others whose book-concerns have, or whose great learning has, brought them a popular addition—pre-eminently "Catalogue" Fraser, appointed at the Revolution as Licenser of books, and François de Pierre de Clermont, Marquis de Monglat, whose tact preserved him in place under alike Richelieu and Mazarin, and whose knowledge was recognised in the comprehensive designation "Monglat-la-Bibliothèque."

On the other hand, books, and of course more particularly satires, have often been the direct origin of a term afterwards applied without direct reference to the book. The names given to political personages in Arbuthnot's "John Bull" illustrate this. A less known work, but one of almost equal merit, written by the poet Thomas Flatman, as "Montelion, Knight of the Oracle," is "Don Juan Lamberto : or a Comical History of the late Times." Its opening sentence runs thus :

Now had Cromwell the dread soldan of Britain, through the importunity of

death, with much unwillingness left this world, and his son Richardus, surnamed for his great valour, *the Meek Knight*, reigned in his stead: when loe fortune having now a mind to eat sauce with her meat, resolves to gather this great mushrome, and lay him in pickle.

“The Meek Knight” was a title pretty generally taken up. Whether there is equal authority for such a statement with regard to “The Knight of the Golden Tulip,” the designation of “Sir Lambert,” “the chief of those who did seek to reek their malice on the Meek Knight,” we cannot say. It is certain, as Roger Coke points out, that the nickname was not arrived at haphazard. For when Lambert was displaced by Oliver, in anticipation of the Tulip mania of the present century, he retired to Wimbledon, where he turned florist, and spent his time collecting the finest tulips he could procure. Like and unlike Dick Cromwell are others who, irony apart, “have been surnamed for their valour.” Fontenay, lieutenant-colonel under Comte Avangour, and, as the Comte himself, one of the wounded at the unsuccessful siege of St. Omer, was familiarly known as “Coup-d’Espée;” he was no Bobadil, nor was Joachim Murat, “le beau sabreur” of the Imperial army; nor Marshal Ney, “le Brave des Braves;” nor Jno. Andr. van der Marsch, “the brave Fleming;” nor, though in a somewhat different way, and with a title less indicative, “Lord Buckhurst” John Smith. Not that we have any desire to disparage Mr. John Smith: his accomplishments were numerous. If for the nonce he was jockey, he met with success; if he stood in the public streets to vend his wares, his peculiar cry, “Here is pretty switches to beat your *wifes*,” attracted to him much attention and many half-pence; if his musical capacity were in requisition, surely none other could play tunes upon his chin; if his dramatic taste were in question, was he not the friend of Shuter?—above all, if an election stratagem were on the anvil, who could carry it out in all its details so well as he? He had tact, too, in turning his qualities to advantage. Instance in the last-mentioned of them. One author informs us that he “grew so callous to the blow of the knuckle as to place his head firmly against a wall, and suffer (for a shilling) any wretch to strike him with his doubled fist, with all his strength, in his face,” which, adds the annalist, “became more like a Good-Friday bun than anything human.” What was the result? Another writer tells us. At a famous Westminster election a wight of enormous stature and confident in his physical strength thinks to uphold the principles of the party he supports with blows pummelled on Buckhorse. But Buckhorse having fatigued his opponent and quietly received the

basting, feels that now has come his turn for action. How he uses it shall be told in the words of the author of the "New Bath Guide:"

(Thou), with the rapid Lightning's speed,
Drove like a battering ram, thine head
Plump in his paunch : the chief astounded
Back like a culverin rebounded.

Meanwhile of the patriot himself, who, philosopher-like, was never by his enemies confounded, Anstey in conscience could say or sing nothing worse than that—

Your lordship's face appears
Well-worn, but not subdu'd by years.

Features "not subdu'd by years" secured also to Marguerite of Valois at least the continuance of a flattering sobriquet. Her beauty in youth brought her many an admirer from among the princes of the Christian world, and her temperament was such that she willingly allowed herself to be spoken of as a goddess ; so that as the old historian Scipion Dupleix says, adding a reason, "elle prit plaisir toute sa vie d'estre nommée *Venus Uraïne*, c'est à dire, *celeste* : tant pour monstrier qu'elle participoit de la divinité, que pour faire distinguer son amour de celui du vulgaire." The way in which the distinction was maintained was apparently a stout regard for the maxim, "Voulez-vous cesser d'aimer, possédez la chose aimée"—a circumstance which gives room to our modest historian, after having blamed the royal vanity, to deliver himself of this sentence : "J'en pourrois faire un roman plus excellent et plus admirable que nul qui ait esté composé és siècles précédens : mais j'ay des occupations plus serieuses." Could the princess of like name of more than three centuries earlier have attained the fairly mature age of three score and three, would she still have been known as the "Fair Maid of Norway" ?

Of all those whom one would have thought exempt from nicknames are in the foremost place Popes. Since the days of Swine-Snout Sergius they have in a way given themselves their own nicknames. Still they are not sufficiently distinctive ; and an ironical "Restorer of Peace" has accordingly been heard of as a synonym of Leo X., and a misjudging "Ass of La Marca" as one of Sixtus V. before he threw off his disguise, and they have proved patterns for the light wits of later generations. The Popes themselves have, however, found nothing irreconcilable with proper gravity in the occasional bestowal of an appellative, and sometimes a means of further economising the grants has been happily hit upon. It is to make them genealogical. Thus, before the beginning of this century

the Bishops of Capri derived much of their revenue from a tax on the quails that there abounded, and each in succession was consequently known at the Vatican, not by his prelatical title, Vescovo di Capri, but by the sobriquet, Vescovo delle Quaglie—Bishop of Quails.

And all this?—there was something of a suggestion that it was part of history. In what sense? Why, does it show nothing of the *varying* relation of prince and peasant?—*that* is of much meaning: does it tell of no facts stamped on the popular mind, offer no explanation of the sources of success, furnish no contrasts between epoch and epoch, suggest nothing of the broad likeness that unites men of different stations, different countries, different times? What than “Perkin” could better express the opinion the Tories had of Monmouth; than “the mad parson” the feeling entertained of Swift by those who saw but did not know the man? “The wicked Earl” might, indeed, have been in use eight centuries ago, “The Nun of Kenmare” four, “The King of Pantomime” two. But “Mull’d Sack” would hardly now be intelligible; “The Witch-Finder” and “The Priest-Catcher” are things surely of the past. And what variety of thought, now pleasant now melancholy, chases through the mind as the lips repeat, “Mephistopheles Sachs,” “Bébé,” “The Gentleman Highwayman,” “Boot-Jack,” “The Maypole,” “The Temporizing Statesman,” “The Golden Farmer,” “The Virgin Actress,” “The Swiss Melanchthon,” “The Lady of the Haystack,” “The Grace o’ God,” “The Beauty of Buttermere,” “The Hot Gospeller,” “The Irish Chatterton,” “The Generous, Honest Man,” “The Devil’s Chaplain,” “Daft Jamie,” “Mother Ross,” “The Lily of Lammermoor,” “Ned of the Roughts,” “Nor Dead nor Victorious,” “The Little Magician,” “Doctor Sanctus,” “Tom Boilman,” “Captain Rag,” “Vulture Hopkins,” “Jupiter Scapin,” “Jupiter Carlyle,” “John Helderich Juppiter,” “Old Mobb,” “The Corn-Law Rhymer,” “Dirty Dick,” “The Last Man.” A fit pause. Were Carlyle writing, or were Emerson, how the reader’s head would ache; were Emerson or Carlyle, how his heart would burn.

W. H. OLDING.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

IT would be difficult to find in the annals of history the reign of any one sovereign which has afforded more opportunities for the bias of the advocate, the malice of the chronicle-monger, and the enthusiasm of the admirer than that of Elizabeth, Queen of England. Not a single incident in her life, not a letter that she wrote, not a counsel that she gave, not a friend she favoured, not an enemy she persecuted, but has been recorded, commented upon, and perhaps too well remembered. Sober historians have exhausted their industry to prove that she was one of the greatest of women and noblest of rulers; whilst other writers equally sober, and equally devoted to research for its own sake, have come to the conclusion that she was the most overrated of monarchs, a vain and peevish old fribble, and a true daughter of Anne Boleyn—in short, no better than she should be. Men learned in all the subtleties of legal speculation and accustomed to weigh evidence have spent their days in accumulating materials which justify or condemn her conduct with regard to the ill-fated beauty of her time, the bride of Darnley. Economists and lovers of statistics have searched amid musty exchequer documents and household books to inform us what was the annual expenditure of the great queen; how much she spent upon the little side dishes which tickled her somewhat capricious palate, how many wax candles she burnt, how much (not very much) she gave away in charity, what satins and velvets and lace she bought, what frocks she wore, and what was the extent of the imperial wardrobe at the time of her death. Dryasdusts have pored over the notes of forgotten contemporaries to draw up lists of the country houses she visited, the halting-places which arrested her progress, and the memorials of her stay which she planted. We know how and with whom she flirted, whose ears she boxed, what stolen interviews she accorded, what letters she wrote and received; we know all about her vanity, her love of admiration, her trick of incessantly fishing for compliments, her miserable meannesses, and how very sad was the language she often employed when in one of her fits of temper. Nothing about her has been too petty or too

sacred to escape the inquisitiveness of modern research. And now a distinguished foreign man of letters comes upon the scene to tell a thrice-told tale of the projects which were set on foot by that miserable creature the queen-mother of France, to tempt the warm yet self-contained daughter of bluff King Hal into marriage.¹

It cannot be said that Count de la Ferrière has added much new matter to that already possessed by the historical student. When a field has been well gleaned by early arrivals there is seldom much left for a late comer. After the issue of the volumes of State papers edited by the officials of the Record Office, the investigations of Mr. Froude, and the publication of the transcripts of various archives made by foreign Governments, it is scarcely possible for any recent writer upon the reign of Elizabeth to furnish us with many important discoveries. M. de la Ferrière has, however, done a useful work in bringing together in a small portable volume materials not easily accessible to the ordinary reader, touching a very interesting negotiation in our domestic history; and though his researches among original manuscripts have not been rewarded with the deserts his industry should command, he has still been able to throw here and there some new light upon the question which has engaged his labours.

During the earlier years of Elizabeth upon the throne no subject more exercised the mind of the advisers of the Crown than that of the succession. If the Queen would but marry, and, in the ordinary course of things, present the nation with an heir, all would be well; the pretensions of Mary Stuart would no longer be dangerous, and the intrigues of the Catholics would no longer have any basis to work upon. Yet Elizabeth, often wooed, often on the eve of consenting, refused to pledge herself irrevocably, and made every suitor who aspired after her hand the laughing-stock of the boudoirs and embassies of Europe. Passionately fond of admiration, she would lure a man on by smiles and promises to declare his intentions, and then would dismiss him coldly and harshly—only a few weeks afterwards perhaps to reopen negotiations, and raise the falsest of hopes once more in the breast of her confused lover. Yet with the exactingness of the finished coquette, who demands everything but will concede nothing, she considered every man upon whom she had once smiled as her own exclusive property; as one to whom every other woman must be as nought—did she not forbid the brilliant young Oxford after his marriage to have anything to do with

¹ *Les Projets de Mariage de la Reine Elisabeth*, par H. de la Ferrière. Calmann Lévy. Paris. 1882.

his pretty wife?—and who must ever follow in her train. Why then did she refuse to marry any of the gallants who hovered about her court, and who would have been only too ready to obey her wishes? Her answer was that she would never link her fate with one of her subjects. She might flirt with the weak Arundel, or the stately Pickering, or the graceful Hatton, or handsome young Tremain, or the fascinating Leicester, or the bold Essex, but she knew too well what was due to the dignity of the crown she wore to raise either of them to share her throne. This excuse might suffice if the aspirers after her hand were only to be found among her own subjects; but men of royal blood, who could boast a pedigree to which no Tudor could ever pretend, men who were sovereigns in their own right, men who were the heirs-apparent to distinguished crowns, were also among the rejected, and fared no better than their humbler rivals. Why did she refuse these, the most eligible of all offers? The foreign suitors who came over to England to woo the fickle daughter of Anne Boleyn formed a goodly band, and the story of their rejected addresses is scarcely so well known as not to bear repetition.

The names of the more illustrious *partis* who head the list can soon be dismissed. The prayers of the Duke of Savoy, Elizabeth, when a young girl, speedily silenced, and declined to be persuaded into altering her mind. She refused Philip the Second since her conscience would not permit her, she declared, to marry her brother-in-law. A deliberation, which lasted but eight days, was sufficient to dismiss the proposals of the Kings of Sweden and Denmark. Year after year she encouraged the hopes of the poor Archduke Charles, son of the Emperor Ferdinand; and then, tired of her slave, gave him his *congé*, and thought no more about him. Matters were perhaps a little more serious with the fascinating Duke de Nemours. Elizabeth admired his portrait, took it out of its case in public, lovingly gazing upon it, and then openly said to the Duke's envoy that she should much like to see the original; and the original, flattered at the request—for who was a greater catch in Europe than this susceptible spinster?—made his preparation to cross the Channel, filled his wardrobe with the most gorgeous of cloaks and doublets, and commanded a splendid retinue to attend upon his steps; but at the last moment the voyage was abandoned, for the fickle gallant was fascinated elsewhere: “*autres amours,*” says Brantôme, “*serroient le cœur du duc et le tenoient captif.*” After these failures Catherine de Medicis, the infernal queen-mother of France, now resolved to employ her arts, and see if the wealthy crown of England could not fall into the lap of one of her children. Her eldest son, Charles the

Ninth, who as a mere boy had succeeded to the throne of France, was the first claimant. It was to be a marriage of convenience, and all considerations, save those of convenience, were to be disregarded. At this time Charles was a lad of fourteen, and Elizabeth a woman of over thirty. Sir Thomas Smith, one of the soundest and most vigilant of envoys, was then our representative at Paris. The queen-mother requested him to accord her an interview at her private apartments. The first move of Catherine was to ascertain how far Elizabeth was a free agent. She had heard, said the De Medicis, that the Queen of England was inclined to smile upon the handsome Leicester; was there any secret promise between the two as to a marriage in the future? There was certainly no such arrangement, replied Smith; her Majesty of England entertained undoubtedly a high regard for the fascinating Dudley, but she would never demean herself by marrying a subject. Then if she did not marry a subject, said the practical queen-mother, she must marry, if she marry at all, a foreigner. She had refused Spain, she had refused Denmark and Sweden; did he think she would refuse France? Then she broached the subject; her son Charles, though it was true he was but a boy, yet he wore a crown, and nothing would give her greater pleasure than to embrace Elizabeth—"la plus parfaite sœur qu'elle eût au monde"—as her daughter-in-law. Was the proposition likely to be considered? It would receive every attention, politely replied Sir Thomas, and at last it was settled that the French ambassador in London should be informed of the proposal, and be officially charged with the conduct of the negotiation.

Paul de Foix, who owed his diplomatic post entirely to the favour of Catherine, no sooner received his instructions from the arch-match-maker than he hastened at once to the palace and begged an audience of Elizabeth. The date of their interview, we are told, was February 14, 1565. The Queen received him in the public reception chamber, which was filled with the members of her council and the usual gallants who hovered about the court. Paul had no wish that the proposals he was instructed to make should be listened to by a curious and perhaps malicious world, and requested an interview, since he had something very particular to communicate, of a more private character. The Queen took him into her own room, and there he handed her the despatch from Catherine in which it was proposed that she should be the bride of France. Elizabeth, we are informed, blushed, in spite of the somewhat hardening nature of her past experiences; then warmly thanked De Foix for the honour Catherine had conferred upon her, but regretted that she was not ten years

younger. The offer, she feared, could not be entertained ; the King of France was too young and she was too old ; should she marry him, she would be an old woman when her husband was in the heyday of his manhood. What would her lot then be ? Did she not know what it would be from the fate of her unhappy sister Mary ? and sooner than be despised and abandoned, she would die. The Frenchman proceeded to reassure her that the marriage would not be unhappy ; she could do what she willed with so young a husband ; there was no reason why such marriage should not take place ; it would cement the union between two great kingdoms ; nor were there any grounds for supposing that in the due course of things the nuptials would not be attended with issue. His pleading prevailed, and Elizabeth said she would think over the matter : there was no harm in this reply since she had given it so often ; and none knew better than she how empty, when she chose, could be its real meaning. On taking his departure De Foix hoped that the Queen would keep the proposal secret, and not let it get abroad. " I know how to preserve silence when necessary," said Elizabeth, giving the Frenchman her hand to kiss ; " the life I led during my sister Mary's time taught me at least that."

Still, in spite of her past experiences, she did not keep her word. No sooner had Paul de Foix quitted her apartment than she summoned Cecil, her adviser in chief, and laid the whole matter before him. The prudent minister was opposed to the step, and gave his reasons. The Queen was double the age of the King of France, and that was in itself a most formidable objection ; the marriage might have a tendency to place England as a subordinate to France ; finally, it would drag England into various European squabbles. France fighting with Spain for the acquisition of Italy, and with Germany for the possession of Metz, it was impossible for England when united to France not to be drawn into the struggle. He considered, summed up Cecil, such a marriage as of no possible service to England, and but of little service to France. He therefore counselled her not to entertain it. His advice was followed. A few days afterwards Paul was informed by Elizabeth that the marriage could not take place. Such a union, she said, would be disapproved of by her Parliament, and without the consent of her Parliament it was impossible for her to marry. The ambassador declined to be convinced by this excuse. He knew that if any sovereign was independent of her Parliament it was the woman before him, who acted according to her own impulses, and who had not scrupled, when in one of her " little tempers," to call her faithful

Commons a parcel of "ignorant beasts." It was the duty of Elizabeth, he explained, to sacrifice herself upon the altar of matrimony for the good of her subjects ; and since she declined to marry an Englishman, upon whom, then, could her choice better fall than upon a King of France? "There was a great difference," pleaded De Foix, "between the marriages of sovereigns and the marriages of private individuals. A private person could marry according to his or her wishes, but sovereigns ought to forget their own inclinations in order to assure the welfare of their subjects. Charles the Ninth was in the flower of his youth, and, indeed, if any objection was to be raised to the match, it ought rather to come from him and those who acted on his side. The union was sure to be blessed with children. The eldest son would succeed to the throne of France, whilst the second would reign in England. France and England would henceforth be closely united, and England need never fear in the future a French invasion. But if there should be no issue to the marriage, there would be no necessity for Elizabeth to quit her kingdom ; the King of France would be content to come over from time to time to visit her." The Queen gave her customary reply that she would think the matter over, and the interview ended.

Issuing from her apartments, Elizabeth encountered Guzman de Silva, the Spanish ambassador, walking up and down the corridor in deep meditation. "I hear," said his Excellency, bowing low, "that your Majesty is about to marry the King of France." Elizabeth, as we know, had promised De Foix to keep the matter secret ; but when was the preservation of secrecy within the province of woman? The temptation was too strong to be resisted. The Queen bent her head for a moment, and then looked up with a merry laugh. "I must confess to you," she said, "because we are in Lent, and you are my friend. You are right ; there *has* been a question of my marrying the King of France, just as there had been a question some time before of my marrying either the King of Sweden or of Denmark. All Europe, it appears, wishes to marry me, save your royal prince, who is the only one who does not persecute me."

"Ah, madam," broke in De Silva, "the cause of that silence is easily explained. My master believes you will not marry ; he offered your Majesty his own hand, and it was rejected ; he," sighed the ambassador reproachfully, "the greatest prince in the world, and to whom your Majesty in times past was under so many obligations !"

"True," replied Elizabeth, "in those days I did not think of marriage—indeed, if I could only appoint my successor I would

never think of it even now. My health has never been strong, but my subjects press me so upon the point that I cannot put the question on one side. A woman who is unmarried is so exposed to the designs of the world ; some declaring that she is deformed, whilst others assert that her conduct is improper. It was said that I would not marry because I was attached to my lord of Leicester, and that I could not marry him as he had a wife already. Well, now he is a widower, and yet I have no intention of marrying him. God knows I speak truly. But as to this marriage with France, what do you say? Would you counsel it?"

"I should say," replied De Silva, "that the road was neither good nor short, and that even on a broad road there are always certain bad steps." Spain had no desire to see the balance of Europe disturbed by an alliance between England and France. This answer all the more confirmed Elizabeth in her resolve.

Meanwhile, Catherine de Medicis did not abandon the negotiation. "There are only three objections to this union," she said to Sir Thomas Smith. "The first is as to the age of the parties. My son is young, but if your queen will put up with that, I will in my turn put up with her age." The boy-king was present, and he joined in the conversation. "I wish your mistress," he pouted, "would be as content with my age as I am content with hers." "The second difficulty," continued Catherine, "would be the necessity for the Queen of England residing in France." Sir Thomas admitted that such necessity, if it indeed was absolutely necessary, was in itself an overwhelming objection. "But could not she," asked the queen-mother, "find among her advisers some one to govern as her lieutenant in her absence?" The English, remarked the ambassador, were not so easily ruled by subordinates; and besides, lieutenants had an awkward habit of becoming insolent and oppressive. This development of the question failed to impress the queen-mother. The third objection, she went on, was that the English might be discontented at such a marriage, and give rise to a partial revolt ; but surely, argued Catherine, accustomed to the high-handed proceedings across the channel, an alliance between England and France should be strong enough to suppress any agitation that might be created? Sir Thomas cautiously replied that he had received no instructions as to that point. Then he asked, turning to the boy, who throughout had been fully in favour of the union, "Why does his Majesty himself wish it? If he were three or four years older, if he had seen the Queen and were really in love with her, then I could understand this eagerness on his part." "But I do love her!" cried the child-king, "indeed

I do, very much !” “ At your age,” drily replied Sir Thomas, “ one does not know what love is. A marriage such as is proposed must rest upon a solid basis, and cannot be entered into except after the most serious deliberation.” He, however, was authorised to say, that though Elizabeth had expressed herself as opposed to the match, yet she would not think of any other offer whilst the proposal of France was under the consideration of her advisers. During the next few weeks, frequent were the interviews between Catherine and Sir Thomas and Cecil and De Foix ; still nothing definite was arrived at. Elizabeth hesitated and postponed, saying one thing at one time and another thing at the next, until De Foix at last, thoroughly disgusted at the shuffling character of the whole negotiation, wrote home that the Queen would not marry, and that the counsellors of Charles the Ninth had better turn their attention to an object more deserving of their regard than the fickle mistress of England. The advice was acted upon, and all pursuit of the match was dropped. Subsequently Elizabeth often inquired after her boy-lover, but on this occasion she never attempted to reopen the negotiations that had fallen through. “ The King of France,” she said, “ is both too great and too little.”

Five years now passed, and still Elizabeth could not make up her resolve to enter into the marriage state. She pretended to be jealous when she heard that Charles was engaged to Elizabeth of Austria ; she flirted desperately with Leicester, promising to marry him, yet at the same time she did not show herself cruel to the Archduke Charles. Still, in her own mind it would appear as if she had secretly determined never to allow any one to share her crown. She would write love-letters, she would accord sweet interviews, she would coquet with those she favoured, and raise in their breasts the most ambitious of hopes, but she would definitely decide nothing. She flirted not because it might lead to marriage, but rather because it prevented marriage. In the multitude of lovers there was safety. “ I shall never believe in her marriage,” said an envoy, “ until the ring is on her finger and the bed-curtains drawn.” And now a fresh negotiation was set on foot to turn her from the arid path of spinsterhood. The crown of England was too splendid a prize not to be worth many a struggle to secure: Catherine de Medicis was not to be deterred by one rebuff ; she still hankered after Elizabeth, and keenly desired to admit her into the house of Valois. If the eldest son of the house had been unsuccessful, there was no reason why the second son, her beloved Duke of Anjou, should not be more fortunate. The queen-mother resolved to enter into fresh negotiations.

As she had commissioned Paul de Foix in the case of Charles IX., so now she instructed La Mothe-Fénelon, her representative in London, to open the proceedings in the cause of Monsieur, as the Duke of Anjou, since he was the heir-apparent to the throne of France, was called.

Elizabeth, when the delicate matter was broached to her, was not unwilling to entertain the idea; indeed, her Majesty of England was seldom unwilling to *think* of any man; she would think, and that was all; thought never developed into action, or led to any practical result. The Queen liked what she called a "proper man," one handsome in face, graceful in carriage, tall in stature, sound in limb, and who excelled in all manly exercises. Among all the aspirants whom she had at one time or another encouraged, there was not a man—and from Courtenay to Essex the list is a crowded one—who was not pleasing to look upon. Now the Duke of Anjou was essentially a "proper man." "He is taller than I am by an inch," writes Walsingham to Leicester, who had been somewhat curious as to the appearance of his successor, "rather pale, well made, and with long limbs. If all that one sees is as good as what one does not see, he is healthy enough. At first sight he seems haughty, but on acquaintance he is courteous, and far more easy of access than either of his brothers. He has numerous friends, partly for his own sake and partly to humour his mother, with whom he is the favourite son." Tall, with well-cut features, and the dark languishing eyes which made the women of the Valois race so bewitching, the young Duke was the most favoured of all the favoured gallants in the loosest court of Europe. He had begun life as a soldier, and had brilliantly distinguished himself in two battles; but he soon permitted himself—after his sword had been sheathed in his scabbard—to be corrupted by the idle and voluptuous life which then made Paris the most courted city on the Continent. His early manhood was passed in one succession of what are called "conquests"—though when the citadel is ever ready to surrender, conquest is perhaps too strong a word to employ. He was a great dandy, and spent enormous sums upon his wardrobe; he was given to much jewelry, and his hands, of which he was justly proud, were covered with brilliants. His disposition was generous, and the presents he bestowed upon the frail beauties who attended upon Catherine de Medicis were said to be lavish in the extreme. "If the Queen, your mistress," said a great French seigneur to Walsingham, who had gone over to Paris to sound the queen-mother, "is not content with Monseigneur, she should never marry, but at once take the oath of perpetual virginity." Elizabeth

was, however, perfectly willing to be contented—at least for a time. She carefully studied the portrait of the young Duke, considered him handsomer than the Duke de Nemours, and hoped that he would take boat and pay her a visit at Greenwich. Lord Buckhurst was despatched upon a special mission to Catherine to support Walsingham, and to give expression to the views of Elizabeth upon the matter. Her Majesty, he said, was desirous of entering into an alliance with France ; she was honoured with the attentions of the Duke of Anjou, and it was her wish seriously to consider them. The queen-mother, who was perfectly aware of the weakness of the daughter of Anne Boleyn for tempting a man on by false promises to a certain point, and then quietly deserting him for a newer and therefore more fascinating rival, was resolved, now that her favourite son was concerned, to tolerate no feminine trickery in the matter. She replied that if she was sure that Elizabeth really intended marriage, and would not behave to the Duke of Anjou as she had behaved to the others who had pretended to her hand, both she and the King of France were in favour of the match ; but she must be assured that there would be no evasion in the negotiations, no giving of promises and then backing out of them, as had been the case with the brother of Monsieur. Buckhurst thereupon declared that he had been especially charged to say that the Queen of England had resolved upon marriage, that she would not marry one of her subjects, and that she was desirous of uniting herself with one of the royal houses on the Continent. The Duke of Anjou, he urged, pleased her, and the alliance was in every way a suitable one. Her other royal suitors—the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, and the Archduke Charles—were poor, and belonged to countries at a great distance from England. The Duke of Anjou, on the contrary, was a near neighbour, and the dependent of a great king ; in the present state of Europe an alliance between England and France was most desirable. Catherine, thus reassured, was of the same opinion ; she entered into details with Buckhurst, and drew up a series of articles upon which the proposed marriage was to be based, which she requested the envoy on his return to England to place in the hands of Elizabeth. The interview then ended.

Similar proceedings were being carried on in London. La Mothe-Fénelon was frequently closeted with the Queen, and spoke so glowingly of the beauty of the Duke of Anjou, the charm of his manner, and the grace and vigour of his bearing, that the impulsive Elizabeth—for, like all fickle characters, she was very impulsive—could scarcely restrain herself when this prodigy was under discussion. She must see the Duke, she blurted forth ; she knew he was most agreeable ;

all who had come in contact with him were fascinated by him ; why could he not cross the Channel and pay her a visit at once? She wrote eagerly to Walsingham that she had made up her mind to marry, and to accept the hand of the Duke of Anjou if he now came forward ; she, however, requested her representative to entrust the negotiation entirely to the queen-mother, who had had “considerable experience in cases of this sort, and would suggest all that was required in the matter.” Woman-like, however, she inserted what was the most important item in her epistle in the postscript. “As regards religion,” wrote Elizabeth, “on no account would she permit the Duke openly to profess the Catholic faith.”

It is remarkable how often people whose lives evince little of the control and teaching of the creed they profess, are resolute, whilst discarding the animating spirit of their religion in maintaining its mechanism whole and intact. Elizabeth, who always displayed the utmost malevolence towards those she disliked, who did not scruple when she deemed it advisable to tell a downright lie, and who, in her various passages of love, acted with so marked and open an indiscretion as to appear in the eyes of many most culpable, at least consoled herself with the soothing reflection that she was a firm pillar of the Anglican Church, and a staunch upholder of the Book of Common Prayer. In like manner the Duke of Anjou, who was leading a life of notorious dissipation, and whose amours, even when he was supposed to be a claimant to the hand of the Queen of England, were the talk of Paris, was the most devoted of Catholics, and an intolerant foe of Protestantism of all shades. Between these two fervent followers of their faith a collision naturally ensued, when love began to occupy itself with business details. Elizabeth, as the queen of a Protestant country, and the hope of the Huguenots and the Low Countries, then in revolt against Spain, would not permit the Duke, if he became her husband, to offend the feelings of her people by the open exercise of his religion. In his turn Monsieur avowed himself a true Catholic, and refused to worship in secret. “I have no wish,” said Elizabeth, “to see the Duke abandon his religion ; for if he abandoned his faith he would not hesitate, when it suited his purpose, to desert me ; but upon one matter I am resolved—mass must be celebrated in secret.” Whilst this question was being mooted Buckhurst arrived from Paris with the articles of marriage, drawn up by the queen-mother. They were brief and clear. The marriage was to be performed according to the ceremonies of the Church of Rome. The Duke of Anjou, both for himself and his household, was to have perfect liberty to openly profess and practise his religion.

The marriage entered into, the Duke was to be styled King, and to administer the affairs of the kingdom conjointly with the Queen. He was to be crowned. He was to receive an annual sum of 60,000*l.* charged upon the revenues of England. Should the Queen die before him he was to retain the title of King, and continue to administer the affairs of the realm. A perpetual union was to be established between the two kingdoms.

These articles were strongly disapproved of both by Cecil and Elizabeth: if they were carried out, said the minister, they would create much scandal and perhaps turbulence throughout the kingdom. He advised his sovereign to reject them altogether. Cecil, however, was not in love. The Queen was of the same opinion; so clever a woman could not have thought otherwise; but as her heart, or rather her fancy, was touched by all the accounts she had heard of the young Duke, she was unwilling to approach the subject with the resolve necessary to end the negotiation one way or the other. She hesitated, postponed, procrastinated. La Mothe was a frequent visitor in her apartments, and the wily ambassador knew well how to plead his cause. He flattered the Queen to the top of her bent, and encouraged on every occasion the interest she avowed she felt in the husband proposed to her. He spoke of how deeply enamoured the Duke was with her charms; how much he valued her intellectual superiority to other women; how fond he was of England and everything English, and the like—the Duke who was leading the life of the true Parisian *viveur*, and who was then indifferent to any other woman but Mdlle. Châteauneuf! Elizabeth, when her vanity was pampered, was very credulous and easily led. She permitted herself to be captivated. In the midst of some grave discussion or the drawing up of some important State paper she would suddenly break off the conversation and talk of the charms of her lover. “Ah!” she cried, “in another seven years I shall be an old woman, and Monsieur will then be handsomer than ever: at the present moment I may please him, but,” she sighed reflectively, “in the future!” Then she would anxiously inquire whether the Duke had been told what a pretty little foot she had, how white and well rounded was her arm, and how both artists and sculptors raved about her beautiful hands—he, whose hands were said to be so beautiful, could not, she observed, but admire hers. The ambassador gravely assured her that the Duke thought himself the most fortunate of men, and was eagerness itself to become the possessor of all such charms.

One of the equerries of the Duke, a Captain Larchant, had been sent over to Elizabeth with a *billet-doux* from her lover.

The Queen read it with much delight, kept it as the most cherished of her relics, but declined to reply to it. La Mothe begged her to vouchsafe some answer to her anxious suitor. Elizabeth at first positively refused ; she was as coy as the shyest of maidens ; she should not know what to say, she modestly pleaded ; she was sure the pen would fall from her fingers if she even tried to write ; she had never written to any of the princes who had done her the honour of paying her court, and other similar excuses. The prayers of La Mothe, however, at last prevailed, and the Queen placed in the hands of Larchant the following epistle :

Monseigneur, combien que ma dignité excède ma personne et que mon royal rang me fait douter que mon royaume est plus recherché que moi-même, si est-ce que la réputation que j'ai entendue par mon ambassadeur et aussi par votre gentilhomme *que avez conçue de quelques grâces miennes*, me fait croire que la règle de notre affection se tirera par la force de choses plus excellentes qu'onques ai connues en moi résider, et pourtant me fâche en pensant que mon insuffisance ne pourroit satisfaire à une telle opinion que M. de Larchant m'a déclaré que déjà en avez conçue, espérant que vous n'aurez occasion de vous repentir de cet honneur que de jour en autre me faites.

Still the religious question, the more it was considered, the more formidable it appeared. The Catholic party, both in France and Spain, were strongly opposed to the meditated union, branding Elizabeth as a heretic, and stigmatising her conduct in the past with the young men she affected as light in the extreme. One accusation particularly angered her Majesty, who, like all spinsters whose charms are somewhat on the wane, was especially sensitive to all personal remarks of a disparaging nature. She had been taunted by many an enemy in Edinburgh and Paris with her red hair, her freckles, the parrot-like prominence of her nose, her angularity of figure, and the rest ; and the Queen, sharp in retort, had denounced her detractors in all the choicest terms of her fluent Tudor vocabulary. The malevolent wits of Paris now added to their list of unfounded charges by spreading a report that the flame of the Duke of Anjou was lame in one of her legs. Elizabeth, when this piece of spite reached her ears, carried to her no doubt by some candid friend, was almost hysterical with rage. She sent at once for La Mothe. "I know the author of this report," she cried ; "he is a man holding a high position at your court. He has had the baseness to declare openly that I have an affection in my leg which is incurable, and that it will be a good excuse, when I am once married to the Duke of Anjou, to poison me off, so that my husband, when a widower, may marry Mary Stuart and become the master of this island." La Mothe vowed upon his honour that he had never

heard of this miserable story: he was inexpressibly sorry at so offensive a calumny being circulated; and begged the Queen to give him the name of the slanderer, so that his sovereign might pass upon the culprit the punishment he so richly deserved. "The moment is not opportune," replied Elizabeth, "for me to give you his name; but ascertain first whether what I have said is not true; then, if you wish it, I will tell you even more." The barbed dart rankled long in her mind, and it was some time before Elizabeth was calm enough to forget the insult. Weeks afterwards she met La Mothe, and regretted that he had not been present at the ball given by Lord Northampton, as he could then have seen her dance, and have been able to assure the Duke of Anjou that there was no danger of his being united to a "cripple," whatever else she might be.

The match, however, was not to come off. If the Catholics on the Continent were opposed to this mixed marriage, the Protestants at home were in their turn equally hostile to it, unless the Duke of Anjou consented to the restrictions imposed upon him. These conditions Monsieur warmly declined even to consider. He was a Catholic, and he would worship as a Catholic, and after no other fashion. Elizabeth was equally obstinate, and it now seemed as if both parties had had enough of these lingering negotiations, and wanted to be rid of each other. The queen-mother was also beginning to throw cold water upon the proceedings, since she thought she saw a prospect of obtaining a crown for each of her sons. The throne of Poland was vacant, and Catherine preferred that her cherished son should succeed to it, rather than lose his religion by sharing the English crown; especially as, if England was desirous of a union with France, there still remained the Duke of Alençon, the youngest son, to be proposed as the husband of Elizabeth. The Queen of England herself was also, with her usual fickleness, becoming less and less keen about her suitor; she would throw him over as she had the rest. "I am persuaded," wrote Leicester to Walsingham, "that at the present moment the Queen has no inclination for marriage. The religious difficulty is but an excuse, and between ourselves she will be well pleased if the obstacles already in the way increase rather than diminish." Yet events did not precisely take the turn expected by Elizabeth. Fickle, insincere, and unscrupulous, she did not hesitate when it suited her suddenly to dismiss a lover, but it was a new experience for her in like manner to be abandoned. No one is more sensitive to the fangs than the habitual biter. Sir Thomas Smith was instructed to demand an audience of the queen-mother, so that the

negotiation should be definitely settled. "The only obstacle," said Catherine, thinking all the while of Warsaw, "is as to religion. The Duke is so attached to the Catholic faith that he would consider himself as damned already if he were not permitted to practise it. Upon that point he is decided, for I have no influence over my son." "Would he not be content," asked Smith, "to hear mass in a private chapel?" "The Duke is *si dévot*," replied Catherine, "that he attends two or three masses a day, and fasts so rigorously as to make himself quite ill; indeed, I wish he were a Huguenot rather than thus to compromise his health. The practice of the Catholic faith in secret, such as your mistress agrees to sanction, would not content him. He is resolved upon professing his faith openly with all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church in full display—priests in their robes, monks, pilgrimages, relics, and the rest." "It is impossible," said Smith. "But your Queen might ask the consent of her Parliament to this?" asked Catherine. "It is impossible," again replied Smith. Thereupon the interview ended, and negotiation as to the proposed alliance was not resumed. The Queen of England was deeply mortified at the result. She had wished to impose her conditions upon her lover, and if he refused them to give him his *congé* before a mocking Europe: it was she, however, who now had her *congé*. The Duke not only declined to accept her conditions, but imposed his own conditions upon her. Should she refuse them, the queen-mother was instructed to say that it was useless to proceed any further. For once the tables had been turned, and it was the lover who threw over the mistress. The self-love of Elizabeth was cruelly hurt. "We are not content," wrote Cecil to Walsingham, "with this business of the Duke of Anjou. France has unduly protracted the negotiations, and then terminated them not in a friendly spirit towards us. I do not say what I think of the discontent evinced by her Majesty upon a subject about which it is necessary for us to dissemble, since we cannot now afford to make enemies."

Still it was the wish of the queen-mother that the crown of England should not go out of the Valois family. Catherine had engaged to gain the hand of Elizabeth for her eldest son, and had failed; she had then brought forward her cherished second son as a claimant, but subsequently had thought it more prudent to withdraw his pretensions; there was yet a third son, the Duke of Alençon, and he was now to be advanced to play his little part in this comedy of Rejected Addresses. England was in need of a stout ally; the realm was torn by internal divisions between

Catholics and Protestants ; Ireland was turbulent ; there was war in Scotland ; Spain had been alienated ; a union with France was of the gravest necessity—the distress of England was an opportunity not to be lost sight of by Catherine de Medici. And yet the queen-mother was not sanguine. Her youngest son was very different both physically and morally from his brother of Anjou. Far below the middle height in stature, a face devoid of a single feature which could give it charm, a complexion like discoloured ivory, the Duke of Alençon was in every respect a pitiable object to be put forward as a claimant for the hand of a woman who had never tolerated a suitor for one moment unless his personal appearance had been considerably in his favour. Nor did the moral character of the Duke compensate, as is so often the case, for any lack of physical advantages. Spiteful, opinionated, combative, and cleverly mischievous, he was never happy unless he was fomenting feuds and throwing the apple of discord among every community he affected. “You wish to know what manner of man he is,” writes the Venetian ambassador : “know then that his complexion is brownish and marked with the small-pox ; his figure is small but well set up ; his hair is black, and curls naturally ; he wears it brushed up in front, which makes his face longer than it otherwise would be. He affects to be popular, but his promises of reform, of which he is lavish, are only used as a mask to conceal his unbounded love for turbulence and divisions.”

Such was the man who was now proposed to fascinate the hawked-about Elizabeth. When the match was seriously broached by Catherine to her ambassador, La Mothe looked grave. “The Queen will think we wish to mock her,” said he, mindful of the difference between an Alençon and an Anjou. But when he found that Cecil was not so hostile to the suggestion as had been anticipated, he agreed to exert his influence to promote the negotiations when once they were entered into. Cecil was in favour of Alençon for three reasons : he wished an alliance with France ; he considered that there would be no difficulty as to the religious question ; and Alençon being the third son, there was little chance of his succeeding to the throne of France, and thus bringing the two kingdoms into collision. The minister availed himself of the first opportunity to sound his royal mistress upon the subject. “But he is a mere boy,” said Elizabeth ; “he is eighteen, and I am thirty-eight—all the difficulties one anticipated with the eldest brother would but be increased if I accepted the youngest.” Cecil was silent. “Pray how tall is the Duke?” asked Elizabeth. “About my height,” replied Cecil. “You mean,” said the Queen snappishly, “as tall as your little

grandson." Catherine de Medici was, however, not to be deterred from her ambition in obtaining a crown for each of her three sons by any remonstrance which came from so weak a quarter. She knew the full value of one of Elizabeth's noes where her vanity was concerned. A flattering portrait of the Duke of Alençon was sent to London from Paris. Elizabeth showed it to Leicester. "He is not to be compared to the Duke of Anjou," said she, "still he is better looking than I had been led to believe. The marks of the small-pox, too, may disappear with time; but he is too young for me to marry." Montmorency had been despatched by Catherine to plead the cause of the Valois boy. "He is not too young," said he; "and how much better for one like your Majesty, who is accustomed to command and who loves to rule, not to be interfered with! A young husband would be the most obedient and docile of princes. There would be no dispute as to religious matters. The Duke was no bigot; he would not obtrude his faith, but would be content to practise it quietly and without scandal; all his Highness desired was that he might find favour in the eyes of her Majesty, and be her accepted suitor." For a whole month Elizabeth contented herself with hesitation and evasive replies; then she said that if her subjects desired it she would consider the matter; finally she ended by avowing to her advisers that it was her intention to marry, and dropping her voice said softly to the French ambassador that she wished to see the Duke very much.

No sooner had Alençon been made aware of this request than he hastened to make preparations to cross the Channel. A terrible event delayed his departure, and nearly crushed his hopes at the very outset.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew had taken place, and had filled the mind of every Protestant in Europe with horror and indignation. Elizabeth dressed herself in deep mourning, received the French ambassador in stern silence, and declared that after such an awful deed she would not ally herself with the house of Valois. It was only when she had been assured by Sir Thomas Smith that Alençon had been strongly opposed to the massacre, that he was friendly to the Huguenots, and that the course he had pursued had exposed him to the persecution of the French court, that the horror-stricken Queen relented, and agreed to reconsider the proposals for the marriage. Maisonfleur, an agent of the young Duke, was sent over to England to have an interview with Elizabeth, and propitiate her in favour of her lover. Aware that the physical disadvantages under which Alençon laboured had created a deep impression upon the mind of the Queen, he began his mission by toning down the defects in the portrait of his master. I

can assure you, madam," he said, "your Majesty has formed a wrong idea of the Duke. He is about my height, well proportioned, and his face scarcely marred by the small-pox. In France, madam, we are in the habit of regarding all men who are neither lame nor hunch-backed as handsome. We do not consider it necessary for a man to be handsome. A woman should be beautiful to please her husband, but in a man courage and strength are all that we require." Elizabeth, who was anxious to please her Parliament so as to obtain supplies, and who was willing to *agree* to marry any one, allowed herself to be humoured in the matter, and spoke kindly of the lad, expressing a wish that he should cross the Channel and pay her a visit. Unfortunately the Duke was detained in France by the complications which had arisen between Catholics and Protestants, in which he had so engaged himself as to be regarded with aversion by his brother, Charles the Ninth; he was also laid aside by a sharp attack of fever. Maisonfleur pressed him to come to London, and not to permit any obstacle to stand in the way. The Queen was perfectly willing to marry him, but if he delayed his departure she would very rightly think that he was trifling with her, and desirous of prolonging the negotiations. "On vous appelle," he wrote, "on vous invite à vous hâter, ô le plus fortuné prince de la terre, s'il sait bien user de la fortune!" Without seeing the Duke, Elizabeth had declared that she would never give her consent to a marriage. "If, after having seen him," said the Queen, "I should decline to accept him, I hope he will not be offended; but if he takes my refusal as an offence to himself, he had better not come." Months passed, and still the Duke could not make out his journey to England. The feud between the two religious parties in France, the death of Charles the Ninth, and the accession of the Duke of Anjou as Henry III., the aim of Alençon to become the sovereign of the Low Countries, plots and counter-plots, all interfered with the progress of this marriage of convenience; and at one time it appeared as if the negotiations would fall through, and the mutable Elizabeth have to look elsewhere for the husband who was always to make her supremely blessed, but who appears invariably to have disappointed her hopes.

Early in the following year the delicate negotiations were resumed in downright earnest. There was to be no more dallying in the matter; a cordial alliance was to be entered into between England and France; and the marriage, if both the parties were still of the same mind, was no longer to be discussed, but to actually take place. Jean de Simier, the Master of the Robes to Henry the Third, was despatched to London to promote the delicate business, and to smooth over all

difficulties. It is seldom advisable in cases of this description, when the union of two hearts is about to be effected through a third person, that the agent should have it in his power to create invidious comparisons between himself and his principal; and the more especially where the fair one about to be wooed by proxy is keenly susceptible to all the charms of a splendid manhood. Simier was one of the handsomest men of his day, the most fascinating and polished of courtiers, and one whose *bonnes fortunes* were the envy of every gallant in Paris. He had no sooner presented his credentials at the English court than the inflammatory Elizabeth became completely subjugated by the manners and appearance of the captivating envoy. Leicester at once recognised in the charming Simier a formidable rival, and hated him accordingly. The Queen took no pains to hide the pleasure she derived from the society of the new ambassador; not a day passed without her sending for him; sometimes she would call for him in her barge, and they would take the air together on the Thames; she asked his advice on all matters, and it was often not until late in the evening that she dismissed him from her apartment. Such intimacy naturally did not pass without comment. "M. de Simier is no stranger to me," said Elizabeth when reproached with the levity of her conduct, "but a faithful servant of my future husband, knowing all his secrets, and therefore best fitted to advise me and to train me for the position I am to occupy." Under the guidance of the envoy the conditions of the marriage proceeded swiftly and smoothly. The Queen declared that she would marry the Duke; and acting upon the advice of Simier, Alençon hurried to Boulogne, crossed the Channel, and was met at Greenwich by the Queen. The interview between the two passed off better than had been expected; Elizabeth was not disgusted, and the young man played the lover to perfection. He was constantly in her society, and when absent from her wrote letters "burning enough," said one of the envoys at the court, "to set water on fire." He was lavish of the promises and pledges which courtship generally engenders, and the Queen permitted herself to be fascinated. He was lodged in the next apartment to hers in the palace, and Elizabeth, with her usual disregard of the world's opinion, behaved to him very much as she had behaved to Simier, who, his mission now accomplished, had returned to Paris laden with gifts. Mary Stuart, well aware of the remarks her sweet cousin had passed upon the intimacy between herself and Rizzio, was not slow to retaliate. Those who wish to learn what was the opinion Mary of Scotland entertained of Elizabeth of England, have only to read the letters of the unhappy woman published by Prince Labanoff.

They are couched in terms somewhat too plain for this more decorous age.¹

And now it seemed as if what had so often been discussed was actually to take place, and the Queen of England, the most susceptible but at the same time the most variable of spinsters, was about to marry. All the objections that had been raised as to money matters and as to the religious difficulty had been satisfactorily met, and there was nothing to interfere with the completion of the union. The Duke took his departure as the accepted suitor of the Queen of England, and the only question that had now to be settled was the assent of the Queen to the articles of the marriage treaty drawn up by Simier. But these, Elizabeth, when it came to the point, could not make up her mind to ratify. Her advisers were opposed to several of them, and she took advantage of their objections. She would not marry, and yet she would not let Alençon go ; she wanted both to eat and to have her cake. She wrote affectionately to the Duke, she was devoted to him, but still she thought that it was perhaps better for them to be friends than that a closer tie should exist between them. This Platonic prospect failed to content Alençon ; he was an adventurer, he was unpopular in France, it was necessary for him to carve out his own future. He wished to marry Elizabeth, and to sit on the throne as king-consort of England ; but if he could not obtain a crown in England he would do his best to win one in the Low Countries. The Queen was informed by the advisers of Alençon that she would be allowed two months to consider her determination, and if at the expiration of that time she had not arrived at any conclusion, the negotiation would be at an end, and the Duke at liberty to look elsewhere. The two months passed, and Elizabeth, though pressed by Cecil to agree to the match, gave no answer, and the matter was considered to have dropped.

Early in the following year this most hesitating and undecided of women expressed a hint that, if Alençon was still desirous of becoming her husband, she would not say him nay. Marriage seemed to be the only solution of the difficulties which surrounded her.

¹ Here are two extracts from Labanoff, given by M. de la Ferrière. The first relates to Simier. "Je prends Dieu à témoin," writes Mary to Elizabeth, "que la comtesse de Shrewsbury m'a dit que vous aviez engagé votre honneur avec un étranger, allant le trouver dans la chambre d'une dame, là où vous le baisiez et usiez avec lui de privautés déshonnêtes, mais aussi lui révéliez les secrets du royaume, trahissant vos propres conseillers avec lui."

The second relates to the Duke of Alençon : "Vous vous êtes déportée avec lui de la même dissolution qu'avec Simier ; une nuit vous l'avez rencontré à la porte de votre chambre, n'ayant que votre seule chemise et votre manteau de
'a laissé entrer, et il est demeuré avec vous près de trois heures."

What with the Low Countries, the state of Scotland, the state of Ireland, the Catholic intrigues in her own kingdom, and the animosity of Spain towards her, a political alliance with France was now an absolute necessity; but France would enter into no treaty of amity without Alençon being seated as king-consort on the throne of England. Again diplomacy busied itself with its negotiations and State papers; the war in the Low Countries was to be carried on chiefly at the expense of France; if Spain attacked England, France was to interfere; England, however, was to send certain troops and supplies into Flanders. These preliminaries arranged, Alençon again came to London. He was lodged at Whitehall, but afterwards had apartments assigned to him at Greenwich, where the Queen then was. The closest intimacy again ensued between the two; the warmest of love-letters passed between them, though the couple saw each other daily, and every morning Elizabeth came into the young man's room to give him with her own fair hands a bason of soup. On the day of the anniversary of her coronation she was walking with the Duke arm-in-arm along the corridors of the palace. The French ambassador was announced, and craved an audience. As soon as he appeared Elizabeth stepped forward and said with a smile to him, "You can write to your master that the duke will be my husband." Then taking a ring from her finger, she placed it on the hand of the Duke, and turning to her maids of honour said, "I have a husband; you all of you can follow my example if you like." After this declaration it seemed impossible that the marriage ceremony could be long deferred. Elizabeth had given excuse after excuse for not fixing the day when the Duke was to be made the happiest of men; now it was her health, then it was the state of Europe, and then it was the opposition of her subjects; until there seemed good ground for the fears entertained by Simier. "Je ne croirai au mariage," he said, "que lorsque les draps seront levés, les flambeaux éteints et mon maître dans le lit." But after this open acknowledgment of the man who was to be her husband, further excuse and hesitation seemed impossible. Yet the very morning after this announcement this hysterical spinster came into the Duke's room and declared that it could not be; she had passed the night in tears; three more nights of such misery, she said, and she would be a dead woman—indeed, she could not marry. The Duke threw the ring on the floor, cursing the fickleness of the whole sex, and vowed that he would at once take his departure. But Elizabeth, who would not marry him, did not think it beneath herself to put her arms around his neck, to kiss him and caress him, and to implore him not to go. The Duke, thus petitioned,

consented to remain for a time. And for a time Alençon passed his days now in the hope and then in the despair common to the lover who is not accepted and yet not dismissed. The Queen flirted with him, smiled upon him, and presents still continued to be exchanged between the two. One morning whilst sitting with the Duke hand in hand, Elizabeth in her softest tones said she could never marry a Papist. Hereupon Alençon with the most charming impartiality offered to turn Protestant. Alas! sighed the Queen, she did not feel towards him as she had once felt. The Duke now lost his temper, and reminded her of all he had gone through, what anguish of mind he had suffered, how he had lost the good opinion of the Catholic world; how deeply he loved her, and how he would rather die with her than quit England—indeed, he swore he would not quit England. “It is very ill of you,” said the Queen, “to threaten an old woman in her own kingdom; you are mad, and talk like a madman.” The Duke wept, and Elizabeth sat by his side alternately wiping his tears away with her handkerchief and caressing him as of old.

The state of affairs on the Continent now called upon Alençon to quit London hastily for Flanders. Spain had been victorious in the Low Countries, and the Flemings, who looked upon Alençon, now idling his time in England, as their protector, implored the aid of the Duke, offering him the ducal crown he had so long coveted. Alençon was tempted by the bait; between two stools he might fall; better the Low Countries as a certainty than England as an uncertainty. Elizabeth, now only too anxious to get him out of the kingdom, offered to help him with her fleet and forces, and accompanied him on his road to Canterbury. There she took leave of him, promising in spite of the past that on his return she would still marry him. She was, however, not to be accorded another opportunity for trifling with her victim. At Château Thierry the Duke fell ill of a fever, and rapidly succumbed to its influence. He died June 11, 1584. Shortly before his death he drew up his will; no mention is made of the name of the Queen of England. Upon hearing of the loss of the man to whom she had promised herself only to repudiate her promise, and then to promise herself again, Elizabeth thus wrote to Catherine de Medici:—

“Madam, your sorrow cannot exceed mine, even though you are his mother; for you there still remains another son, but for me there is no consolation save that which death can offer. Madam, if you could but look into my heart, there you would see the picture of a body without a soul. But I will not trouble you more with my griefs, since you yourself have enough of your own.”

The mourning which Elizabeth wore on the day of the funeral Duke of Alençon had been sent over from Paris by Catherine

HERBERT SPENCER'S PHILOSOPHY.

THERE are many who find a difficulty in understanding how the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer is related to the Darwinian theories of biological evolution. Many, indeed, seem to find difficulty in recognising at all the nature of the teachings of Mr. Spencer, and especially in determining the position which they hold in modern thought. Some appear to imagine that his views are entirely sociological, others suppose that they involve simply an extension of the Darwinian doctrine to the universe at large, while yet others (as I have repeatedly noticed in converse with those whom I have met during my lecturing tours in this country, America, and Australasia) appear to regard Mr. Spencer as chief among the opponents of religion.

It should hardly be necessary to say that all these views are erroneous; yet, knowing as I do how few there are who have formed any just conception of Mr. Spencer's philosophy—especially in this country (for he is much better understood and appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic)—I have seen, somewhat gladly, that certain very unfair treatment in "Reminiscences chiefly of Oriel College," by the Rev. Thomas Mozley, has led to the publication by Mr. Spencer of a succinct statement of the cardinal principles involved in the successive works which Mr. Spencer has published. The statement is a mere summary, technically, and in some places rather obscurely worded, but it is of great value as showing not only what Mr. Spencer has actually taught, but what it has been his special purpose to teach. I propose now to translate the successive items of this statement into more familiar language (in each case giving Mr. Spencer's actual words in the first instance). As, however, the significance of a statement of this kind must always in part depend on the circumstances which elicited it, I deem it well briefly to sketch the matter at issue between Mr. Spencer and the Rev. Mr. Mozley. I do this the more willingly, that, as the former remarks, "serious injustice is apt to be done by the publication of reminis-

cences which concern others than the writer of them; and widely diffused as is Mr. Mozley's interesting work, his statement will be read and accepted by thousands who will never see 'Mr. Spencer's Rectification.'" It appears to me that good service will be done to the cause of justice by helping to spread this rectification as widely as possible.

The passage which has called forth Mr. Spencer's rectification runs as follows: "I have indulged," says Mr. Mozley, "from my boyhood in a Darwinian dream of moral philosophy, derived in the first instance from one of my early instructors. This was Mr. George Spencer, (honorary) secretary of the Derby Philosophical Association, founded by Dr. Darwin,¹ and father of Mr. Herbert Spencer. My dream had a certain family resemblance to the 'system of philosophy' bearing that writer's name. There was an important and saving difference between the two systems, between that which never saw the light, and perished before it was born, without even coming to wither like grass on the housetops, and that other imposing system which occupies several yards of shelf in most public libraries. The latter makes the world of life, as we see and take part in it, the present outcome of a continual outcoming from atoms, lichens, and vegetables, bound by the necessities of existence to mutual relations, up to or down to brutes, savages, ladies, and gentlemen, inheriting various opinions, maxims, and superstitions. The brother and elder philosophy, for such it was, that is mine, saved itself from birth by its palpable inconsistency, for it retained a Divine original, and some other incongruous elements. In particular, instead of rating the patriarchal stage hardly above the brute, it assigned to that state of society a heavenly source, and described it as rather a model for English country gentlemen, that is, upon the whole, and with certain reservations."

It will be tolerably obvious that in this passage there is something more than Mr. Spencer—proceeding in his calm way by inquiring rather what others found in it than what he found himself—notes as its purport. It leaves the impression, he says, that the doctrines set forth in the system of Synthetic Philosophy, as well as those which Mr. Mozley entertained in his early days, were in some way derived from the elder Spencer. True, but it leaves also the impression that although the "brother and elder philosophy had been thus derived,"

¹ It was "more than a dozen years," Mr. Spencer remarks, "after Dr. Darwin's death in 1802, when my father became honorary secretary. I believe my father (who was twelve years old when Dr. Darwin died) never saw him, and, so far as I know, knew nothing of his ideas."

it owed to Mr. Mozley whatever development it received ; he speaks of it plainly as the "philosophy that is mine." It conveys very clearly (and also very cleverly) the idea that in Mr. Mozley's opinion the elder philosophy was altogether the nobler and better of the twain, however obvious it may be to sounder judgments that that opinion is altogether erroneous. And then, by saying that even this elder and better philosophy was so palpably unsound that its failure before birth *saved* it from its due fate, it leaves us clearly to understand what a great misfortune in Mr. Mozley's eyes has been the birth, growth, and development of the younger and inferior brother. That these palpable sneers (not to say these gross insults) escaped an attention so keen as Mr. Spencer's I do not suppose. It is evident, however, that he very justly regarded them as unworthy of notice—they are, in fact, of the class of innuendoes which may properly be described as womanish (observe, I do not say woman-like). Mr. Spencer directs his whole attention to meet Mr. Mozley's implication that during the last five-and-twenty years he has been allowing himself to be credited with ideas which are not his own. "Since this is entirely untrue," he says, "I cannot be expected to let it pass unnoticed ; if I do I tacitly countenance an error, and tacitly admit an act by no means creditable to me."

He then tells us, in admirably selected terms, just how far he believes himself to be indebted to his father. His indebtedness was general, he says, not special—and indebtedness for habits of thought encouraged rather than for ideas communicated. "I distinctly trace to him an ingrained tendency to inquire for causes—causes, I mean, of the physical class." And here, let me note in passing, is the great lesson which modern science is ever inculcating. It is here that science influences mental and moral culture most palpably. There is no more valuable safeguard against superstitions of all orders, from those which affect the whole conduct of life, the whole character, down to the paltry superstitions which relate to such matters as helping to salt, walking under ladders, and so forth, than the inquiry always for causes. Breaking a mirror means seven years of sorrow, says the ignorant believer in foolish fancies of the sort : In what way ? through what relation of cause and effect ? comes the question of common sense, and the notion is at once seen to be an absurdity. If I commit such and such offences, says the believer in a higher form of superstition, I shall be punished ; science asks how and why, and in the answer finds the real reason for the moral law. Science finds that offences against right and justice bring always their punishment with them, and shows cause why ; establishing thus a sounder and nobler

as to lie hopelessly beyond the range of any conceivable increase of microscopic power. In organic matter the same law holds. All the physical processes which are most obvious and familiar, all those which form the subject of the most recondite scientific research, are in reality illustrations of the constant redistribution of matter and motion.

2. *This redistribution constitutes evolution where there is a predominant integration of matter and dissipation of motion, and constitutes dissolution where there is a predominant absorption of motion and disintegration of matter.*

Unfortunately the words in this statement are not altogether well chosen or used in their strictly correct sense—evolution is set against dissolution as if the two were contrasted processes, whereas dissolution is a form of evolution. Moreover, the word ‘integration’ is not commonly understood, whether in its technical sense (which is almost purely mathematical) or in ordinary language, in the sense in which it is here used. It is rather understood ordinarily to mean the restoration of that which had been made imperfect, than as the converse of disintegration.¹ “Absorption” also is here used by Mr. Spencer to mean what might rather be described as “assumption.” The statement may be thus translated into ordinary language :—

This constant change in the distribution of matter and motion, results in some cases in the aggregation into one whole, of portions of matter which before had been apart from each other, the motions of these several portions *inter se* coming to an end, or greatly diminishing, as they thus gather into a single mass. In such cases we have the formation of new masses. In other cases portions of matter which had been aggregated into a single mass are separated from each other, and begin to move freely *inter se*. In such cases we have the dissolution of the masses thus separated into their component parts.

We may select our first illustrations of these converse processes from the celestial spaces, though so far as is yet known these tell us of few cases of dissolution or dissipation, nearly all the processes actually observable being instances of aggregation or of the formation of new masses. We know that in the solar system there are multitudinous systems of meteoric bodies—and we know further that our own earth gathers in many millions of these bodies in each year. The same is doubtless true of the moon, Venus, Mars, and other planets. It must be true in yet greater degree of the sun. Every fall of a meteor is a process of aggregation. When a meteor falls on

¹ This also is the sense in which the Romans used the word *integratio*. Thus the familiar saying of Terence, *Amantium ira amoris integratio est*, is properly translated, “The quarrels of lovers are the *renewing* of love.”

the earth a new mass is formed out of the two—the earth and the meteor—which had before existed apart. On the other hand, it has been thought possible, some think it has been *proved*, that meteors were originally projected from the sun or planets—if so, every such case was an illustration of the process of segregation ; masses which had before formed a single mass, and had shared the same motions in reference to other masses, being thrown apart to move thenceforth for a longer or a shorter period of time (in some cases for ever) independently of each other. If Mr. George Darwin's views are correct, and our moon was at any time separated either in a single mass, or, as I think more probable, a ring of small masses, from the earth, that was a process of dissolution, or, rather, segregation. So also with the other satellite systems, and with the rings of Saturn, if they were really formed in the way suggested. In the latter case these rings illustrate at the same time both processes ; for while they were on this hypothesis expelled from Saturn and so illustrate segregation, their component small masses are gathering together to form hereafter a single moon, or it may be two or three moons, and thus illustrate aggregation.

But to show the generality which characterises Mr. Spencer's theories we may here take an illustration of a quite different character. In the growth of a nation out of tribal races which had been pursuing each a separate existence, nomadically traversing a continent before they settled down to occupy a country, we have a process of aggregation ; in the growth of colonies formed out of groups of persons who have left their country at different times and with diverse aims and purposes, we have also a process of aggregation in one aspect, for these colonies are formed by the aggregation of groups before moving apart ; but in a wider aspect we have segregation, each colony being separated by the removal of parts from what had before been one whole nation. Where a colony is formed of groups from several nations there is, in reference to the colony, a predominant aggregation of matter and dissipation of motion ; where one nation forms several colonies there is, in reference to the nation, a predominant segregation of matter, and assumption of motion.

But, in fact, as these processes take place throughout the universe in general and in detail, we might select our illustrations from a thousand different sources ; we might view matters on a very large scale or on a very small scale, or on a scale having any position between these extremes.

The third and fourth statements of Mr. Spencer's philosophy run thus :—

3. *Evolution is simple when the process of integration, or the*

formation of a coherent aggregate, proceeds uncomplicated by other processes.

4. *Evolution is compound when, along with this primary change from an incoherent to a coherent state, there go on secondary changes due to differences in the circumstances of the different parts of the aggregate.*

The explanation of 2 leaves little to be explained here. The reader must note carefully, however, that the word evolution here has that limited and incorrect sense in which it has already been used in statement 2. It means here the process of formation of a coherent aggregate out of matter which had before been scattered more or less sparsely. Probably no illustration can be given from nature of an absolutely simple process of aggregation, any more than illustrations can be given from nature of perfectly straight lines, circles, ellipses, and so forth. The philosopher may speak of simple evolution and define it, just as the Newtonian may speak of motion in a circle around a central attracting mass, but as a matter of fact no such evolution can take place. In every instance of change from an incoherent to a coherent state, that is, from the condition of matter more or less scattered to matter forming a single aggregate, changes arising from the different circumstances of the different portions of aggregating matter must in every case occur. From the nebulous mass aggregating into a system of suns, down to the aggregation of the minutest drop or vesicle of fluid from vapour, or even in all probability down to the formation of molecules out of atoms (only no one knows what atoms or molecules in reality are), there must be varieties of condition in the forming mass causing differences of constitution in the mass formed; at any rate, I find myself unable, after long study, to think of any case in which an absolutely uniform process of aggregation takes place or can ever be conceived to take place. Of compound processes, of course, the illustrations are endless. Those we have already considered will serve as well as any others. Every process of formation, or of what Mr. Spencer here understands by the word evolution, must of necessity be varied in different parts of the forming aggregation by varieties in the conditions under which the formative process is applied to different parts of the aggregating material. Whether it be a stellar system forming out of star mist, or a solar system out of meteoric and cometic matter, or a single sun or other celestial body out of multitudinous bodies before discrete,—or, again, whether the aggregation is utterly unlike any studied by the astronomer, as the aggregation of a nation out of many races, or the formation of a society of any sort from scattered and before unassociated individuals, or the growth of an

animal by the slow building together of material particles drawn from many sources, or the development of a race of animals by any process of evolution : in every case, the various parts of the aggregate must differ *inter se*, because of the varying conditions under which they are severally formed.

5. *These secondary changes constitute a transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous—a transformation which, like the first, is exhibited in the universe as a whole and in all (or nearly all) its details; in the aggregate of stars and nebulae, in the planetary system; in the earth as an inorganic mass; in each organism, vegetal or animal (Von Baer's law otherwise expressed); in the aggregate of organisms throughout geologic time; in the mind; in society; in all products of social activity.*

This amounts to the statement that processes of aggregation, affected as they are by varieties of condition, result in variety of structure. I venture to object to the statement that the homogeneous is transformed into the heterogeneous, because it implies that homogeneity can for a time (however brief) exist. This is contrary to experience. The process which actually takes place is a transformation from the less heterogeneous to the more heterogeneous, the strengthening and stronger marking of varieties of structure which began with the very beginning of the forming aggregation. Absolute uniformity never has existed or can exist in any part of the universe, large or great, any more than any absolute physical entity can exist which answers to the geometrical definition of a straight line. But the importance of the proposition before us is not modified by this necessary change. It remains true that, in the processes by which coherent aggregates of any sort whatever, and on whatever scale, are formed out of materials before separate and discrete, varieties which began at the very outset of the process become more and more marked as the process continues.

As an illustration, consider the formation of the solar system. We need not trouble ourselves to decide between the various theories which have been formed as to the actual way in which the solar system came into existence. Suffice it that whether the system was formed by the contraction of a mighty mass of nebulous matter, or by the aggregation of meteoric matter, the circumstances under which the planetary scheme came into existence were originally such that the growth of some—as of Jupiter and Saturn—was encouraged, while others, like Mars, Mercury, and the asteroids, acquired bulk and substance with difficulty. From the beginning the former planets were doubtless the larger; and as time went on, their absolute, and probably

their relative, superiority increased, until at length they came to occupy their present position ; that is, to use the technical language which seems unfortunately coming into vogue in this subject, they became differentiated from the minor planets by their marked superiority in bulk and mass.

The law thus recognised prevails everywhere throughout the universe, in general as in detail. It is the physical form of the law, 'To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.' Thus, in the case just considered, to the planets which had large bulk and mass, greater bulk and mass were given, while those which were smaller, lost, through the relative slowness of their growth, even that position which originally no doubt they seemed to have as members of a family of bodies not altogether unlike, and fell into a different and (so far as age is concerned) an inferior class. It is the same in all cases of systematic evolution. We are thus led to the law indicated in Mr. Spencer's next statement, the wording of which, like that of some which follows, is not altogether calculated to invite the attention of the unscientific reader, though the subject matters of Mr. Spencer's philosophy are such that all should understand its general purport.

6. The process of integration, acting locally as well as generally, combines with the process of differentiation, to render the change described in 5, not simply one from homogeneity to heterogeneity, but from an indefinite homogeneity to a definite heterogeneity; and this trait of increasing definiteness, which accompanies the trait of increasing heterogeneity, is, like it, exhibited in the totality of things, and in all its divisions and subdivisions, down to the minutest.

In plain English this might be expressed somewhat as follows :—

When a whole is forming, the various parts not only differ because they are formed under different conditions, but because the formative process itself (acting in the various parts as well as in the forming mass or system as a whole) tends to produce different results in different parts. Thus not only is the product varied in character in its different parts, but the differences are definite. There is not an indefinite gradation from one form to another, but distinct steps of gradation, so to speak,—and this is recognised throughout the universe, regarded as a whole, and in all its parts, and in all the parts of these parts, down to the minutest subdivisions.

For instance, in the solar system, the formation of a single system out of indefinitely distributed and moving matter, led to the formation of a central mass, and of bodies travelling around that mass, distinctly unlike it in character. Among the bodies thus travelling

the formative process, acting diversely in different parts, and having varied quantities of matter and rates of motion to deal with, formed diverse families of bodies, the great planets in one group, the minor planets in another, the asteroids in a third—all definitely distinguished from each other. In biological evolution definite variations, taking their origin at first in minute differences of condition, surroundings, and so forth, separate the various races, animal and vegetable: in each race the various genera become similarly distinct, while individual members of the same genus are also distinguished one from the other by peculiarities arising from the different constitutions under which each is formed. The same again is seen in the formation of distinct nations from among the various tribes and races of men, the characteristics which distinguish nation from nation becoming more and more marked as the nations gradually gather coherence, and what may be called national individuality. Within one and the same nation class distinctions arise and become more marked with the progress of time. Within each class minor distinctions come into existence, and separate sub-class from sub-class more and more definitely. Still smaller subdivisions are formed, which in turn become more and more characteristically distinguished one from the other, till we reach the family, and finally the individual members of the family,—the limits of subdivision in this direction. And so in every possible case, under all conceivable conditions, on the large scale as on the small, the law holds,—aggregation is inevitably accompanied by the appearance of varieties of condition, quality, &c., in the parts of the aggregating mass, and, as aggregation proceeds, these varieties become more and more marked.

7. Along with this redistribution of the matter composing any evolving aggregate there goes on a redistribution of the retained motion of its components in relation to one another; this also becomes, step by step, more definitely heterogeneous.

As the aggregate is gradually formed, the motion of the matter forming the aggregate is gradually dissipated, as when masses which had been travelling freely around the sun or a planet are one by one brought to rest on the surface of the body whose mass they thus help to build up. But the motion is not altogether lost. It may, as in the case just considered, result in motion affecting the formed mass as a whole—the rotation in this case of a sun or a planet. It may result in systematic movement within the scheme or system thus formed, as in the movements of the planets within the solar system, or of satellites within a system circulating round a planet. But in the Spencerian philosophy motion is used in a

wider sense. Thus the formation or evolution of a race of animals involves a dissipation of motion,—the tendency to irregular changes being resolved into systematic variation,—freedom to vary in any direction, merging gradually into the tendency to change only in specific directions and according to uniform law. So with other cases, even less like mere physical processes of aggregation, as we see in national, municipal, and social groupings. The law for each aggregate becomes more and more definite for each as time passes, precisely as the aggregates themselves become so.

We now come to statements belonging to the *à priori* aspect of the subject. It is evident that the only way in which we can conceive an utter absence of all tendency to the redistribution of matter and motion is by conceiving perfect uniformity throughout the entire universe : then and then only would all matter be related to all other matter in a manner absolutely indifferent, so that there would be no tendency either to aggregation or to any change in motions already existing, or to the state of absolute rest (if such were the condition of the primary and absolutely uniform universe thus conceived). Thus we have, next, the statements that—

8. *In the absence of a homogeneity that is infinite and absolute, the redistribution, of which evolution [formation of aggregates] is one phase, is inevitable. The causes which necessitate it are,—*

9. *The instability of the homogeneous, which is consequent upon the different exposures of the different parts of any limited aggregate to incident forces. The transformations hence resulting are complicated by,—*

10. *The multiplication of effects. Every mass and part of a mass on which a force falls, subdivides and differentiates that force, which thereupon proceeds to work a variety of changes ; and each of these becomes the parent of similarly multiplying changes, the multiplication of them becoming greater in proportion as the aggregate becomes more heterogeneous.*

It will be observed that Mr. Spencer, in statement 8, recognises that only infinite and absolute uniformity could produce absolute stability. It appears to me that the same condition is required in order that evolution should be simple. For wherever, in the neighbourhood of any forming mass, or at whatever distance from it, there is a want of uniformity, the circumstances are not such that simple evolution can result ; and we can imagine no circumstances in which, however remote might be the region where absolute uniformity ceased, the effect of such homogeneity would not in the run be felt, resulting in what Mr. Spencer has described as **mund evolution.**

In statement 9 Mr. Spencer points out that uniformity in itself is essentially unstable. That which is uniform in structure inevitably tends to become diverse in structure when it is exposed to diverse conditions. The slightest breath of air will ripple the surface of level water, while powerless to affect the onward course of a wave. It is so throughout nature. Opposing forces may result in a condition of stable equilibrium ; absolutely uniform conditions are, of their very nature, unstable.

In like manner, statement 10 needs little explanation and no proof. It is evident that in every process of evolution the various forces which produce various effects must be infinitely varied in their operation, according to the condition of the various parts of the aggregating whole. With every variation of their effects, the condition of that aggregating whole varies further. The variations thus arising may be cumulative in some parts or self-correcting in others, whence come into existence regions of greater variety and regions tending to such uniformity as results from counterpoised variations. Thus the aggregate becomes more and more varied in detail as well as in general—these sub-regions, so to speak, of uniformity dividing off regions of diversity. We may again use as an illustration the effect of winds upon the sea. The surface which had been uniform becomes uneven under the diverse action of the wind on various parts. Afterwards the wind, as it falls on the waves which traverse the water's surface, is modified in direction by their resistance, and, being deflected in various ways, falls yet more diversely than before on the different parts of the water-surface : hence arises another kind of diversity, a minor order of varieties, which varieties in turn produce other and yet smaller forms of variety, —the number of changes thus resulting being continually greater and greater as the surface becomes more and more disturbed.

We might find illustrations of this law in the star depths, in the formation of a planetary system, in the shaping of such a world as our own earth. But we have illustrations more immediately interesting in relation to the general doctrine of evolution. What Darwin defines as the complex relations of animals and plants to each other in the struggle for existence affords an admirable illustration of the diversity of effects resulting from the inter-relation of varied action and varied condition in that which is acted upon. Consider, for instance, the following passage in the "Origin of Species" :—" In several parts of the world insects determine the existence of cattle : perhaps Paraguay offers the most curious instance of this ; for here neither cattle nor horses nor dogs have ever run wild, though they

swarm northward and southward in a feral state; and Azara and Reugger have shown that this is caused by the greater number in Paraguay of a certain fly, which lays its eggs in the navels of these animals when first born. The increase of these flies, numerous as they are, must be habitually checked by some means, probably by other parasite insects. Hence, if certain insectivorous birds do decrease in Paraguay, the parasite insects would probably increase, and this would lessen the number of the navel-frequenting flies,—then the cattle and horses would become feral, and this would certainly greatly alter (as, indeed, I have observed in parts of South America) the vegetation: this again would largely affect the insects; and this, the insectivorous birds, and so onwards in ever-increasing circles of complexity. Not that under nature the relations will ever be as simple as this. Battle within battle must be continually recurring with varying success; and yet, in the long run, the forces are so nicely balanced that the face of nature remains for long periods of time uniform” [that is, with such uniformity as results from omnipresent variety], though assuredly “the merest trifle would give the victory to one organic being over another.”

We are led directly to recognise among the causes of increasing variety:—

11. *Segregation, which is a process tending ever to separate unlike units, and to bring together like units—so serving continually to sharpen, or make definite, differentiation otherwise caused.*

As the result of these processes, a balancing of the forces at work arises from the matter worked on assuming those conditions which best favour their existence. The waves on our illustrative sea came to have just dimensions and just periods of oscillation on the greater scale, and they in turn are traversed by minor waves, and these by wavelets, and these in turn by ripples, harmonising with the winds and the variations of the winds which originally produced them. Thus, passing from the illustration to the processes of evolution illustrated—

12. *Equilibration is the final result of these transformations which an evolving aggregate undergoes. The changes go on until there is reached an equilibrium between the forces which all parts of the aggregate are exposed to, and the forces these parts oppose to them. Equilibration may pass through a transition stage of balanced motions (as in a planetary system), or of balanced functions (as in a living body), on the way to ultimate equilibrium; but the state of rest in inorganic bodies, though in organic bodies, is the necessary limit of the changes consequent on evolution.*

to uniformity, really arising as a result of the con-

stant subdivision and multiplication of diversities, is seen on the largest scale (known to us) in the generally recognised tendency of this universe of ours to that condition of uniform temperature which would constitute its death, and on the smallest scale, in the natural death of animals and plants or of parts of these. Our sun is *alive* so long as, being of a higher temperature, he communicates heat to what lies around him; the stellar system is alive so long as some of its constituent parts are at higher levels of energy than the rest—just as a sea is active when the various parts of its surface are at different levels. The animal body is alive so long as the diverse energies of its various parts result in the processes of circulation and respiration. With uniformity resulting from the subdivision and distribution of energy comes death. But after death come processes akin to renewed life; though no longer the same life.

13. *Dissolution is the counter-change which sooner or later every evolved aggregate undergoes. Remaining exposed to surrounding forces that are unequilibrated, each aggregate is ever liable to be dissipated by the increase, gradual or sudden, of its contained motion; and its dissipation, quickly undergone by bodies lately animate, and slowly undergone by inanimate masses, remains to be undergone at an indefinitely remote period by each planetary and stellar mass, which since an indefinitely distant period in the past has been slowly cooling; the cycle of its transformation being complete.*

We can of course only infer from analogy that the heavenly bodies and systems of bodies after the equilibration of their energies with their surroundings,—after, for instance, each sun has exhausted its superior heat, and therefore no longer ceases to part with heat to surrounding matter,—will undergo a process of dissolution, thus completing the cycle of its transformations. It is so, we see, on the minor scale in every case with which we can deal. It is so with the individual members of animal and vegetable races, with families of animals and vegetables, with groups of these families, with nations, with social organisations. In every case we see how the life of each aggregate is limited in time, and tends to death, but how, also, after death the parts of the aggregate are dissolved, and become ready to take part in the formation of other aggregates. Hence—

14. *This rhythm of evolution and dissolution, completing itself during short periods in small aggregates, and in the vast aggregates distributed through space completing itself in periods which are immeasurable by human thought, is, so far as we can see, universal and eternal—each alternating phase of the process predominating now in this region of space and now in that, as local conditions determine.*

From the cases considered in the last paragraph, we can proceed with a certain degree of confidence to cases more extended, until we recognise in the solar system (for instance) the evidence of youth, and life, and old age, as stages of evolution,—though our processes and the range of our observation are too limited to enable us to judge (otherwise than from analogy) that after old age and death in these vast physical aggregations there comes a stage of dissolution completing the cycle of transformations. All we can say on that point is that, as in every case we can deal with to the end, we have found dissolution following the state of equilibrium which we call death in the case of the individual and compare to death in other cases, so also it is with those cases which (because of the limited range of our vision) we can only deal with in minute parts. We judge then that planets after this stage of death have a stage also of dissolution, though no physical experience enables us to say what that stage is like. We pass also to higher orders of being. We see suns of various ages throughout stellar space, and learn to recognise in their case also progression and evolution, up to and beyond the fulness and prime of stellar life. In their case also must come death, with equilibration between their energies and the receptive capacities of matter around them ; and after this physical death must come, though in ways we cannot perceive, a process of dissolution completing the cycle of transformations. So also with higher orders, with systems of suns, with systems of such suns, and so on, absolutely without end.

We come then to the final statements respecting the operations of nature and their significance. After what has been already explained, these need no words of mine to make them clearer. Nor could this paper be better closed than in the very words of this great teacher of our age :—

15. *All these phenomena, from their great features even to their minutest details, are necessary results of the persistence of force, under its forms of matter and motion. Given these as distributed through space, and their quantities being unchangeable either by increase or decrease, there inevitably result the continuous redistributions distinguishable as evolution and dissolution, as well as all those special traits above enumerated.*

16. *That which persists, unchanging in quantity, but ever changing in form, under these sensible appearances which the universe presents to us, transcends human knowledge and conception, IS AN UNKNOWN AND UNKNOWABLE POWER, WHICH WE ARE OBLIGED TO RECOGNISE AS WITHOUT LIMIT IN SPACE, AND WITHOUT BEGINNING OR END IN TIME.*

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

“*FROM MURDER AND SUDDEN
DEATH.*”

“JUST number on your fingers the names of the people you would not weep to notice in the mortuary column of the *Times*.” I could see by his face that Plunger of the Artillery knew several on his own account.

I need not say I was quite horrified. “Good gracious!” I exclaimed, “do you take me for an assassin?”

He merely lighted another cigar quietly and said, “Think.” I thought——

“Tell me, Plunger,” I said evasively, “what sort of people you want out of the way?”

“A woman who has got some letters of mine, she is in the habit of reading indiscreetly to other people. A man who might come down on me for damages of a special sort. A relation of no particular merit who bars my succession to an estate, which I feel I could manage very satisfactorily myself. Somebody who knew me twenty years ago, when I was a—a very different kind of person, you know—and, well, perhaps I might think of some one else—but I don’t know that these confidences are altogether safe, especially in your hands, old boy, because they might get into print. I shan’t go any further; but, in a word, whilst there are but few dead whom I could wish to see alive again, there are a good many alive whom——” He did not seem to care to finish the sentence.

To say you wish a person dead is like criminating yourself; it is just one of those sentiments we none of us like to confess straight off—not even to ourselves. But while Plunger had been speaking, my own mind had been at work. I half suspected Plunger had, out of gentlemanly feeling, stopped short at his own wife. I was not the less shocked at Plunger, but began to be a little alarmed at myself as I began to remember several people who were unmitigated nuisances—who had done me harm—who would, if they could, do me more harm—and over whose graves I should not be likely to drop the tributary tear.

Soon after leaving Plunger, I happened to take up the newspaper

and read about that terrible old hag, Thekla Popov, who in her retired little Hungarian village seems for some time past to have driven a brisk trade in slow poison.

With a deep and thorough knowledge of human nature, she appears to have assumed that a woman's natural enemy was her husband, and to have worked out this cynical hypothesis with some success.

Large numbers of married women availed themselves of her services. She sold her attractive little bottles at from two to four pounds apiece ; and the husbands, by an almost imperceptible gradation of head-aches and stomach-aches, were slowly but surely removed from a sphere which, in the opinion of their better halves, they had ceased to adorn.

This, indeed, was a tremendous and logical illustration of Plunger's sentiments. I laid down the horrible narrative and asked myself a question which has been frequently asked before, and answered in different ways, "How many married people would get rid of each other if they had the chance by fair means—or, failing these, by foul?"

It has been urged that if to-morrow all husbands and wives had full liberty to go free, the great majority would not avail themselves of the privilege. The question is, of course, a complex one, and a good many people would no doubt hang together from expediency long after the bonds of affection had been loosed.

That at the end, say, of ten years more or less, every one would go free is probably as far from the truth as precisely the opposite assertion ; but the fact that a number of simple people, whose matrimonial differences would probably have courted little notoriety under ordinary circumstances, and, perhaps, in the majority of cases been suppressed altogether, should have thought it worth while to call in the aid of "Murder," the instant that "murder" offered them a safe and happy despatch for their husbands,—this is, to say the least, phenomenal, and suggests the natural inquiry, would not "Divorce" be a simpler and less criminal solution of the difficulty?

We owe the doctrine of the indissolubility of the marriage tie, no doubt, to a questionable interpretation of certain verses in the New Testament—stamped with the authority of Roman Christianity—taken up into the marriage codes of Western civilization.

In the Catholic Church there is still no divorce. In Protestant communities the rule has been somewhat relaxed, yet in England we are still brought face to face with a state of things which might almost tempt Dame Popov to open a branch establishment in London.

Anything more irrational and irreligious than the deliberate conversion into a Hell on Earth of a state and condition devised “for the mutual society, help, and comfort” of the parties concerned, can hardly be imagined.

James and Mabel are yoked together. James turns out an incorrigible drunkard, and not only lives on Mabel’s fortune, but is still allowed to control Mabel’s person.

John and Agatha have been married some two years, when the latent hereditary insanity shows itself in Agatha in a restlessly homicidal form. She kills one of her children, attempts her husband’s life, and at last fails to recognise any of her friends by sight. John is 40, Agatha is 35; but John may not marry another.

In a year or two, hopeless incompatibility of temper asserts itself between Rachel and Alfred. Alfred could be perfectly happy with Mabel, who is married to the drunkard; and Rachel, in her heart, adores John, whose wife is hopelessly insane.

Well, there are no legal means of bringing these people together short of deliberate crime, intentionally committed or connived at by one or both.

The English Divorce law, with but certain obvious exceptions, helps nobody who is not first a deliberate traitor to virtue and honour.

I know all that can be said about making the divorce law too easy. I think it ought to be at all times a troublesome business to get rid of a wife or a husband; and in all cases due provision should be made for the maintenance and personal rights of the person or persons involved; but it should not be an almost or quite impossible operation, as it is now in the majority of aggrieved cases.

At present, we know how people settle things in France and Italy, where there is no such thing as divorce. In matters of the heart the lady is not usually more *difficile* than her husband.

In England it may be somewhat otherwise, owing to the greater freedom of natural selection before marriage and some liberty of separation, if not of divorce, where marriage turns out a failure. But to suppose that the abnormal and pedantic tightening of the marriage tie by law secures an ideal and invariable fidelity, any more than an elysium of bliss, is to be wilfully blind to the facts of English society and to the inevitable tendencies of an imperfect nature.

I think people often make the best of an unfortunate arrangement; I think that human nature is happily so elastic, that young dispositions and soft young hearts can be readily moulded, and that there is an immense power of mutual adaptability in most people, if they only have the good sense and the courage to work it.

All this will account for a good many respectable marriages on earth that have certainly not been exactly made in heaven.

But still, the line must be drawn. The cat-and-dog life begins somewhere. The hopeless fix is not unfrequently reached at the point where the unscrupulous Hungarian wife goes over the hill to get a little bottle from Dame Popov, and where the English matron sits down in despair, a broken-hearted woman, or begins to listen elsewhere to the voice of a passion which can never again be one of her legitimate consolations.

As I turned these thoughts over in my own mind, I happened to remember how Plunger was situated in regard to his own wife.

How or why he had ever married her I could never make out. Plunger was not a saint himself, but Plunger was a brave officer and a good generous-hearted sort of fellow, and I believe, under happier auspices, he would have been an affectionate husband and a steady-going man. A judicious woman could have managed Plunger and turned him round her finger, and he would have adored her for it.

But Plunger married in India one of those girls—not very young, not very handsome, and perhaps not very moral—who seem to be sent out, after being failures in the mother country, to be flung at the heads of any men who, in the general dearth of European womankind, may mistake them for angels and marry them.

They do marry them. Under several circumstances, which it is not necessary to specify, some men will marry anyone anywhere.

Plunger did so. Mrs. Plunger drank, Mrs. Plunger gambled, Mrs. Plunger flirted when she had the chance, and spent a good deal more money than her husband or she could call their own.

She disliked her children, she quarrelled with all her servants, and hated her husband.

Plunger's home was a hell. But he had taken that woman for better, for worse ; and although she was doing her best to ruin him and his children as she had ruined herself, Plunger had taken her for better, for worse.

He bore his punishment well, on the whole. He never complained of her ; he tried to cover her failings, and he managed to keep the children out of her way, at school as much as possible. But he suffered, and, after a little reflection, I quite understood the real sting of his half-jesting but bitter little speech : “ Just number on your fingers the names of people you would not weep to see included in the mortuary column of the *Times*.”

HENRY BROWN.

DUST: A NOVEL.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IT had been Fillmore's intention to call on Perdita the next morning, and acquaint her with the details of what had happened. She was, theoretically at all events, nearly interested in the matter. She was Bendibow's adopted daughter, and his credit or disgrace must more or less affect her. She might desire to take some action about the affair, and, as Bendibow was already in the hands of the authorities, and seemed inclined to be somewhat outspoken, there was no time to be lost. Whatever defence of the unfortunate baronet was to be attempted, would naturally be entrusted to Fillmore; and it was necessary that he should be acquainted with the views and wishes of all concerned. Perdita, moreover, was capable not only of having desires, but of suggesting ingenious and practical methods of accomplishing them: and though Fillmore was not accustomed to ask advice from his clients, or to accept it when offered, he was ready to make an exception in Perdita's case. She had brains, sound judgment, and quickness of wit superior to Fillmore's own—more elastic and adaptable. Furthermore, the lawyer was in love with the lady, and was not the man to forego any opportunity of strengthening his relations with her. He had resolved never to give her up, and in order to carry out that resolve, it was indispensable, in the case of a woman like Perdita, to use every advantage at his disposal.

He had arranged to make his call as early as ten o'clock, which, after all, was not so early seventy years ago as it is now. But fortune, who often leads men to destruction by simply improving the grade of the path they are already inclined to travel, so arranged events that Fillmore received, while he was yet at breakfast, a short note from the Marquise herself, despatched to him from her bedchamber by special messenger, requesting his speedy presence at her house. "You will know, without my telling you, why I want to speak to

you," she wrote ; " and I send to you thus early, so that you may be able to come before you go to the city. I shall be expecting you by nine o'clock. Pardon my haste and informality, *mon ami* : I have confidence in you."

This communication no doubt improved the lawyer's appetite, and imparted a more exquisite flavour to the coffee that he quaffed from the delicate cup of painted Meissen porcelain. He allowed the little note to remain open on the table beside him ; he scrutinised its curious chirography, at once rounded and sharp, bold, characteristic, and yet difficult to read. A faint, very faint perfume emanated from it, reminding him of the writer ; her lovely hand had rested upon this paper ; her breath had touched it. The lawyer bent down, perhaps to examine it more closely. . . . At that moment the servant entered, to inquire when Mr. Fillmore wanted his carriage. Mr. Fillmore raised his head quickly, hemmed, pulled up his collar, and replied that fifteen minutes before nine would be time enough. The servant withdrew, and Fillmore, glancing at the mirror opposite, detected an unmistakable blush on his ordinarily pale cheeks. He bit his lip ; then, catching up the letter, he kissed it and put it in his pocket.

At five minutes past nine he arrived at the Marquise's house, and was immediately ushered into a charming ante-room adjoining the lady's chamber. In a few moments the door of the latter opened, and the Marquise appeared. She had on a flowing dressing-gown of white cachemire lined with quilted satin and bordered with flowers worked in gold thread. Her bright reddish hair was drawn up to the top of her head, revealing the beautiful line and pose of her white neck ; and her slender feet, encased in bronze slippers and open-work silk stockings, peeped out beneath the embroidered hem of her petticoat. She was fresh and rosy from her bath, and had all the fragrance and loveliness of a sweet-petalled flower.

She put her warm hand in the lawyer's cool, firm clasp, smiled upon him, and bade him be seated. " You are very good to come to me so promptly," she said, " and to show my appreciation of your courtesy, I will proceed to business at once, and give you your liberty as soon as possible. You have not been able to see Sir Francis, I suppose ? I know that he has been arrested."

" He gave himself up voluntarily," said Fillmore. " He had ample opportunity to escape, if he had wished it. I offered to help him off ; but he refused."

" You . . . ? You did see him, then ?

" He came to my office in the midst of the disturbance."

Perdita's dark, sparkling eyes fixed themselves steadfastly upon the lawyer. "In that case," she said slowly, "he probably told you . . . Will you tell me all that passed?"

Fillmore complied, and Perdita listened to his story with close attention. After it was told, she sat for a while with her forefinger against her chin, meditating.

"I don't know whether to be pleased or displeased," she remarked at length. "'Tis rather exciting, at all events. I knew about Rackett's, and all that: I knew more than he ever suspected. But I thought he was clever enough to secure himself. I'm not sure but I might have helped him, if he had applied to me."

"Even if your means would have sufficed, he was past helping."

"I should have done it for my own sake, not for his," said Perdita, with a smile of cynical candour. "I care for what happens to him only as it may affect me. You won't be obliged, sir, to remodel your estimate of my character on the idea that I am given to self-sacrifice. And I should certainly not begin with Sir Francis. On the contrary!"

"I understand. You think his disgrace may affect you?"

"I only fear that he may not be disgraced enough."

"I don't understand so well as I thought."

"You do your understanding injustice. If Sir Francis was a villain from the beginning, I am comfortable. If that old story about him and my father should turn out to my father's credit, then I should be the daughter of an honest man, who was wickedly abused; and that will be to my advantage. If this man who was lately murdered proves to have been really my father, all the better. The opposite alternatives would be what I should not like. Now, as Sir Francis has given himself up, 'tis likely he means to make a full confession: and meanwhile I'm in suspense. What is your opinion about him?"

"I have been on friendly terms with him for a good many years."

"And you mean to stick by him right or wrong?"

"As against people in general—yes."

"Does that mean that you are going to sacrifice your conscience only in special cases?"

"I could do anything to serve you," said Fillmore, with measured emphasis.

"And I am to consider it a compliment if you betray an old friend to please a new acquaintance? You are severe, Mr. Fillmore!"

She said this smilingly, but the lawyer could not tell whether she was offended, or was only teasing him. If he had needed any assurance that she was not a woman to be easily duped by flattery, he had it now. He had intended merely to indicate that he would not lightly be false to a trust, but she had contrived to make him imply nearly the reverse. His real sentiments in the matter were, in fact, honourable enough, though he was sensible of a fatal fascination about Perdita, stronger than the attractions of virtue. For a moment he hesitated, undecided whether to draw back now and finally, or to go on.

“Do you give me up?” asked Perdita, with a little laugh.

“Never!” said he, with a feeling that he was pledging himself rather for the possibilities of the future than for anything in the present. “Not that there is anything in this affair to impair the most sensitive principles,” he added, smiling. “Professional etiquette is the most I have to consider, and that is not involved in the present question. As I was saying, I have been in the way of knowing a good deal about Bendibow, and my opinion is that the more complete his confession is, the less cause you will have for anxiety. At the same time, from something he let fall, I doubt whether his confession will be entirely without reserve.”

“What will he hold back?”

“I know of nothing in particular.”

“Anything about the murder of my father, for instance?”

“Do you suspect him of knowing anything about that?” demanded Fillmore, feeling astonished.

“One cannot help seeing that if the robber had been able to rifle his victim's pockets, and had taken away that packet among other things, it would have been convenient for Sir Francis.”

“But if the contents of the packet were compromising to any one, the thief would have demanded a ransom——”

“Which the person compromised would have paid—if he had not already paid it in advance,” said Perdita, composedly.

“I don't think Bendibow had it in him to go such lengths,” said Fillmore, after a long pause. “Besides, the fact that his son was killed at the same time”

“It was a dark night,” remarked Perdita. “However, I don't really believe it, either. But I've made up my mind that I want that packet. Sir Francis' confession may agree with it; or—'tis just possible—he may try to tell a different story, in which event the packet might be useful.”

“Very true. The packet is still in Mrs. Lancaster's possession, is it not?”

“ I gave it to her, for fear of my own curiosity. But 'tis another thing now. I must know what is in it. And soon ! ”

“ Shall I get it for you ? ”

“ If you will be so kind. . . . No, on the whole, I think you had better not. Under the circumstances, Mrs. Lancaster would probably prefer to have me apply to her directly. But when I have got it, I shall want to consult with you about it. ”

“ You may command me at any time, madame. ”

Perdita rose, and the lawyer, though he would gladly have stayed longer, had no choice but to rise also. “ Sir, ” said the Marquise, after contemplating him a moment, “ I wish you would be consistent ! ”

Fillmore bowed, somewhat apprehensively : for although Perdita had given him to know that she was not afraid of him, he was beginning to be a little afraid of her. Perceiving that he did not catch her drift, she explained herself.

“ You are one of the most agreeable and sensible men I ever met, on all points but one, ” she said. “ Be sensible on that too ! ”

“ You might as well ask me not to be sensible to hunger, or to fire, ” he replied, drawing a deep breath and looking upon her with a sort of sullen ardour.

“ I have kept a part of my promise to you, ” continued the Marquise ; “ I have showed you something of what I really am. There is nothing to love here ”—she laid her finger on her breast—“ for beauty alone is not lovable to a man like you. And you have intellect enough : you need something besides intellect in a wife : and that something is just what I can never give. ”

“ You have it to give, ” interrupted Fillmore, “ whether you give it to me or not. ”

“ And what most annoys me, ” she went on, “ is that unless you come to your senses soon, I shall cease to like you, and therefore to be able to make use of you. So if you really care for me, you must not love me any more. ”

“ It is no use, ” said Fillmore, with a slow movement of his head : and, without awaiting any further argument, he took his leave.

“ And now for you, Master Philip ! ” said the Marquise to herself, when she was alone. What she intended by such an exclamation there was nothing to indicate : but she called her maid, and having dis-embarrassed herself of her dressing-gown, she proceeded rapidly to complete her toilet, and gave orders for her carriage to be at the door at half past ten. A few minutes later she was being driven in the direction of the Lancasters' house.

At this juncture, however, fortune again interposed to hasten matters, by bringing Philip to the corner of Hanover Square just as the Marquise's carriage was entering it. He recognised the livery, and paused, raising his hat; but she had already caught sight of him, and the carriage drew up to the sidewalk. Philip appeared at the door, wearing a rather grave face. Perdita greeted him with radiant composure. His dejection recovered a little under this tonic; and when she followed it up by inviting him to take a seat beside her, he felt better, and complied. By a flash of memory, Perdita recollected a former occasion on which she had entreated him to do the same thing, and he had refused; although then he had been a single man, whereas now he was married; this recollection made the Marquise smile secretly. Meanwhile Philip took his seat in total unsuspectingness of what was passing in her mind.

"Tell me where you want to go," she said, "and I'll drive you there."

"I was going to call on you."

"How charmingly attentive of you! In that case suppose we carry out my original intention of—driving round the Park."

"It would give me great pleasure," he answered; whereupon she gave the direction to the coachman.

"Have you a new poem to read to me?" she asked.

"I haven't written a line for six weeks. I was coming about this Bendibow affair. Of course you've heard of it?"

"That his house was ransacked and he arrested—yes."

"Well; my wife we thought you might want those papers that you left with my wife. There's no knowing what may happen, you know."

"You haven't got them with you?"

"Here they are," he answered, producing the packet.

"They may be needed; there's no telling, as you say. It was very kind of your wife—of you, that is, to think of it. You are all well and happy—that goes without saying?"

"Oh yes; Marion is not very well this morning, though."

"Indeed! What ails her?"

"A headache, I believe. I don't know. I was away for a day or two, and she has not been quite herself since I came back."

"Surely that's only what might be expected, after being deprived of you so long!"

"Perhaps so," said Philip, laconically.

"We poor women, you know, are not permitted to amuse

ourselves when our lords are away. We can only stay at home until they come back."

"That's the principle, but not always the practice," said Philip, with a grim look.

"You have not found it out?" exclaimed the Marquise in a startled tone; and then, as if perceiving that she had committed herself, she hurriedly added, "Of course, principle and practice must always differ more or less. Human beings aren't made by rule of thumb."

Philip at first made no reply, but a painful expression passed over his face, leaving it gloomier than before. At length he said, "I'm not a man who lets himself be blindfolded to save trouble. You and I have known each other some time, Perdita. Will you answer me truly—will you tell me what you know? for I see you do know something."

"I'm not likely to forget the past," answered the beautiful Marquise; "I shall remember it at least as long as this scar lasts,"—and as she spoke she placed her hand on the upper part of her bosom. "But it is never true friendship to interfere between husband and wife. If you see anything that troubles you, give it the best interpretation possible, and forget it. Very likely—most likely—there is no harm in it. One must not expect, or wish, to know all the secrets even of the person they have married. Does Marion know all yours?"

"I thank you for your advice," said Philip, in a tone that intimated he did not mean to follow it. "It seems you are aware that my wife spent a night away from home. Probably you also know where, and with whom. I shall know that in time; but I would rather learn it from you than from any one else."

"I could tell you nothing that would really enlighten you, Philip. Your best security for your wife's conduct is the good you know of her. Be satisfied with that. It was enough to make you marry her. It should be enough to make you happy in your marriage."

"Yes, I know all that!" said Philip, impatiently. After a short silence, he added, turning toward her, "You are a true friend, Perdita. May I come and talk to you sometimes? The world is a lonely place!"

"If I can make it less lonely for you—come!" she answered.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MEANWHILE the inscrutable Providence, whose apparent neglect of the affairs of men is only less remarkable than its seeming interference with them, had decreed that those affairs with which we are at present occupied should be dignified by the participation in them of Lady Flanders. For, at about the hour when Philip and Perdita were driving in the Park, and discussing the former's domestic situation, Mr. Thomas Moore was calling upon the elderly aristocrat, and the conversation between them was taking a similar direction.

Precisely what passed on this occasion it is unnecessary at this moment to inquire ; but the reader may be reminded that Mr. Moore was a gentleman, and incapable of wantonly betraying any lady's confidence ; and he may further be informed that the genial poet's acquaintance with Lady Flanders was intimate and of old standing. Her attitude towards him was, indeed, of a quasi-maternal character ; and in the present instance his communications, whatever they were, were prompted in great measure by his recognition of her great social influence, and by the fact that her declared opinion, favourable or unfavourable, of any person, was apt to go a long way toward making or marring that person's social reputation. When Mr. Moore left her ladyship's presence, she patted him on the shoulder and called him a good boy ; and he issued from her door with the light of conscious virtue glistening on his ingenuous forehead.

Next morning Lady Flanders arose early, and in the course of her toilet preparations she fell into chat, as her custom was, with her maid Christine, an attractive young person of German extraction, deft of hand and soothing of voice, who could design and elevate a headdress in a manner to please the most exacting elderly aristocrat imaginable. Christine was a great favourite with her mistress, and was the only human being of either sex to whom that lady was uniformly indulgent and good-humoured. Christine, for her part, was much attached to Lady Flanders ; but, with the perversity and short-sightedness of persons in her enviable condition of life, she had lately taken it into her head to lose her heart ; and the individual who had won it was a Mr. Catnip, whose name has been once or twice mentioned in this history, as a servant of Sir Francis Bendibow. It would appear that Christine and her cavalier had met to enjoy each other's society the evening previous ; and Mr. Catnip had at that time confided to Christine a curious circumstance which had

happened to come under his observation the day before at Vauxhall. After Christine had repeated to her mistress the main points of Mr. Catnip's story, her ladyship interrupted her.

"Of course you understand, Christine," she said, "that I am convinced to begin with that your Catnip has been telling you a pack of lies, and that there's not a word of truth in the tale from beginning to end. 'Tis very foolish of you to have anything at all to say to such a fellow, and my advice to you is to drop him at once. Is he willing to make affidavit that 'twas really the Marquise Desmoines he saw there?"

"Oh, yiss, madame! He stand close by de box on which Madame la Marquise sit, and he recognise de ring on her finger, and her tone as she speak with her companion. They sit on de box next to Madame Lancaster."

"Could she and Mrs. Lancaster see each other?"

"Not whiles dey sit so; but soon Madame Lancaster get up and go out in front, and den Madame la Marquise . . ."

"Ay, ay: a mighty pretty story! And so then Sir Francis fainted away, did he, and Mrs. Lancaster got a carriage, and Catnip followed it? . . . Upon my word, Christine, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to listen to such trash: much more to repeat it to me. Take care you never open your mouth about it to any one else, that's all."

"Oh, not in de least, madame."

"There, that 'll do. Now go and tell Withers that I shall want the carriage immediately after breakfast. And, Christine . . . put in order the bedroom and the sitting-room on the second floor: I'm expecting some one to spend the night. Don't forget."

"I shall take care of it, madame."

Lady Flanders went down to breakfast, ate with a good appetite, and having put on her bonnet and cloak she got into her carriage and was driven to the Marquise Desmoines'. The latter received her august visitor with some surprise, for Lady Flanders had not hitherto shown much disposition to cultivate intimate relations with the beautiful widow. But her ladyship was notorious for indulging in whims of which no one but herself could divine the reason: and in the present instance she was evidently laying herself out to be exceptionally polite and entertaining. After ten minutes' desultory chat on things in general, the name of Philip Lancaster happened to fall, quite by accident, from Lady Flanders' lips, and after a moment's pause she said:—

"By-the-by, my dear, I was quite upset yesterday. I don't know

whether to believe it or not. I've taken such a fancy to the young gentleman, I should be sorry to see his domestic felicity destroyed. I have always disapproved of a man's marrying beneath him . . . the girl may be very attractive in some ways, but such persons lack training, and a proper realisation of their social duties. Bless you, I don't expect women to be saints—that would put an end to society in six weeks—but there is everything in *savoir-faire*, tact, the way a thing is managed. Let a woman do anything but make a vulgar exhibition of herself. And that is just what this unfortunate creature seems to have done—that is, if the story is to be believed : and I have it on pretty good authority. What do you think about it ?”

Perdita had been on her guard from the beginning of Lady Flanders' speech. She was startled (more perhaps than distressed) to find that her visitor knew anything about the matter ; and anxious to discover why the old lady should suppose that she had any information. For there was one reason why Perdita had need to be cautious here ; and that was, lest it should transpire that she herself had been at Vauxhall. That was the weak point in her position ; but for that, she had nothing to apprehend. She was quite certain that no one among those whom she had recognized there had recognized her : as for Catnip—well as he knew her—she scarcely knew that such a person existed, she being, herein, at the disadvantage in which all persons of higher rank are liable to stand toward those in the lower. Lady Flanders therefore, (she argued), could have no knowledge of her own presence at Vauxhall ; and admitting that, it was impossible to suppose that her ladyship should, of her own motion, conjure up the imagination of so wildly improbable a thing. No ; she must have been influenced by some other idea ; and it was at this juncture that the Marquise bethought herself, with a feeling of relief, that it would be natural for Lady Flanders to infer that Philip himself had been her informant. In fact it was Philip who had first introduced the subject. Her apprehensions thus relieved, Perdita no longer saw in Lady Flanders anything more than an old scandal-monger greedy for the last new scrap of her favourite wares ; and she consequently felt it necessary to observe no more than ordinary discretion.

“ You have not yet told me,” she remarked, “ what it is you refer to.”

“ Dear me ! sure enough !” exclaimed the other innocently. “ Well, I'm glad to see it has not been more talked about. Why, you must know, my dear, that our friend Mrs. Lancaster, who seemed so precious straightforward and artless, has been guilty of the most

outrageous rashness—not to call it by a worse name ! She has been” and here Lady Flanders lowered her voice and told the story which Perdita already knew, with much vivacity, and in a way to put Marion’s conduct in a most ungainly light. “ ’Tis impossible to be sorry for her,” she continued ; “ such a brazen creature puts herself outside the pale of pity ; but one can’t help being sincerely concerned for that poor boy, Philip Lancaster. It will be a terrible blow for him ; and knowing the friendly interest you have shown in him, I thought it likely he might have sought your advice on the subject.”

“ Since you have spoken on the subject, my dear Lady Flanders,” said Perdita, gravely, “ I may follow your example, though otherwise I should have kept silence. Mr. Lancaster has opened his mind to me, to some extent ; and I counselled him to put the best construction possible on his wife’s conduct, and rather to secure her safety in the future than inquire too curiously into the past. She is young and inexperienced, and will no doubt reform her behaviour when she realizes its true character.”

“ Ay, ay, you little serpent !” said Lady Flanders to herself, “ ’tis just as I thought, you and Master Philip have been feathering your own nest with what you’ve plucked from my poor little Marion’s reputation. I’ll catch you yet—see if I don’t !” Aloud she added, “ Indeed, my dear, your advice was most sensible, and you’re a deal more charitable than I should have been in your place. Well, and how did your advice affect him ? I hope he won’t lose his head and make a disturbance !”

“ He does not yet know, and I hope never may know, the name of the gentleman implicated in the affair,” said Perdita. “ As you say, it could only make bad worse to have a public outbreak ; and I don’t think Philip will go so far as that until he has seen me again. . . .”

Perdita paused, doubting the prudence of this last sentence, which, in fact, had vastly delighted the cynical and Machiavellian old lady. The latter was convinced that the relations between Perdita and Philip would not bear inspection, and that they were making Marion’s predicament a pretext for prosecuting their own intrigue. She was determined to bring their nefarious doings to light, and had already partly outlined to herself a plan of operations, having that end in view. For the present, she was satisfied at having attained the object of her visit, which was simply to ascertain that Perdita and Philip were on a confidential footing upon a matter so nearly affecting the latter’s honour, and that their intimacy was such as it was expedient for them to disguise. The rest would be revealed in due

time. Meanwhile she hastened to declare that it was a fortunate thing for Philip to have secured the friendly interest of a woman of the world like Perdita ; and that she trusted he would show his appreciation of it.

“ I was going to say,” remarked Perdita, who had her wits about her, and was by no means prone to believe in the sincerity of her visitor's cordiality, “ that the whole story, so far as I am aware, is mere hearsay, and may be untrue. It would not surprise me were it to turn out so. So that any premature allusion to it, as your ladyship yourself suggested, might do a great deal of harm.”

“ Ay, to be sure,” returned Lady Flanders, admiring the cleverness of this stroke ; and for a moment she hesitated whether or not to give her authorities. She decided not to do so ; turned the conversation into a review of the Bendibow affair, and soon after took her leave, charmed with the prospect of finally getting the better of the only woman in London whom she acknowledged as her equal in subtlety and intrigue.

We will now return to Philip Lancaster. He came home late after his interview with Perdita, and Marion having already gone to her room, he resolved to postpone whatever he might have to say to her until the next day. Indeed, he needed time to turn the matter over in his mind. Before speaking to Perdita, he had not regarded it in a really serious light. All he knew was, that Marion had spent the greater part of a night away from home ; that her mother had only accidentally discovered her absence ; and that Marion had given no satisfactory account of where she had been. When he had asked her about it, she had merely laughed, in her strange, perverse way, had affected to treat it lightly, and had remarked that he would know by-and-by without her telling him. He had confined himself, at the time, to some moderate expression of displeasure ; he was not prepared to believe in anything worse than an imprudent freak, especially while he was under the influence of Marion's presence. She had presently begun to speak of Bendibow's arrest, and had expressed a strong desire to know the details of any confession he might make ; and she had suggested that Philip should take the packet and return it to Perdita without delay. He agreed to do this ; and with that their conversation terminated. But when Philip was alone his reflections became more and more uncomfortable ; Marion's refusal to explain her escapade seemed very strange ; and her sudden anxiety to hear about Bendibow's confession looked like a pretext for changing the subject. Even this errand to Perdita might be a device to get him out of the way. When, therefore, he

and Perdita met he was in a fit mood to receive the intelligence she had ready for him ; he learnt from her, for the first time, where it was that Marion had gone, and what she had been seen to do there ; for although Perdita neither told him that she herself had been the witness whose testimony she cited, nor mentioned Moore's name, she made it sufficiently evident to her auditor that it was not any ordinary freak he had to deal with here, but a matter involving all that is of most vital importance to a husband. And yet, though his mind was persuaded, his heart was not so. Did he not know Marion? and was it credible that she could do such wrong? It was necessary, however, that his mind and his heart should be put in accord one way or the other ; and he spent the greater part of the night in trying to summon up all his wits and energies for the interview on the morrow. The natural consequence was, that when the morrow came he was so nervous and discomposed as with difficulty to control even his voice. The interview, which took place in the breakfast-room, which Marion entered just as Philip was ready to leave it, did not last long, though its results did.

"Well," said Marion, as she entered, "did Madame Desnoines accept the packet? And did you see what was in it?"

"She did not open it in my presence," he answered. "We found other things to talk about."

"Oh, no doubt," said Marion, laughingly.

"There was nothing amusing in it, as you seem to suppose," he continued, hardly controlling his indignation. "I am going to ask you a serious question, Marion, and you must answer it."

"Must?"

"Yes—must!"

"That depends . . . upon my own pleasure, Mr. Philip!" she returned, with a nervous smile.

"You have taken your pleasure too much into your own hands already. I must know where you were the other night, and with whom."

"La! is your curiosity awake again so early? Ask me some other time. I'm not ready to tell you just yet."

"No other time will do. I must tell you, since you seem ignorant of it, that your reputation as an honest woman is at stake. Bah! don't try to escape me with subterfuges, Marion. I know that you were at Vauxhall Gardens ; and that your companion was a man who——"

"Has he . . . has any one been so base as to tell——"

"Any one!" thundered Philip, his eyes blazing. "Who?"

Marion lifted her head high, but she trembled all over, and her face was white. She met Philip's fiery glance with a scornful look; but beneath the scorn there were unfathomable depths of pain, humiliation, appeal. Philip saw only the scorn; he was in no mood for insight. Thus the husband and wife confronted each other for several moments, while the air still seemed to echo with Philip's angry shout.

"Philip," said Marion at length, in a thin voice, which sustained itself with difficulty, "I have done you no wrong; and I should have been willing, some time, to tell you all you ask. But until you go down on your knees at my feet, and crave my pardon, I will not speak to you again!"

"Then we have exchanged our last words together," said he.

Marion bent her head as if in assent, and moved to one side, so that her husband might leave the room. He paused at the door, and said:—

"I give you one more chance. Will you confess? I might forgive you, then; but if you compel me to bring home to your . . . what you have done, on any other evidence, by God, I never will forgive you!—Oh, Marion! will you?"

His voice faltered; tears of misery and entreaty were in his eyes. Marion made a half-step toward him: but, by another impulse, she drew back again, covering her eyes with one hand, while with the other she motioned him away. Neither would yield; and so they parted.

Philip went forth, not knowing whither he was going. His world was turned upside down, and his life looked like a desert. He walked along the streets with wide-open but unseeing eyes—or with eyes that saw only Marion, as she stood with her hand over her face, waving him away. Sometimes he thought it must have been a dream: but he could not awake. He went down to the river-bank, near Chelsea, and sat for several hours on a bench, looking at the muddy current as it swirled by. The sky was cloudy and the wind cold, but he did not seem aware of it. It was already late in the afternoon when he arose, and returned towards the north. But where should he go? Home? There was no such place.

For a couple of hours we leave Philip to himself, to meet with what adventures destiny may provide.

At six o'clock in the evening we come up with him again. He is walking along the street with a new light in his face—of anxiety, of hope! Hope is unmistakably there—the dawn of

a belief in the possibility of better things. The unfrequent lamps that dimly light the street intermittently reveal the expression of his haggard and eager features. Arrived at the door of his house, he paused for a moment, biting his lips and clenching his hands: then he ran up the steps and rang the bell. The door seemed never to be going to open, and in his impatience he rang again. It opened at last. He strode across the threshold.

“Mrs. Lancaster upstairs?”

“No, sir,” said the servant. “She went out this afternoon in a carriage: not your carriage, sir. She left a note she said was to be given to you, sir. ’Tis there on the ’all table, sir.”

A singular quietness came over Philip, as he opened the letter, and deliberately read its contents. He seemed to himself to have known that this was coming. He put the letter in his pocket.

“That’s all right,” he said to the servant. “I had forgotten . . . I shall probably not be back to-night.” He waited an instant or two, looking down at the ground: then, without saying anything more, he descended the steps and walked away. The door closed behind him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PERDITA had planned to attend the opera that evening, and afterwards she meant to look in at Lord Croftus’ party, which had more or less of a political significance. Her carriage was waiting at the door, and she herself, in full raiment of festivity, was in the act of coming down stairs, with a soft silken shawl thrown round her neck and shoulders to keep out the chill, when she heard the door-bell ring sharply, and some one was admitted to the hall below. Then the sound of a voice that was familiar to her came to her ears. Hearing it, the Marquise paused on the upper landing, holding the folds of her shawl together with her left hand, and gazing expectantly downward.

“Philip, again!” she murmured. “Something must have happened. Well, let us see.”

Philip mounted the stairs slowly and heavily, with his hand on the banisters, and his head bent down. Only when he reached the landing where Perdita stood did he look up. When she saw the expression on his face, she took him by the hand without a word, and led him up to the next floor, and into her boudoir. Some wine was sparkling in a decanter on the cabinet between the windows. She poured out a glass of this, and held it to his lips. He had been

glancing round the room in an apprehensive but intent way, and then into her face, as if suspecting the presence of some one or of something which did not appear. After a few moments' pause he drank the wine, and put the glass down.

"If she is here, tell me at once," he said.

"No one is here but ourselves. Whom do you mean?"

"You know nothing about it?"

"No. What is it?"

"Have you seen my wife lately?"

"Lately? Three or four days ago—a week."

"Then . . . she's lost!"

"Marion—your wife? Why, Philip . . . lost!"

"I thought she might have come here. No, I didn't think it: I hoped—I couldn't believe all at once that she was gone. One tries to dodge such things as long as possible." He fetched a deep breath, and took off his hat, which, up to this moment, he had forgotten to remove. "I beg your pardon," he said vaguely, drawing his brows together as if to collect his wits: "Thank you. You're going out. I won't detain you."

"Sit down, Philip," said the Marquise, guiding him to a chair as if he had been a child, or an infirm person. "I am not going out—I am going to stay here with you. See: I am dressed to receive you," she added, throwing off her wrap and smiling. "Now, Philip, we are friends, you know, and you have confidence in me. Let me help you. At any rate, tell me!"

"I am ashamed to tell it," said he, heavily. "I have been to blame: but I never thought of this. It doesn't seem possible in her!"

"Has your wife left you—has she run away?" asked Perdita, putting into words, with her accustomed strength of nerve, what Philip shrank from formulating even in his thought. He did not reply, save by an assenting silence, and she presently went on: "Are you sure there is no mistake? She can't have been gone long; she may come back."

"She will never come back: she left a letter, to say she thought it best we should not meet again, after . . . some words we had this morning. But that is a pretext: I had a right to ask her to explain. She must have made up her mind before; and when she found I knew what—what you told me——"

"Did you tell her it was I?"

"No: it was the fellow himself who had spoken—
If in thinking he had betrayed her. Oh, what a
thing! 'Tis as if she were another woman—she

seemed so noble and so pure ! And even Lady Flanders had just been telling me that it was all nonsense—my imagination.”

“Lady Flanders ?”

“I met her in the street an hour ago. She said my suspicions were an outrage on the truest and purest woman alive ; but that I deserved to suffer the misfortune I imagined, and that if she were Marion, she would give me my deserts. And when I told her what I knew, she laughed, and said she knew all that and much more, and that Marion was as innocent as an angel in spite of it. I didn't know what to think : but I came home, ready to kneel down and ask her pardon, if it were true. But she had taken her opportunity, and gone.”

This story was a surprise for Perdita, and she could not understand it. It seemed entirely improbable that Lady Flanders could have been sincere in what she had said ; but, then, what could have been her object in saying it ? Was she secretly aiding Moore in his schemes ? That was conceivable, and her ladyship was quite wicked enough : and yet it was not a characteristic kind of wickedness in her. Moreover, what help would it give the fugitive couple to make Philip believe for a few minutes that his wife was innocent ? On the other hand, however, what interest could she have had in making a woman appear innocent of whose guilt she was persuaded ? It was perplexing either way, and caused Perdita some uneasiness : she regretted having spoken to the old plotter even so frankly as she had done. But she would get to the bottom of that matter later : Philip engaged her attention now. The crisis of his trouble had come on much sooner than she expected, and she was inclined to share (though with a different feeling) his amazement at his wife's action. Perdita felt that she had undervalued Marion's audacity and resolution, not to speak of her unscrupulousness. She had been startled to see her at Vauxhall ; but this sudden culmination of the intrigue showed a spirit stronger and more thoroughgoing than that of the ordinary intriguer.

“And to think of her doing it for a dapper little tomtit like Tom Moore !” said the Marquise to herself. “Well ! 't isn't he I would have done it for !” Here she glanced at Philip, who sat relaxed and nerveless, his chin resting upon his broad chest, his great eyes, haggard and sad, gazing out beneath the dark level of his brows ; his noble figure, revealed beneath the close-buttoned coat and small-clothes, sunk in a posture of unconscious grace ; his hessians stained with the mire of the weary miles he had traversed : here was a man to whom, indeed, a woman might yield her heart, and for

whose sake she might imperil her renown. But what woman in her senses—especially when they were senses so keen as Marion's appeared to be—would abandon such a man as this for . . . ? It roused the Marquise's indignation.

"She has gone, then, Philip : let her go !" she said, fixing upon him her sparkling eyes. "I can forgive a woman for anything but being a fool ! I am a woman, and I know—or can imagine—what it is to love. But she has thrown herself away for nothing. What you loved was something that never was in her, though you fancied otherwise. You can forget her : and you will ! What is she to you ?"

"I won't forget her yet !" Philip said, lifting his face with a grim look. "I'll find her first," he continued, suddenly rising to his feet, and tossing back his black tangled hair, "and the man who is with her ! I need occupation, and that will suit me."

"I believe in revenge as much as anybody," observed the beautiful Marquise, tapping her white fingers on the arm of her chair ; "but what you are thinking of is vulgar. Any poor forsaken husband can run after his wife, and risk losing his life as well as her. There are finer things to do than that, Philip. Why should you pay them the compliment of hunting them down ? Let them punish each other : they'll do it soon enough, and more cruelly than you would !"

"I want the fellow's blood," said Philip, savagely. "I won't fight him—I'll kill him. I don't want finer kinds of revenge : they wouldn't satisfy what I feel here !" As he spoke he put his clenched hand over his heart.

"And after the killing—what ? Suicide, to prevent hanging. It mustn't be, Philip. Feel that you are well rid of her ; and let her know it !"

He shook his head. "How could that be done ?"

Perdita waited until his eyes encountered hers. It would be no slight feat to make a man in Philip's condition forget his disgrace and wretchedness by dint of the sheer potency of her personal charm. But Perdita's spirit was equal to the attempt, and she was conscious that she had never been better equipped for success. And if she did succeed so far, she might safely leave the rest to him. It was a crisis for herself as well as for him. The craving for adventure, the defiance of laws, the passion of the heart, which she had been all her life approaching, might be realised now : if not now, then not at all. Perdita had a powerful heart, full of courage for any emergency, and with capacity for trenchant emotion both of love and hate. She had been lonely and self-poised from her girlhood ; she had fenced herself with the armour of an alert and penetrating mind, and had

Dust.

made good her defence ; but, to a woman, victories like these were little better than defeat. She had fought to gain that which she would rather lose. She longed to yield ; to give up her sword and shield, and taste the sweetness of submission. The laws of God and man were against her, but she perceived that it was only by disregarding these laws that she could gain her desire ; and she had never been taught to love the one or to respect the other. She had wished to conquer Philip ; to bring him to her feet, as she had brought other men, and then to draw back, herself uncompromised and unhurt. But now she found that no such cold triumph would content her. She was ready to take the further step that separates the thousand prudent coquettes of the social world from the few who are daring enough to surrender. All would be lost but love : but was it not that worth all ?

These thoughts were stirring in the depths of the look which she cast upon Philip ; and the fire of them searched through the thick clouds of despondency and wrath that brooded over his mind. An answering fire began to kindle in his own eyes. For when the fierce emotions of the soul have been aroused, their sinister heat permeates the blood, and makes the impulses plastic ; so that adultery goes hand-in-hand with murder.

"There is more than one woman in the world, *mon ami*," said Perdita. "What you have lost by one, you might perhaps more easily regain by another."

"Ah, Perdita !" muttered Philip, in an inward tone. He drew three deep breaths, and sat down beside her. "Was this indeed to be the end of the story ?" he continued. "Why did you not know it long ago ? Shall we revenge each other on those who have injured us ?" He took her hand, which responded to the pressure he gave it. "So this is what was destined !" he repeated, "I was a fool to leave you after all !"

"I were neither of us ready then, perhaps," she said, in the same tone in which he had spoken. Speech came slowly to her, there was so much to say. "You gave me a scar which I would have loved to requite you for," she added with a smile.

"A seal of blood upon our union," he responded, smiling. "I have bled too. How well I remember all that. It was you who challenged me to it, and handed me the swords, to my choice. In the second pass my foot slipped, and my point struck your breast. You seemed not to try to parry."

"It passed through my heart, I shouldn't have minded then." "Are you so unhappy ?"

"I was weary. But new life came to me with that wound. You were very tender . . . and very timid!" she said, laughing. "Was I the first woman whose heart you had endangered?"

"Well, I had my scruples. Your husband was my friend. I'm not sorry that I did so now. I should have felt remorse. But that is all past. No remorse any more! No one can blame us, Perdita. When did you begin to . . . think of me?"

"I have never asked my heart many questions, nor let myself listen when it tried to speak. Perhaps I never cared for you until this moment. But I wanted you to care for me from the first. It seems so strange, Philip, to be talking to you without a disguise. I don't believe I have ever done that to any one. I wonder how soon I shall get used to it!"

"You will forget that it was strange soon."

"And shall we begin to get tired of each other then?"

"God forbid that should ever happen!" exclaimed Philip with a sombre look.

"Yes; one cannot expect to succeed in this sort of experiment more than once," returned Perdita, with a smile. "We should have to try another fencing match then, and you would have to push your rapier a little further." After a pause she continued, "Were you really in love with your wife, Philip?"

"We must not speak about that."

"There must be no closed subjects between us, sir!" she said, lifting her finger playfully. "We don't belong to society any more, remember; we have nothing but each other to comfort ourselves with. There is no intimacy like this intimacy, Philip. A husband and wife represent the world; but we—what do we represent?"

"Then let us make a new beginning here, and build a wall between us and the past. We are no longer what we have been: why should we recall the deeds and thoughts of persons who were not what we are?"

"We have only one thing to be afraid of," said the Marquise, looking at him thoughtfully, "and that is fear! Unless you can take your courage in your hands, *mon ami*, the time will come when you will need it, and find it wanting. It is best to think of these things while there is yet time. If you fear Marion, or your memories of her, do not come near me! I cannot help you there. In all else I would be as true as steel to you. But you must be true to me. The worldly honour that we abandon must make our honour toward each other doubly strong."

Philip rose suddenly to his feet: but instead of standing

in one place he began to pace up and down the room. Perdita, after watching him keenly for a few moments, leaned back in her chair and remained quite without movement, save that the changing glitter of the necklace on her bosom showed that she breathed. Almost any other woman would have betrayed signs of nervousness or agitation under such circumstances ; but there was in Perdita, notwithstanding her subtlety and superficial fickleness, a certain strong elemental simplicity of character, that enabled her, after entering upon a given course, to pursue it with as much steadiness and singleness of purpose as if no other course were possible. She was one of those who can sleep soundly on the eve of execution, or play their last stake and lose it with a smile. And now, when, as she divined from Philip's manner, and the changing expressions that passed across his face, all was once more in doubt between them, and the issue beyond prophecy, it was not only possible but natural for her to sit composed and silent, and await what must be to her the final good or evil of the future. She knew that there were ways in which she might influence Philip ; but with that strange feminine pride that never avouches itself more strongly than at the moment when all pride seems to have been surrendered, she would not avail herself of them. Had she tried to move him at all, it would have been on the other side. At last he stopped in his walk, and halted before her. She looked up at him with a smile.

“ Well, monsieur, have you thought it all out? Have you realised the folly of it? Sit down here and tell me your opinion.”

“ I am going to play the most ungainly part that can fall to a man,” he said, in a husky and obstructed voice, which he did not attempt to make smooth. “ Let us part, Perdita. The only thing that gives me resolution to say this is, that I find it hard to say. But I know myself too well ! I am small and incomplete of nature : hitherto I have deluded myself, and perhaps others, by a play of intellect which drew attention from my real feebleness and narrowness, and made me seem to be as broad and as deep as the reach of my thoughts and imagination. It is all delusion: I can chatter and contrive, but what I do and feel is petty and cold. There have been moments when I fancied I had overcome that torpid chill of the heart, and should be single, at last, in thought and feeling ; but the chill has always come back, and the horizon been blotted out again by the shadow of my own carcass. Even now it is of myself that I am talking, instead of about you ! ”

“ That is why you interest me, my friend.”

“ Yes ; and I might as well stop here. I am not going to hang

such a lump of emptiness as myself round your neck. Even your overflow of life would not suffice long to vivify me. A man whose wife has been forced to desert him six months after marriage—a man who, merely by being himself, could change an innocent and high-spirited girl into a miserable outcast—such a fellow as that has neither the power nor the right to claim the love of a woman like you. Perdita, I am not fit even to commit a genuine sin! May God help me to the decency of keeping henceforth to myself! What would be, at least, generosity and courage in you, would be selfish and dastardly in me. It amazes me that I can feel even the shame and self-contempt that I am trying to give utterance to. But probably I shall have forgotten that too by to-morrow!”

“All that is very extravagant and impolite,” said Perdita, pleasantly. “You should know better than to abuse a gentleman whom I esteem, and . . . who cannot defend himself! Seriously, Philip, if I am angry with you, it is because you are quite right. I will not compliment you on your virtue, because you don't seem to think of that so much as to be afraid of becoming a burden on my hands. No—I perceive, underneath your disguise, a courteous desire to save me from the consequences of my own rashness. It is the act of a true gentleman and . . . I shall never forgive it! I must, like you, have some occupation, and since you will not let me love you, you shall give employment to my hate. It will be just as amusing, and a great deal more *comme il faut!* And then, some day—who knows?—your lost Marion may turn up again, neither better nor worse than other men's wives, and with her curiosity as to the world gratified. And then you will be happier than ever. Will you drink another glass of wine?”

“Yes!” said Philip, pouring it out, and taking the glass in his hand. “I drink to your new occupation, Perdita. May it bring you satisfaction: and may you long enjoy it!”

“Stay!” exclaimed she: “let me drink too. But my toast shall be different. May the day on which I forgive you be the last day I live!”

They drank, and set down their glasses; and exchanged a final look. Was it hate that he saw in her eyes, or love? Often afterwards that question recurred to Philip's mind, and never found a certain answer. But he always remembered Perdita as she stood there, erect and bright, with a smile on her beautiful face, and her red lips wet with the red wine.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE NOTES.

ATMOSPHERE *versus* ETHER.

ONE of the most remarkable meteors of which we have a reliable record appeared on February 6, 1818. Several accounts of it were published, the fullest being that in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of the time. (I may here add, parenthetically, that one reason why I have especial pleasure in writing these notes is that they contribute something towards the restoration of the ancient status of this Magazine, which was at one time the only English serial that ventured upon any notable degree of exposition of *popular science*.)

Upon the data supplied by this account, Mr. Joule has calculated the height of the meteor to have been 61 miles above the surface of the earth, and he states that "this meteor is one of the few that have been seen in the daytime, and is also interesting as having been one of the first whose observation afforded materials for the estimation of its altitude." It was seen in the neighbourhood of Cambridge at 2 P.M., also at Swaffham in Norfolk, and at Middleton Cheney near Banbury. The distance between this and Cambridge is sufficient to afford a measurement of its height, provided its position above the horizon at both places was determined with tolerable accuracy.

According to the orthodox text-books, the atmosphere of this earth terminates at a height of about 45 or 50 miles, or, if not absolutely ended there, it ceases to be of appreciable density anywhere above this elevation.

~ But here we have a fact which flatly contradicts the calculation. At 61 miles above the earth's surface there must be atmospheric matter of sufficient density to offer to the passage of this meteor through it an amount of resistance which produced an intense white heat, visible by its luminosity in broad daylight.

In the above-quoted paper, read by Mr. Joule at the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society on December 1, 1863, he refers to subsequent observations, and estimates 116 miles as "the elevation at which meteors in general are first observed"—*i.e.* where our atm-

sphere is sufficiently dense to generate a white-heat by the resistance it offers to the rapidly flying meteor.

It is curious to observe how, in dealing with actual physical facts, a mathematician of the solid practical character of Joule becomes compelled to practically throw overboard the orthodox theory of limited atmospheric extension. Here, in making his calculations of the resistance of atmospheric matter at this elevation, he bases them on the assumption of a decrease of density at the rate of "one quarter for every seven miles," and indicates no limit at which this rate shall vary. Very simple arithmetic is sufficient to show that this leads us to the unlimited atmospheric extension, for which I have contended we may go on for ever taking off a quarter at every seven miles, and there will still remain the three-quarters of the quantity upon which we last operated, or, more practically stated, we shall thus go on seven after seven until we reach the boundaries of the atmospheric grasp of the gravitation of some other sphere.

Surely the time has arrived for the full reconsideration of this fundamental question of whether the universe is filled with atmospheric matter or is the vacuum of the molecular mathematicians *plus* the imaginary "ether," which has been invented by its mathematical creators only to extricate them from the absurd dilemma into which they are plunged when they attempt to explain the transmission of light and heat by undulations travelling through space containing nothing to undulate.

They have filled it with immaterial matter evolved entirely from their own consciousness, which they have gratuitously endowed with whatever properties are required for the fitting of their theories—properties that are self-contradictory and without any counterpart in anything seen or known outside of the fertile imagination of these reckless theorists.

We know of nothing that can penetrate every form of matter without adding either to its weight or its bulk ; we know of nothing that can communicate motion to ponderable matter without itself being ponderable—*i.e.* having the primary property of matter *viz.* mass, or weight, and consequent *vis viva* when moving ; we know of nothing that can set bodies in motion without proportionally resisting the motion of bodies through it ; and if the waving of the ether is (as Tyndall describes it) "as real and as truly mechanical as the breaking of sea-waves upon the shore," the material of the breakers must be like the "jelly" to which he compares it, and have some viscosity, or resistance to penetration, or pushing aside.

We have not a shadow of direct evidence of the existence of

the "interatomic" spaces occupied by the ether, and in the midst of which the atoms are made to theoretically swing, nor even of the existence of the atoms themselves.

The "ether" of to-day, with its imaginary penetrations and its material action without material properties, has merely taken the place of the equally imaginary phlogiston, caloric, electric, and magnetic fluids, the "imponderables" of the past. I have little doubt that ere long the modern modification of these physical superstitions will share their fate, and we shall all adopt the simple conception that heat, light, and electricity are, like sound, merely transmissible states or affections of matter itself regarded bodily, as it is seen and felt to exist.

This may possibly throw a good many mathematicians out of work—or into more useful work; but, however that may be, it will certainly aid the general diffusion of science as the intellectual inheritance of every human being. At present the explanations of the simple phenomena of light and heat are incomparably more difficult to understand and to account for than the facts which they attempt to elucidate.

A NEGLECTED DISINFECTANT.

WHEN the household of our grandmothers was threatened with infection, the common practice was to sprinkle brimstone on a hot shovel or on hot coals on a shovel, and carry the burning result through the house. But now this simple method of disinfecting has gone out of fashion without any good and sufficient reason. The principal reason is neither good nor sufficient, viz. that nobody can patent it and sell it in shilling and half-crown bottles.

On September 18th last, M. d'Abbadie read a paper at the Academy of Sciences on "Marsh Fevers," and stated that in the dangerous regions of African river mouths immunity from such fevers is often secured by sulphur fumigations on the naked body. Also that the Sicilian workers in low ground sulphur mines suffer much less than the rest of the surrounding population from intermittent fevers. M. Fouqué has shown that Zephyria (on the volcanic island of Milo or Melos, the most westerly of the Cyclades), which had a population of 40,000 when it was the centre of sulphur-mining operations, became nearly depopulated by marsh fever when the sulphur-mining was moved farther east, and the emanations prevented by a mountain from reaching the town. Other similar cases were stated.

It is well understood by chemists that bleaching agents are usually good disinfectants; that which can so disturb an organic

compound as to destroy its colour, is capable of either arresting or completing the decompositions that produce vile odours and nourish the organic germs or ferments which usually accompany, or, as some affirm, cause them. Sulphurous acid is, next to hypochlorous acid, one of the most effective bleaching agents within easy reach.

I should add that sulphurous acid is the gas that is *directly* formed by burning sulphur. By taking up another dose of oxygen it becomes sulphuric acid, which, combined with water, is oil of vitriol. The bleaching and disinfecting action of the sulphurous acid is connected with its activity in appropriating the oxygen which is loosely held or being given off by organic matter. Chlorine and hypochlorous acid (which is still more effective than chlorine itself) act in the opposite way, so do the permanganates, such as Condy's fluid, &c. They supply oxygen in the presence of water. It is curious that opposite actions should produce like results. A disquisition on this and its suggestions would carry me beyond the limits of a note.

ANOTHER DISINFECTANT.

THE above-named disinfectants are objectionable on account of their own odours and their corrosive action. Both sulphurous acid and hypochlorous acid (the active principle of the so-called "chloride of lime") have a disagreeable habit of rusting iron and suggesting antique green bronzes by their action on brass ornaments. Under serious conditions this should be endured, but in many cases where the danger is not already developed, the desired end may be attained without these annoyances.

Sulphate of copper, which is not patented or "brought out" by a Limited Company, may be bought at its fair retail value of 6*d.* or less per lb. (the oil-shop name for it is "blue vitriol"), in crystals, readily soluble in water.

I have lately used it in the case of a trouble to which English households are too commonly liable, and one that has in many cases done serious mischief. The stoppage of a soil-pipe caused the overflow of a closet, and a consequent saturation of floor boards, that in time would probably have developed danger by nourishing and developing those germs of bacteria, bacilli, &c., which abound in the air, and are ready to increase and multiply wherever their unsavoury food abounds.

By simply mopping the floor with a solution of these green crystals, and allowing it to soak well into the pores of the wood,

they cease to become a habitat for such microscopic abominations. The copper-salt poisons the poisoners.

Dr. Burg goes so far as to recommend that building materials, articles of furniture, and clothing, &c., should be injected with sulphate of copper, in order to avert infection, and in support of this refers to the immunity of workers in copper from cholera, typhoid fever, and infectious diseases generally.

I agree with him to the extent of suggesting the desirability of occasionally mopping house floors with this solution. Its visible effects on the wood are first to stain it with a faint green tinge which gradually tones down to a brown stain, giving to deal the appearance of oak, a change which has no disadvantage from an artistic point of view. If the wood is already tainted with organic matter capable of giving off sulphuretted hydrogen, the darkening change is more rapid and decided, owing to the formation of sulphide of copper.

The solution of sulphate should not be put into iron or zinc vessels, as it rapidly corrodes them, and deposits a non-adherent film of copper. It will even disintegrate common earthenware, by penetrating the glaze, and crystallising within the pores of the ware, but this is a work of time (weeks or months). Stoneware resists this, and wooden buckets may be used safely. It is better to keep the crystals and dissolve when required. Ordinary earthenware may be used with impunity if washed immediately afterwards.

ENSILAGE.

THIS subject has been largely expounded and discussed lately in the *Times* and other newspapers. As most of my readers are doubtless aware, it is simply a substitute for haymaking, by digging pits, paving and building them round with stone or concrete, then placing the green fodder therein and covering it over with sufficient earth to exclude the air.

We are told that very inferior material (such as coarse maize grass mixed with chaff) when thus preserved gives better feeding and milking results than good English hay.

I may mention a very humble experience of my own that bears upon this. When a boy, I was devoted to silkworms, and my very small supply of pocket-money was over-taxed in the purchase of exorbitantly small pennyworths of mulberry leaves at Covent Garden. But a friend in the country had a mulberry tree, and at rather long intervals I obtained large supplies, which, in spite of all my careful

wrapping in damp cloths, became rotted in about ten days. I finally tried digging a hole and burying them. They remained fresh and green until all my silkworms commenced the working and fasting stage of their existence. This was ensilage on a small scale.

The correspondence in the newspapers has suggested a number of reasons why English farmers do not follow the example of their continental neighbours in this respect: climate, difference of grasses, &c. &c., are named, but the real reason why this is commercially impossible, and farming, properly so called, is becoming a lost art in England (mere meadow or prairie grazing gradually superseding it) is not named in any part of the discussion that I have read.

I refer to the cause which is abolishing the English dairy, which drives us to the commercial absurdity of importing fragile eggs from France, Italy, Spain, &c., apples from the other side of the Atlantic, tame house-fed rabbits from Belgium, and so on, with all other agricultural products which are precisely those we are *naturally* best able to produce at home: I mean *those demanding a small area of land and a proportionately large amount of capital and labour*. A poultry or rabbit farm, acre for acre, demands fully ten times the capital, ten times the labour, and yields ten times the produce obtained by our big-field beef and mutton graziers.

The scientific and economic merits of ensilage are probably all that is claimed for it, and it is especially adapted for our uncertain haymaking climate, but what farmer who is merely a lodger on the land, holding it as an annual tenant at will or under a stinted beggarly lease of 21 years, would expend his capital in building a costly *silo* which becomes by our feudal laws and usages the absolute property of the landlord?

Our tenant farmers employ the latest and best achievements of engineering science in the form of implements, but take care that they shall be *upon wheels*, or otherwise non-fixtures, and use rich chemically prepared manures, provided they are not permanent, while they abstain from improvements which involve any serious outlay in the form of fixtures on the land. Those who lecture them about their want of enterprise should always remember that their condition is merely a form of feudal serfdom, tempered by the possession of capital, and that all their agricultural operations are influenced by a continual struggle to prevent their capital from falling into the hands of the feudal lord. Anybody who has ever read any form of English farm-lease with its prohibitions concerning the use of manure and straw, and restrictions to "four-course," or other operations, must see the hopelessness of any development

of British agriculture comparable to that of British commerce and manufactures.

Imagine the condition of a London shopkeeper or Midland manufacturer holding his business premises as a yearly tenant, liable at six months' notice to quit, with confiscation of all his business fixtures.

THE FRACTURE OF COMETS.

THE view of the constitution of comets expounded in one of my notes of April last, viz. that they are meteoric systems consisting of a central mass, or masses, round which a multitude of minor bodies are revolving like satellites around their primary, is strongly confirmed by the curious proceedings of the present comet, which proceedings also justify my last note of last month pointing out the omission of our astronomers, who have neglected the positive and irregular repulsive action of the sun upon comets, that, like the great comets of 1843, 1880, and 1882, come within a few hundred thousand miles of the visible solar surface.

The solar prominences are stupendous eruptions from the sun, consisting, as the spectroscope demonstrates, of hydrogen flames and incandescent metallic vapours ejected with furious violence to visible distances ranging from ten or twenty to above three hundred thousand miles, but this flame shown by the spectroscope is but the flash of the gun, the actual ejection proceeding vastly farther, far beyond the limits of the corona, as described in last month's notes. These eruptions are so abundant that Secchi alone observed and recorded 2,767 in one year (1871). Speaking generally, the sun is never free from them, and they proceed from all parts of the sun, but most abundantly from the sun-spot zones.

A system of meteoric bodies such as I suppose to form a comet (I mean the comet as it exists in space before the generation of its tail, which is only formed as it approaches the sun) could not approach so near to the sun as did the present comet at perihelion, without encountering more or less of these furious blasts the flash of some of which have been seen to move with a measurable mean velocity of above 300 miles per second, and a probable maximum velocity sufficient to eject solid matter beyond the reclaiming grasp of solar gravitation.

It is evident that such a meteoric system as I suppose to constitute a comet would, in the course of a rapid perihelion flight crossing these outblasts, be liable to various degrees of ejection in different parts, that would disturb its original structure by blowing

some of its constituents out of their orbits, or even quite away from the control of the feeble gravitation of the general meteoric mass, and thus effecting a rupture of the comet.

Now such a disintegration or dispersion of the present comet has been actually observed. Several able observers have described a breaking of the head of this comet shortly after its perihelion passage. Commander Sampson's observations with the great 26-inch equatorial of the Washington Naval Observatory are very explicit. On October 25 he saw the nucleus as a single well-defined globular body. On November 3, with the same telescope, he saw a triple nucleus, due to the formation of two additional minor bodies. These were still more distinctly seen on November 6. Mr. W. R. Brooks, of New York, saw a detached fragment of the comet which afterwards faded out of view. Professor Schmidt observed another and similar fragment which has likewise disappeared.

All these observations indicate disruption due to some disturbing force, acting with different degrees of violence upon different portions of the comet.

Minor disturbances of this kind will, I think, account for the trail of meteoric bodies which Schiaparelli has shown, to follow the paths of other comets. A great disturbance might give quite a new orbit to the meteoric fragments.

These considerations suggest another and a curious view of the question of possible cometary collision with the sun, viz. that a comet might be travelling in such an orbit as to make it mathematically due to plunge obliquely beneath the solar surface at its next perihelion ; but on its approach to the surface of the sun it might encounter so violent an outrush of solar-prominence matter as to drive it bodily out of its course, and avert the threatened peril to its existence.

THE ORIGIN OF COMETS.

WE read in story-books of uncomfortable people who have cherished a guilty secret in their bosoms, that it has "gnawed their vitals," until at last they have carried it to the grave. I have such a secret that does the gnawing business whenever I write or speak of comets, concerning the origin of which I am guilty of an hypothesis that has hitherto been cherished as aforesaid from the very shame of adding another to an already exaggerated heap of speculations on celestial physics.

It assumes, in the first place, that all the other suns which we see as stars are constituted like our own sun ; that they eject grea

eruptions similar to the prominences above described, and even of vastly greater magnitude as in the case of the flashing stars that have excited so much wonderment among astronomers, but which I regard simply as suns like ours, subject like ours to periodic maximum and minimum activities, but of greater magnitude.

If such is the case, some of the prominence matter or vaporous constituents of these suns must be ejected with much greater proportional violence than are those from our sun. But those from our sun have been proved to rush out on some occasions with a velocity so great that the solar gravitation cannot bring them back. If such is ever the case with the explosions of our sun, it must be of frequent occurrence with the greater explosions of certain stars, and therefore vast quantities of meteoric matter are continually ejected into space, and travelling there until they come within the gravitation domain of some other sun like ours, when they will necessarily be bent into such orbits as those of comets.

But what will be the nature of this meteoric matter?

If from our sun, it would be a multitude of metallic hailstones, due to the condensation of the metallic vapour by cooling as it leaves the sun, and such meteoric hail would correspond to the meteoric stones that fall upon our earth, and which, for reasons stated in "The Fuel of the Sun," I believe to be of solar origin. Besides these, there would be ice-hail, such as Schevedorf claims to be meteoric.

A star mainly composed of hydrogen and carbon, or densely enveloped in these gases (as the spectroscopy indicates to be the case in some of these flashing stars), would eject hydro carbon vapours, condensable by cooling into solids similar to those we obtain by the condensation of terrestrial hydro-carbon vapours (paraffin, camphor, turpentine, and all the essential oils, for example), and thus we should have the meteoric systems composed of these particles circulating about their own common centre of mass as above stated, and displaying the spectrum which Dr. Huggins has found common to comets.

If this is correct, the present comet comes from a sun that contains metallic sodium in addition to the hydro-carbons, as the spectrum of this metal was seen when this comet was near enough to the sun to render its vapour incandescent.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

EDITIONS OF RABELAIS IN THE SUNDERLAND SALE.

THE most remarkable feature yet exhibited in the great sale of the Sunderland Library is the prices fetched by the early editions of Rabelais. In these treasures the library was exceptionally rich. No copy of any of the earliest editions of the second book, the "Life of Pantagruel"—which was the first in order of publication—was in the catalogue. A conspicuous rarity, the first edition of "Gargantua," published in Lyons by Francoys Juste, 1535, appeared, however, and was sold for £320. The "Grands Annales" fetched £300, and the 1542 edition of Francoys Juste of the "Life of Gargantua" £280. Other editions so rare that Brunet, whose "Recherches Bibliographiques et Critiques sur les éditions originales des cinq livres du roman satirique de Rabelais" constitutes our chief source of information, has never seen them fetch prices proportionate. No copy of the edition surreptitiously and disloyally published by Dolet was on the list. I am sorry to hear that no single copy of these marvellous books remains in England. All fell to the same enterprising bookseller, Mr. Quaritch, and all, I am told, were bought by him on commission for France.

RELATION OF SCENIC ILLUSTRATION TO THE DRAMA.

THE extent to which scenic illustration contributes to stage illusion is not yet ascertained. Something is to be said, however, of the system, said to have prevailed in the days of antiquity, of employing no scenery whatever, and presenting as a simple curtain of green baize. That matters, however, quite so primitive as this is not doubtful. In dealing with it it is, however, to be borne in mind that the contrast exists in some degree or other, and that unmitigated as it attend the removal from the scenery to the actor, it is at what it presents itself. So long as the realistic as of the shows of Imperial Rome, it is what the charac-

ters to be put to death are said to have been absolutely slain, is relaxed, we cannot, by any process of stage realism, force upon a fairly sophisticated public the conviction that the action is real. Such *mise en scène*, however, as is now to be seen in London at certain theatres constitutes in itself an attraction of a very genuine sort. To see at the Haymarket, in the revival of "The Overland Route," through the spars of the vessel the sun slowly setting in crimson splendour, and the gradual establishment of the empire of darkness, is to acquire impressions that might well be derived from Eastern travel.

The views of Messina in the revival of "Much Ado About Nothing," at the Lyceum, are marvellous in beauty; the representation of Catholic ceremonial in the Cathedral is impressive as absolute worship, and the spectacle of noblemen and gallants masquerading in the halls of Leonato, or lounging through the "Cedarn Alleys" of the garden, takes us back to the very period and world of Italian Romance. Apart, then, from all question of its propriety, such scenery as is now put on the stage has a value and a delight of its own.

READIANA.

MEN who during their lifetimes witness the collection and publication of their "ana" enjoy a sweet, an appetising, I should almost suppose an intoxicating draught of the wine of immortality. Such a draught has been accorded Mr. Charles Reade, and I hope that by it his physical and intellectual life will be stimulated and invigorated. To old-established residents upon the dustiest and least accessible shelves of a well-furnished library, the Scaligerana, Thuana, Perroniana, Huétiana, and other volumes, the titles of which are recorded in the "Répertoire de Bibliographies Espéciales, Curieuses et Instructifs" of Gabriel Peignot, the appearance of Readiana, with its diverting contents, and its bulk and exterior, must seem like the commencement of revolution. Comparatively few volumes of English ana are in existence. The most important among them are Baconiana, Swiftiana, Walpoleana, Seldeniana, Wartoniana, Addisoniana, and Atterburyana. Quite worthy to take its place beside these standard works is the new volume. Not the least of its advantages is that in a period when literature is affected by a species of revived Gongorism, it strikes one by its sincerity; and that to the weak utterances—epicene, I had almost said—which are in fashion, it opposes a virility refreshing to witness.

A LITERARY PARALLEL.

READERS of Thackeray recall the tributes constantly paid by that writer to Alexandre Dumas, to the father not the son, the author of "Monte-Cristo," not that of "Le Demi-monde." Mr. Charles Reade appears to me an English Alexandre Dumas, with the same unflagging invention, the same animal spirits, a kindred charm of style, and a similarly powerful dramatic inspiration. Points of difference may, of course, easily be indicated. If I am charged, however, with paying too high a compliment to a living writer in comparing him with the illustrious dead, I go further, and say that at times, as at the outset of "The Cloister and the Hearth," Mr. Reade attains a point out of the reach of his predecessor. After the eloquent tribute paid to Mr. Reade in this magazine by Mr. Besant, I am not called upon to deal with the appearance of a collected edition of his works. During the perusal of them, however, the resemblance of which I speak has been constantly forced upon me. Mr. Reade's volumes meanwhile constitute a treasure in the possession of which I congratulate myself.

LAMENTATION IN RENAISSANCE LITERATURE.

AN age knows as little as an individual concerning its own physiognomy. Nothing in the study of that Renaissance period which, more than any other epoch, commends itself to modern sympathies is more striking than the apparent ignorance of those belonging to it of the magnitude of the social and intellectual movements in which they were taking part. A chief burden of Renaissance literature consists of complaint. Of very much of the highest poetry the keynote is a wail. So prevalent in French literature of the fifteenth century, and the early portion of the sixteenth, is this, that a man like Villon even does not escape its influence, while the writings of poets of less mark abound with *ballades* upon human misery, or *traittiets* upon the unhappiness of France. Without going farther than the *Gentleman's Magazine*, I can find already quoted in its pages such lines from Renaissance literature as—

Chacun pour cacher son malheur
S'attache le ris au visage
Et les larmes dedans son cœur.

From modern view, meanwhile, the traces of individual suffering and unrest vanish as the recollections of discomfort disappear from memories of foreign travel. To us the period of Renaissance appears

a time of turbulence, no doubt, but of fierce exuberant life and keen enjoyment, a time big with discovery, and teeming with all that can stimulate interest and reward exploration, inquiry, and research.

A LOST CUSTOM.

ENGLAND, so far as I know, is the only country in Europe in which the women may not constantly be seen by river or fountain beating linen for the purpose of washing it. I should like to ascertain when the practice died out in this country, and to what cause its cessation is attributable. That it was prevalent is sufficiently obvious. Shakespeare makes Touchstone say in "As You Like It," "I remember kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milked." The batlet or batler, as it is called in the first folio, is the species of flat instrument with which the washer-woman beats her linen, and which, in a famous scene in M. Zola's "L'Assommoir," is turned to punitive account. It is also called a beetle. In "The Woman's Prize," of Beaumont and Fletcher, Moroso asks—

Have I lived thus long to be knockt o' th' head
With half a washing beetle?

And Browne, in his "Britannia Pastorals," has an allusion to the same implement. A unique instance appears to me to be here afforded of the disappearance of a local custom which has once been established, and which is yet prevalent over the rest of Europe.

PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS.

THE feud between the unsuccessful author and the publisher, which has given rise recently to an animated discussion in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, furnishes a parallel to that ever-enduring quarrel between the reviewed and the reviewer. Except in the not-known case, in which the critic is but a mouthpiece of the writer, explaining remote allusion or obscure significance, all criticism is distasteful, and most of it is regarded as impertinence. Few things are more amusing to the cynical than to contrast with the anxiety of the writer to obtain an expression of opinion the discontent or disgust with which it is ordinarily received. The fine satire in "Gil Blas" concerning the Archbishop and his Mentor has not yet lost its application. In like manner the eagerness of the young author to obtain on any terms the publication of his volume is in whimsical contrast

with his petulance when the result is failure. For the man who, up to a certain point, was the best of judges and the most prized of acquaintances, no terms of abuse are sufficiently strong. The entire class to which he belongs are branded as pirates. A very moderate amount of common-sense is brought to bear upon ordinary judgments. When, however, two such disturbing motives as the wounding of personal vanity and the loss of anticipated profit come into operation, there is no wonder that "madness rules the hour." I am not undertaking the defence of tradesmen who understand the value of the wares in which they deal. My sole desire is to point out that the arraignment of publishers by men who when wounded in the most sensitive points try to transfer the blame to others has no serious importance.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1883.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC

CHAPTER IV.

WORLDLY COUNSEL.

A pebble, not a pearl!—worn smooth and round
With lying in the currents of the world
Where they run swiftest—polished if you please,
As such things may and must be, yet indeed
No shining agate and no precious stone;
Nay, pebble, merely pebble, one of many
Thrown in the busy shallows of the stream
To break its flow and make it garrulous.

The City Dame; or, a Match for Mammon.

"I AM not at all surprised at what you have told me," said Cholmondeley, sipping his coffee and smoking his cigar. "I knew that it *must* come sooner or later. Your position in the Church has always been an anomalous one, and egad! if you have been going on as you tell me, I don't wonder they want to get rid of you. Well, what do you intend to do?"

"That is just the point I came to consult you upon," returned the clergyman.

"Well, I know what I should do in your place. I should stand to my colours, and give them a last broadside. The *Chronicle* is open to you, you know. The old ship of the Church is no longer seaworthy, and if you helped to sink it, you would be doing a service to humanity."

"God forbid!" cried Bradley fervently. "I would rather cut off my right hand than do anything to injure the Establishment. After all, it is the only refuge remaining in a time of doubt and fear"

“It strikes me you are rather inconsistent,” said Cholmondeley, with cool astonishment.

“Not at all. It is precisely because I love the Church, because I believe in its spiritual mission, that I would wish to see it reorganised on a scientific and rational basis. When all is said and done, I am a Christian—that is, a believer in the Divine Idea of self-sacrifice and the enthusiasm of humanity. All that is beautiful and holy, all that may redeem man and lead him to an everlasting righteousness, is, in my opinion, summed up in the one word, Christianity.”

“But, my dear Bradley, you have rejected the *thing*! Why not dispense with the *name* as well?”

“I believe the name to be indispensable. I believe, moreover, that the world would waste away of its own carnality and atheism without a Christian priesthood. In the flesh or in the spirit Christ lives, to redeem the world.”

“Since you believe so much,” said Cholmondeley dryly, “it is a pity you don’t believe a little more. For my own part, you know my opinion—which is, that Christ gets a great deal more credit for what is good in civilisation than he deserves. Science has done more in one hundred years to redeem the race than Christianity has done in eighteen hundred. *Verb. sap.*”

“Science is one of His handmaids,” returned Bradley, “and Art is another; that is why I would admit both of these into the service of the Temple. But bereft of His influence, separated from the Divine Idea, and oblivious of the Divine Character, both Science and Art go stumbling in the dark—and blaspheme. When Science gives the lie to any deathless human instinct—when, for example, she negatives the dream of personal immortality—she simply stultifies herself; for she knows nothing and can tell us nothing on that subject, whereas Christ, answering the impulse of the human heart, tells us *all*. When Art says that she labours for her own sake, and that the mere reproduction of beautiful earthly forms is soul-satisfying, she also is stultified; for there is no true art apart from the religious spirit. In one word, Science and Art, rightly read, are an integral part of the world’s religion, which is Christianity.”

“I confess I don’t follow you,” said the journalist, laughing; “but there, you were always a dreamer. Frankly, I think this bolstering up of an old creed with the truths of the new is a little dishonest. Christianity is based upon certain miraculous events, which have been proved to be untrue; man’s foolish belief in their truth has led to an unlimited amount of misery; and having disposed of your creed’s miraculous pretensions——”

“Are you quite sure you have disposed of them?” interrupted Bradley. “In any case, is not the personal and posthumous influence of Our Saviour, as seen in the world’s history, quite as miraculous as any of the events recorded of Him during His lifetime?”

“On the contrary! But upon my life, Bradley, I don’t know where to have you. You seem to have taken a brief on both sides. Beware of the *via media*—it won’t do in religion. You are stumbling between two stools.”

“Then I say with Mercutio, ‘a plague on both your houses,’” cried Bradley, laughing. “But, don’t you see, I want to reconcile them.”

“You won’t do it. It’s too old a feud—a Vendetta, in fact. Remember what Mercutio himself got by trying to be peacemaker. The world can understand your Tybalts and your Parises—that is to say, your fire-eating Voltaires and your determined Tom Paines—-but it distrusts the men who, like Matt Arnold *et hoc genus omne*, believe simply nothing, and yet try to whitewash the old idols.”

There was a silence. The two men looked at each other in friendly antagonism, Cholmondeley puffing his cigar leisurely with the air of a man who had solved the great problem, and Bradley smoking with a certain suppressed excitement.

Presently the clergyman spoke again.

“I don’t think we shall agree—so let us cease to argue. What I want you to understand is, that I do love the Church, and cannot part from her without deep pain—without, in fact, rupturing all my most cherished associations. But there is another complication which makes this affair unusually distressing to me. You know I am engaged to be married?”

“Ah, yes! I heard something about it. I begin to see your difficulty. You are afraid——”

He hesitated, as if not liking to complete the sentence.

“Afraid of what, pray?”

“Well, that, when you are pronounced heretical, she will throw you over!”

The clergyman smiled curiously and shook his head.

“If that were all,” he replied, “I should be able very easily to resign myself to the consequences of my heresy; but, fortunately or unfortunately, the lady to whom I am engaged (our engagement, by the way, is only private) is not likely to throw me over, however much I may seem to deserve it.”

“Then why distress yourself?”

“Simply because I doubt my right to entail upon her the consequences of my heterodoxy. She herself is liberal-minded, but she does not perceive that any connection with a heretic must mean, for a sensitive woman, misery and martyrdom. When I leave the Church I shall be practically ruined—not exactly in pocket, for, as you know, I have some money of my own—but intellectually and socially. The Church never pardons, and seldom spares.”

“But there are other careers open to you—literature, for example! We all know your talents—you would soon win an eminence from which you might laugh at your persecutors.”

“Literature, my dear Cholmondeley, is simply empiricism—I see nothing in it to attract an earnest man.”

“You are complimentary!” cried Cholmondeley, with a laugh.

“Oh!—you are different! You carry into journalism an amount of secular conviction which I could never emulate; and, moreover, you are one of those who, like Harry the Smith, always fight ‘for your own hand.’ Now, I do not fight for my own hand; I repeat, emphatically, all my care is for the Church. She may persecute me, she may despise me, but still I love her and believe in her, and shall pray till my last breath for the time when she will become reorganised.”

“I see how all this will end,” said the journalist, half seriously. “Some of these days you will go over to Rome!”

“Do you think so? Well, I might do worse even than *that*, for in Rome, now as ever, I should find excellent company. But no, I don’t fancy that I shall go even halfway thither, unless—which is scarcely possible—I discover signs that the doting Mother of Christianity accepts the new scientific miracle and puts Darwin out of the *Index*. Frankly, my difficulty is a social, or rather a personal one. Ought I, a social outcast, to accept the devotion of one who would follow me, not merely out of the Church, but down into the very hell of atheism, if I gave her the requisite encouragement?”

Cholmondeley did not reply, but after reflecting quietly for some moments he said: --

“You have not told me the name of the lady?”

“Miss Alma Craik.”

“*Not* the heiress?”

“Yes, the heiress.”

“I know her cousin, George Craik—we were at school together. I thought they were engaged.”

“They were once, but she broke it off long ago.”

“And she has accepted *you*?”

“Unconditionally.” He added with strange fervour: “She is the noblest, the sweetest, and most beautiful woman in the world.”

“Then why on earth do you hesitate?” asked Cholmondeley. “You are a lucky fellow.”

“I hesitate for the reason I have told you. She had placed her love, her life, her fortune at my feet, devotedly and unreservedly. As a clergyman of the Church, as one who might have devoted his lifetime to the re-establishment of his religion and the regeneration of his order, one, moreover, whom the world might have honoured and approved as a good and faithful servant, I might have accepted the sacrifice; indeed, after some hesitation, I did accept it. But now it is altogether different. I cannot consent to her martyrdom, even though it would glorify mine.”

Although Bradley exercised the strongest control over his emotions, and endeavoured to discuss the subject as dispassionately and calmly as possible, it was clear to his listener that he was deeply and strangely moved. Cholmondeley was touched, for he well knew the secret tenderness of his friend's nature. Under that coldly cut, almost stern face, with its firm eyebrows and finely chiselled lips, within that powerful frame which, so far at least as the torso was concerned, might have been used as a model for a Hercules, there throbbed a heart of almost feminine sensitiveness and sweetness; of feminine passion too, if the truth must be told, for Bradley possessed the sensuousness of most powerful men. Bradley was turned thirty years of age, but he was as capable of a *grande passion* as a boy of twenty—as romantic, as high-flown, as full of the fervour of youth and the brightness of dream. With him, to love a woman was to love her with all his faith and all his life; he was far too earnest to trifle for a moment with the most sacred of all human sentiments. Cholmondeley was aware of this, and gauged the situation accordingly.

“If my advice is worth anything,” he said, “you will dismiss from your mind all ideas of martyrdom. You are really exaggerating the horrors of the situation; and for the rest, where a woman loves a man as I am sure Miss Craik loves you, sacrifice of the kind you mention becomes easy, even delightful. Marry her, my dear Bradley, and from the very altar of pagan Hymen smile at the thunder-bolts of the Church.”

Bradley seemed plunged in deep thought, and sat silent, leaning back and covering his face with one hand. At last he looked up, and exclaimed with unconcealed emotion,—

“No, I am not worthy of her! Even if my present record were

clean, what could I say of my past? Such a woman should have a stainless husband! I have touched pitch, and been defiled."

"Come, come!" said the journalist, not a little astonished. "Of all the men I ever knew—and I have known many—you are about the most irreproachable."

The clergyman bent over the table, and said in a low voice, "Do you remember Mary Goodwin?"

"Of course," replied the other with a laugh. "What! is it possible that you are reproaching yourself on *that* account? Absurd! You acted by her like a man of honour; but little Mary was too knowing for you, that was all."

"You knew I married her?"

"I suspected it, knowing your high-flown notions of duty. We all pitied you—we all——"

"Hush!" said the clergyman, still in the same low agitated voice. "Not a word against her. She is asleep and at peace; and if there was any sin I shared it—I who ought to have known better. Perhaps, had I been a better man, I might have made her truly happy; but she didn't love me—I did not deserve her love—and so, as you know, we parted."

"I know she used you shamefully," returned Cholmondeley, with some impatience. "Come, I *must* speak! You picked her from the gutter, and made her what Mrs. Grundy calls an honest woman. How did she reward you? By bolting away with the first rascal who offered her the run of his purse and a flash set of diamonds. By-the-by, I heard of her last in India, where she was a member of a strolling company; did she die out there?"

"Yes," answered the clergyman, very sadly. "Nine years ago."

"You were only a boy," continued Cholmondeley, with an air of infinite age and experience, "and Mr. Verdant Green was nothing to you. You thought all women angels at an age when most youngsters know them to be devils. Well, that's all over, and you have nothing to reproach yourself with. I wish *I* could show as clean a book, old fellow."

"I do reproach myself, nevertheless," was the reply. "That boyish episode has left its taint on my whole life; yes, it is like the mark of a brand burned into the very flesh. I had no right to woo another woman; yet I have done so, to my shame, and now Heaven is about to punish me by stripping me bare in her sight and making me a social outlaw. I have deserved it all."

The two remained together for some time longer, but Bradley, though he listened gently to his friend's remonstrances, could not be

persuaded to take a less gloomy view of the situation. He was relieved unconsciously, nevertheless, by the other's cheery and worldly counsel. It was something, at least, to have eased his heart, to have poured the secret of his sorrow and fear into a sympathetic bosom.

They had dined very early, and when they rose to separate it was only half past eight o'clock.

"Will you go on to my chambers?" asked Cholmondeley. "I can give you a bed, and I will join you after I have done my duties at the office."

"No; I shall sleep at Morley's Hotel, and take the early morning express down home."

They strolled together along Pall Mall and across Leicester Square, where they separated, Cholmondeley sauntering airily, with that sense of superhuman insight which sits so lightly on the daily journalist, towards the newspaper office in Cumberland Street, and the clergyman turning into Morley's, where he was well known, to arrange for his room.

As it was still so early, however, Bradley did not stay in the hotel, but lighted his pipe and strolled thoughtfully along the busy Strand.

At a little after nine o'clock he found himself close to the Lyceum Theatre, where "Hamlet" was then being performed for over the hundredth night. He had always been a lover of the theatre, and he now remembered that Mr. Aram's performance of the Danish prince was the talk of London. Glad to discover any means of distracting his dreary thoughts, he paid his two shillings, and found a place at the back of the pit.

The third act was just beginning as he entered, and it was not until its conclusion that he began to look around the crowded house. The assemblage was a fashionable one, and every box as well as every stall was occupied. Many of the intelligent spectators held in their hands books of the play, with which they might be supposed to be acquainting themselves for the first time; and all wore upon their faces more or less of that bored expression characteristic of audiences which take their pleasures sadly, not to say stupidly. In all the broad earth there is nothing which can quite equal the sedate unintelligence of an English theatrical audience.

Suddenly, as he gazed, his eyes became attracted by a face in one of the private boxes—he started, went pale, and looked again—as he did so, the head was turned away towards the back of the box. Trembling like one that had seen an apparition, he waited for

it to incline again his way—and when it did so he watched it in positive horror. As if to convince himself of its identity, he borrowed an opera-glass from a respectable-looking man seated near him, and fixed it on the face in the box.

The face of a woman, splendidly attired, with diamonds sparkling on her naked throat and arms, and other diamonds in her hair. The hair was jet-black, and worn very low down on the forehead, almost reaching to the thick black eyebrows, beneath which shone a pair of eyes as black and bold as those of Circe herself. Her complexion had the olive clearness of a perfect brunette, and her mouth, which was ripe and full, was crimson red as some poisonous flower—not with blood, but paint. She was certainly very handsome, though somewhat *petite* and over-plump. Her only visible companion was a plainly dressed elderly woman, with whom she seldom exchanged a word, and a little boy of seven, elegantly dressed.

Bradley looked again and again, and the more he looked the more his wonder and horror grew. During all the rest of the performance he scarcely withdrew his eyes, but just before the curtain fell he slipped out of the pit, and passed round to the portico in front of the theatre.

There he waited, in the shadow of one of the pillars, till the throng began to flow forth, and the linkmen began summoning the carriages and cabs to take up their elegant burthens. The vestibule of the theatre was full of gentlemen in full dress and ladies in opera cloaks, laughing and chatting over the evening's performance. He drew close to the glass doors and looked in, pale as death.

At last he saw the lady he sought, standing with the woman and the child, and talking gaily with an elderly gentleman who sported an eyeglass. How bold and beautiful she looked! He watched her in fascination, always taking care to keep out of the range of her vision.

At last she shook hands with the gentleman, and moved towards the door. He drew back into the shadow.

She stood on the threshold, looking out into the night, and the linkman ran up to her, touching his cap.

“Mrs. Montmorency's carriage,” she said in a clear silvery voice; and the man ran off to seek the vehicle.

Presently a smart brougham came up, and, accompanied by her elderly companion and the child, she stepped in. Almost simultaneously, Bradley crossed the pavement and leapt into a hansom.

“Keep that carriage in view,” he said to the driver, pointing to the brougham, “and I will give you a sovereign.”

The man laughed and nodded, and immediately the pursuit began.

CHAPTER V.

“MRS. MONTMORENCY.”

Ay me, I sowed a seed in youth,
Nor knew that 'twas a dragon's tooth,
Whereof hath sprung to bring me shame
Legions of woes without a name. — *Fausticulus.*

THE brougham passed rapidly up Wellington Street into Long Acre, thence into Oxford Street, passing westward till it came to Regent Circus, then it was driven up Portland Place to the gates of Regent's Park. It entered, and the hansom followed about fifty yards behind. Passing to the left around the park, it reached Cranwell Terrace, and drew up before one of the large houses fronting the artificial water.

The hansom paused too, but Bradley kept his seat until he saw the lady and her companion alight, knock at the door, and enter in; while the brougham drove round to the stables at the rear. Then he sprang out, paid the man his sovereign, and prepared to follow.

For a moment he hesitated on the steps of the house, as if undecided whether to knock or fly; but recovering his determination he knocked loudly. The sound had scarcely died away when the door was opened by the same elderly woman he had noticed at the theatre.

“Mrs. Montmorency?” he said, for he had got the name by heart.

The woman looked at him in surprise, and answered with a strong French accent.

“Madame has only just come in, and you cannot see her to-night.”

“I *must* see her,” returned the clergyman, entering the hall. “It is a matter of very important business.”

“But it is so late. To-morrow, monsieur?”

“To-morrow I am leaving London. I must see her at once.”

Seeing his persistence, and observing that he had the manners of a gentleman, the woman yielded.

“If you will step this way, I will tell madame, but I am afraid she will not see you.”

So saying she led the way into a room on the ground floor, furnished splendidly as a kind of study, and communicating with a small dining-room, which in its turn led to a large conservatory.

“Your name, monsieur, if you please?” said the woman.

“My name is of no consequence—perhaps your mistress would not remember it. Tell her simply that a gentleman wishes to see her on very important business.”

With another look of wonder, the woman withdrew.

Still dreadfully pale and agitated, Bradley surveyed the apartment. It was furnished oddly, but with a perfect disregard of expense. A gorgeous Turkey carpet covered the floor; the curtains were of black and gold tapestry, the chairs of gold and crimson. In a recess, close to the window, was an elegant ormolu writing desk, surmounted by a small marble statue, representing a young maid just emerging from the bath. Copies of well-known pictures covered the walls, but one picture was a genuine Etty, representing Diana and her virgins surprised by Actæon. Over the mantelpiece, which was strewn with golden and silver ornaments, and several photographs in frames, was a copy of Titian's Venus, very admirably coloured.

To the inexperienced mind of the clergyman, ill acquainted with a certain phase of society, the pictures seemed sinister, almost diabolic. The room, moreover, was full of a certain sickly scent like *patchouli*, as if some perfumed creature had just passed through it, leaving the scent behind.

He drew near the mantelpiece and looked at the photographs. Several of them he failed to recognise, though they represented women well known in the theatrical world; but in one he recognised the elderly gentleman with the eyeglass whom he had seen at the theatre, in another the little boy, and in two the mistress of the house herself. In one of the two last she was represented semi-nude, in the spangled trunks, flesh-coloured tights, and high-heeled boots of some fairy prince.

He was gazing at this photograph in horror, when he heard the rustle of a dress behind him. Turning quickly, he found himself face to face with the woman he sought.

The moment their eyes met, she uttered a sharp cry and went even more pale than usual, if that were possible. As she recoiled before him, he thought she did so in fear, but he was mistaken. All

she did was to move to the door, peep out into the lobby, then, closing the door rapidly, she faced him again.

The expression of her face was curious to behold. It was a strange mixture of devilry and effrontery. She wore the dress she had worn in the theatre—her arms, neck, and bosom were still naked and covered with diamonds; and her eyes flashed with a beautiful but forbidding light.

“So it is *you!*” she said in a low voice. “At last!”

He stood before her like a man of marble, livid, ghastly, unable to speak, but surveying her with eyes of infinite despair. The sickly scent he had noticed in the room clung about her, and filled the air he was breathing.

There was a long silence. At last, unable any longer to bear his steadfast gaze, she laughed sharply, and, tripping across the room, threw herself in a chair.

“Well?” she said, looking up at him with a wicked smile.

His predominant thought then found a broken utterance.

“It is true, then!—and I believed you *dead!*”

“No doubt,” she answered, showing her white teeth maliciously, “and you are doubtless very sorry to find yourself mistaken. No, I am very much alive, as you see. I would gladly have died to oblige you, but it was impossible, *mon cher*. But won't you take a seat? We can talk as well sitting as standing, and I am very tired.”

Almost involuntarily, he obeyed her, and taking a chair sat down, still with his wild eyes fixed upon her face.

“My God!” he murmured. “And you are still the same after all these years.”

She leant back in her chair, surveying him critically. It was obvious that her light manner concealed a certain dread of him; for her bare bosom rose and fell quickly, and her breath came in short sharp pants.

“And you, my dear Ambrose, are not much changed—a little older, of course, for you were only a foolish boy then, but still very much the same. I suppose, by your clerical necktie, that you have gone into the Church? Have you got on well? I am sure I hope so, with all my heart; and I always said you were cut out for that kind of life.”

He listened to her like one listening to some evil spirit in a dream. It was difficult for him to believe the evidence of his own senses. He had been so certain that the woman was dead and buried past recall!

"How did you find me out?" she asked.

"I saw you at the theatre, and followed you home."

"*Eh bien!*" she exclaimed, with a very doubtful French pronunciation. "What do you want with me?"

"Want with you?" he repeated. "My God! Nothing!"

She laughed again, flashing her teeth and eyes. Then springing up, she approached a small table, and took up a large box of cigarettes. Her white hand trembled violently.

"Can I offer you a cigarette?" she said, glancing at him over her naked shoulder.

"No, no!"

"With your permission I will light one myself!" she said, striking a wax match and suiting the action to the word. Then, holding the cigarette daintily between her white teeth, she again sat down, facing him. "Well, I am glad you have not come to make a scene. It is too late for that. We agreed to part long ago, and it was all for the best."

"You *left* me," he answered in a hollow voice.

"Just so," she replied, watching the thin cloud of smoke as it wreathed from her lips. "I left you because I saw we could never get along together. It was a stupid thing of us to marry, but it would have been a still stupider thing to remain tied together like two galley-slaves. I was not the little innocent fool you supposed me, and you were not the swell I at first imagined; so we were both taken in. I went to India with young St. Clare, and after he left me I was very ill, and a report, which I did not contradict, got into the papers that I had died. I went on the stage out there under an assumed name, and some years ago returned to England."

"And now," he asked with more decision than he had yet shown, "how are you living?"

She smiled maliciously.

"Why do you want to know?"

He rose and stood frowning over her, and despite her assumed-*sang-froid* she looked a little alarmed.

"Because, when all is said and done, I am your *husband*! Whatever you now call yourself, you are the same Mary Goodwin whom I married at Oxford ten years ago, and the tie which links us together has never been legally broken. Yet I find you here, living in luxury, and, I suppose, in infamy. Who pays for it all? Who is your present victim?"

With an impatient gesture and a flash of her white teeth she

threw her cigarette into the fire, and rose up before him, trembling with fear or anger.

“ So you have found your tongue at last ! ” she said. “ Do you think I am afraid of you ? No, I defy you ! This is my house, and if you are not civil I will have you turned out of it. Bah ! it is like you to come threatening me, at the eleventh hour. ”

Her petulant rage did not deceive him ; it was only a mask hastily assumed to conceal her growing alarm.

“ Answer my question, Mary !—how are you living ? ”

“ Sit down quietly, and I will tell you. ”

He obeyed her, covering his eyes with his hand. She watched him for a moment ; then reassured by his subdued manner, she proceeded.

“ I am not sure that I ought to tell you, but I dare say you would find out. Lord Ombermere—— ”

“ Lord Ombermere ! ” echoed the clergyman. “ Why, to my knowledge, he has a wife—and children. ”

She shrugged her white shoulders, with a little grimace *à la mode française*.

“ That is his affair, not mine, ” she said. “ For the rest, I know the fact, and never trouble myself about it. He is very good to me, and awfully rich. I have all I want. He sent me to France and had me taught French and music ; and he has settled a competence upon our boy. That is how the matter stands. I do pretty much as I like, but if Eustace knew I had a husband actually living he would make a scene, and perhaps we should have to part. ”

“ Is it possible ?—and—and are you happy ? ”

“ Perfectly, ” was the cool reply.

Bradley paced up and down the chamber in agitation.

“ Such a life is an infamy, ” he at last exclaimed. “ It is an offence against man and God. ”

“ I know all that cant, and I suppose you speak as a clergyman ; but I do my duty by the man who keeps me, and never—like some I could name—have intrigues with other men. It wouldn't be fair, and it wouldn't pay. I hope, ” she added, as if struck suddenly by the thought, “ you have not come here to-night imagining I shall return to *you* ? ”

He recoiled as if from a blow.

“ Return to me ? God forbid ! ”

“ So say *I*, though you might put it a little more politely. By the way, I forgot to ask you,—but perhaps you yourself have married again ? ”

The question came suddenly like a stab. Bradley started in fresh horror, holding his hand upon his heart. She exclaimed :—

“ You might have done so, you know, thinking me food for worms, and if such were the case you may be sure I should never have betrayed you. No ; ‘ live and let live ’ is my motto. I am not such a fool as to suppose you have never looked at another woman ; and if you had consoled yourself, taking some nice, pretty, quiet, homely creature, fit to be a clergyman's wife, to mend his stockings, and to visit the sick with rolls of flannel and bottles of beef-tea, I should have thought you had acted like a sensible man.”

It was too horrible. He felt stifled, asphyxiated. He had never before encountered such a woman, though their name is legion in all the Babylons, and he could not understand her. With a deep frown he rose to his feet.

“ Are you going ? ” she cried. “ Pray don't, till we understand each other ! ”

He turned and fixed his eyes despairingly upon her, looking so worn, so miserable, that even her hard heart was touched.

“ Try to think I am really dead,” she said, “ and it will be all right. I have changed both my life and my name, and no one of my old friends knows me. I don't act. Eustace wanted to take a theatre for me, but, after all, I prefer idleness to work, and I am not likely to reappear. I have no acquaintances out of theatrical circles, where I am known only as Mrs. Montmorency. So you see there is no danger, *mon cher*. Let me alone, and I shall let you alone. You can marry again whenever you like.”

Again she touched that cruel chord, and again he seemed like a man stabbed.

“ Marry ? ” he echoed. “ But I am not free ! You are still my wife.”

“ I deny it,” was the answer. “ We are divorced ; I divorced myself. It is just the same as if we had gone before the judge : a course you will surely never adopt, for it would disgrace you terribly, and ruin *me*, perhaps. Eustace is horribly proud, and if it should all come out about his keeping me, he would never forgive me. No, no, you'll never be such a fool ! ”

Yet she watched him cagerly, as if anxious for some assurance that he would not draw her into the open daylight of a legal prosecution.

He answered her, as if following her own wild thoughts—

“ Why should I spare you ? Why should I drag on my lifetime, tied by the law to a shameless woman ? Why should I keep your

secret and countenance your infamy? Do you take me for one of those men who have no souls, no consciences, no honour? Do you think that I will bear the horror of a guilty secret, now I know that you live, and that God has not been merciful enough to rid me of such a curse?"

It was the first time he had seemed really violent: In his pain he almost touched her with his clenched hand.

"You had better not strike me!" she cried viciously.

At this moment the door opened, and a little boy (the same Bradley had seen at the theatre) ran eagerly in. He was dressed in a suit of black velvet, with bows of coloured ribbon, and, though he was pale and evidently delicate, he looked charmingly innocent and pretty.

"*Maman! maman!*" he cried in French.

She turned angrily, answering him in the same tongue—

"*Que cherchez-vous, Bébé? Allez-vous-en!*"

"*Maman, je viens vous souhaiter une bonne nuit.*"

"*Allez, allez,*" she replied impatiently, "*je viendrai vous baiser quand vous serez couché.*"

With a wondering look at the stranger, the child ran from the room.

The interruption seemed to have calmed them both. There was a brief silence, during which Bradley gazed drearily at the door through which the child had vanished, and his companion seemed lost in thought.

The time has perhaps come to explain that, if this worldly and sin-stained woman had one redeeming virtue, it was love for her little boy. True, she showed it strangely, being subject to curious aberrations of mood. The child was secretly afraid of her. Sometimes she would turn upon him, for some trivial fault, with violent passion; the next moment she would cover him with kisses and load him with toys. In her heart she adored him; indeed, he was the only thing in the world that she felt to be her own. She knew how terribly his birth, when he grew up, would tell against his chances in life, and she had so managed matters that Lord Ombermere had settled a large sum of money unconditionally upon the child; which money was already invested for him, in his mother's name, in substantial Government securities. Her own relation with Ombermere, I may remark in passing, was a curious one. Whenever he was in London, his lordship dropped in every afternoon at about four, as "Mr. Montmorency"; he took a cup of tea in company with mother and child; at a quarter to six precisely he looked

at his watch and rose to go ; and at seven he was dining in Cavendish Square, surrounded by his legal children, and faced by his lady. Personally, he was a mild, pale man, without intelligence or conversational powers of any kind, and "Mrs. Montmorency" found his company exceedingly tedious and tame.

"You see my position," said Mrs. Montmorency at last. "If you have no consideration for me, perhaps you will have some for my boy."

The clergyman sighed, and looked at her as if dazed.

"I must think it over," he said. "All this has come as a terrible shock upon me."

"Shall I see you again?"

"God knows!"

"If you should call, never do so between four and six ; those are Eustace's hours. I am generally in during the evening, unless I go to the theatre. Good night!"

And with the ghost of a smile she held out her hand. He took it vacantly, and held it limply for a moment. Then he dropped it with another sigh, and went to the door, which he opened. Turning on the threshold, he saw her standing in the centre of the room, pale, beautiful, and baleful. She smiled again, flashing her eyes and showing her white teeth. With a shudder that went through all his frame, he passed out into the silent street.

It was now very late, and the Park lay still and sleeping under the dim light of the moon. From time to time a carriage passed by, but the pavement was quite deserted. Full of what he had seen, with the eyes of his soul turned inward to the horrible reflection, he wandered slowly along, his footfalls sounding hollow and ominous in the footpath as he went.

Instinctively, but almost unreflectingly, he took the direction of his hotel ; passed out of the park and into Harley Street, thence across Cavendish Square to Regent Circus.

It seemed now to him as if his fate was sealed. God, in indignation at his revolt, meant to deal him full measure. Attacked on one side by the thunders of the Church, and tormented on the other by the ghost of his own youthful folly, where was he to find firm foothold for his feet? His one comfort in the strenuousness of his intellectual strife had been the sympathy and devotion of a woman who was now surely lost to him for ever ; a woman who, compared to this frightful apparition of a dead past, was a very spirit of heaven. Yes, he loved an angel—an angel who would have redeemed him ; and lo ! in the very hour of his hope, his life was to be possessed by an incarnate devil.

His thoughts travelled back to the past.

He thought of the time when he had first known Mary Goodwin. He was a youth at Oxford, and she was the daughter of a small tradesman. She was very pretty and modest-looking in those days ; though she knew the world well, and the worst side of it, she seemed to know it very little. His boy's heart went out to her beauty, and he became entangled in an amour which he thought a seduction ; she played her part prettily, with no lack of tears, and, although he already knew that his first wild fancy was not love, he married her.

Afterwards his eyes were opened. The tender-looking, mild-spoken, black-eyed little beauty showed that she had been only acting a part. As their marriage was a secret one, and they could not live together, she resided in the town, and was left a good deal to herself. Once or twice whispers came to his ears that he did not like, and he remonstrated with her ; she answered violently, in such terms as opened his eyes still wider to her character. She was exorbitant in her demands for money, and she dressed gorgeously, in execrable taste. When his supplies fell short, as was inevitable, she was still well provided ; and he accepted her statement that the supplementary sums came from her father. Once, coming upon her one evening unexpectedly, he found her hysterical and much the worse for liquor : empty champagne bottles and glasses were lying on the table, and the room was full of the scent of tobacco smoke. He discovered that two men of his own college had been calling upon her. A scene ensued, which was only one of many. I have no intention, however, of going into all the wretched details of what is a very common story ; but it is sufficient to say that Bradley discovered himself tied miserably to a creature without honour, without education, without virtue, sometimes without decency. Nevertheless he did not cast her off or expose her, but during the Vacation took her with him to London, trying hard to reclaim her. It was while they were stopping there that she relieved him of all further suspense by walking off one day with all his ready cash, and joining an officer whose acquaintance she had made by accident in the open street. Bradley searched for her everywhere without success. It was not for many weeks afterwards that he received a line from her, addressed from Gibraltar, telling him that she was *en route* for India, and that she had no wish either to see him or to hear from him again.

So she disappeared from his life, and when the report of her death reached him he was touched, but secretly relieved. Few even of his own personal friends knew much of this chapter of his

experience : he had been wise enough to keep his actual marriage to the woman as dark as possible. So he entered the Church a free man, and purer than most men in having only one unfortunate record, throughout which he had acted honourably, on his conscience.

And now, after all those years, she had arisen from the grave ! At the very moment when he was most threatened with other perils, of body and of soul, and when his place in the world of work and duty was most insecure, she had appeared, to drive him to despair ! He had been so certain that she had passed away, with all her sins, that she had become in time almost a sad sweet memory, of one more sinned against than sinning. And all the time she had been roaming up and down the earth, painted and dissolute, cruel and predatory—no longer a reckless girl, but a cold, calculating woman, with all the audacity of her experience.

But she was worse, he thought ; she, in her splendour of wealth and mature beauty, was infinitely fouler. How calmly she wore her infamy ! how lightly she trafficked with him for his silence, for his complicity ! Unconscious of her own monstrosity, she dared to bargain with *him*—her husband—a priest of Christ !

Let those who sympathise with Bradley in his despair beware of sharing his revengeful thoughts. In simple fact, the woman was rising, not falling ; her life, bad as it was from certain points of view, was still a certain advance upon what it once had been—was certainly a purer and an honest life than that of many men ; than that, for example, of the honoured member of the aristocracy who paid her bills. She was faithful to this man, and her one dream was to secure comfort and security for her child. She had never loved Bradley, and had never pretended to love him. She did not wish to bring him any unhappiness. She had, as she expressed it, divorced herself, and, according to her conceptions of morality, she owed him no obligation.

But the more he thought of her and of the fatality of her resurrection, the more his whole soul arose in hate against her.

Of course there was one way which led to liberty, the one which she had implored him not to take. The law could doubtless at once grant him a formal divorce from the woman ; but this could not be done without publicity, from which his soul shrank in horror. He pictured to himself how his adversaries would exult on seeing his name dragged through the mud ! No ; come what might, he would never think of that !

I cannot follow either his spiritual or his bodily wanderings any

further at present. He walked the night away, without returning to his hotel until early dawn, when, pale, dishevelled, and wild, like a man after a night's dissipation (as, indeed, he seemed to the waiter, whose experience of clergymen on town visits was not small), he called for his hand-bag, had a hasty wash, and crept away to take the morning train.

CHAPTER VI.

ALMA.

Blue-buskin'd, with the softest turquoise blue,
Faint as the speedwell's azure dim with dew,
As far away in hue
As heaven the dainty shade is,
From the dark ultra-blue
Of literary ladies. — *The Mask.*

ON the morning that the Rev. Ambrose Bradley, Vicar of Fensea, had his memorable interview with the Bishop of Darkdale and Dells, Miss Alma Craik, of the Larches, walked on the home farm in the immediate neighbourhood of her dwelling, accompanied by her dear friend and companion Agatha Combe, and attended by half a dozen dogs of all sizes, from a melancholy old St. Bernard to a frivolous Dandie Dinmont.

The two ladies, strolling along side by side, presented a curious contrast, which was heightened not a little by their peculiarities of costume. Miss Craik, bright as Eos, and tall and graceful as a willow-wand, was clad in a pink morning dress, with pink plush hat to match, and carried a parasol of the same colour. She walked lightly, with a carriage which her detractors called proud, but which her admirers thought infinitely easy and charming; conveying to the most casual observer that she was a young lady with a will of her own, perfectly mistress of herself and at home among her possessions. Miss Combe, on the other hand, was very short, scant of breath, and dressed in a costume which looked like widow's weeds, but which was nothing of the sort, for at five-and-fifty she was still a virgin. Her face was round and sunny, her eyes were bright and cheerful, and few could have recognised, in so homely and kindly-looking a person, the champion of Woman's Rights, the leader-writer of the *Morning News*, and the champion Agnostic of the controversial reviews.

Yet Miss Combe, though mild enough as a woman, was terribly fierce as a writer. She had inherited her style and opinions from her father, a friend and playfellow (if such an expression may be applied

to persons who *never* played) of John Mill. She had been crammed very early with Greek, Latin, moral science, and philosophy; and she would certainly have developed into a female of the genus Griffin, had it not been for a pious aunt, who invited her once a year into the country, and there managed to fill her lungs with fresh air and her mind with a certain kind of natural religion. When Agnosticism was first invented she clutched at the word, and enrolled herself as an amazon militant under the banner of the creed. She hated two things about equally—materialism and dogmatic Christianity. She was, in fact, a busy little woman, with a kind heart, and a brain not quite big enough to grasp all the issues she was so fond of discussing.

Miss Craik had met her in London, and had taken to her immediately—chiefly, if the truth must be told, on account of her opinions; for though Miss Craik herself was nominally a Christian, she was already a sufficiently lax one to enjoy all forms of heterodoxy. They had come together first on one great *quæstio vexata*, that of vivisection, for they both adored dogs, and Miss Combe was their most uncompromising champion against the users of the “hellish *curare*.” So it happened in the course of time that they spent a good part of the year together. The Larches was Miss Combe’s house whenever she chose to come to it, which was very often, and she became, in a certain sense, the companion of her rich young friend.

Their way lay along green uplands with a distant sight of the sea, and they followed the footpath which led from field to field.

Presently Miss Combe, somewhat out of breath, seated herself on the foot-rest of a stile.

“Won’t you take a rest, dear?” she said; “there’s room for two.”

The young lady shook her head. As she fixed her eyes upon her companion, one peculiarity of hers became manifest. She was rather short-sighted, and, whenever examining anything or anybody, slightly closed her eyelashes.

“If I were as rich as you,” continued Miss Combe after a pause, “I know what I should do with my money.”

“Indeed! pray tell me.”

“I should build a church to the New Faith!”

“Are you serious?” said Alma merrily. “Unfortunately, I don’t know what the new faith is.”

“The faith of Humanity; not Comte’s, which is Frenchified rubbish, but the beautiful faith in human perfection and the divine future of the race. Just think what a Church it would make! In the centre an altar ‘to the Unknown God’; painted windows all round, with the figures of all the great teachers, from Socrates to Herbert Spencer,

and signs of the zodiac and figures of the planets, if you like, on the celestial roof."

"I don't quite see, Agatha, in what respect the new Church would be an improvement on the old one," returned Alma; and as she spoke her eyes travelled over the still landscape, and saw far away, between her and the sea, the glittering spire of the church of Watermeads.

"It would be different in every particular," said Miss Combe good-humouredly. "In the first place; the architecture would be, of course, pure Greek, and there would be none of the paraphernalia of superstition."

"And Jesus Christ?—would He have any place there at all? or would you banish Him with the rest of the gods?"

"Heaven forbid! He should be pictured in the very central window, over the altar—not bleeding, horrible, and crucified, but as the happy painters represented Him in the early centuries, a beautiful young Shepherd—yes, beautiful as Apollo—carrying under His arm a stray lamb."

Alma sighed, and shook her head again. She was amused with her friend's opinions, and they never seemed to shock her, but her own attitude of mind with regard to Christianity was very different.

"I don't think we have got so far as that yet," she said, still watching the distant spire. "If you abolish Christ crucified you abolish Christ the Saviour altogether; for sorrow, suffering, and death were the signs of His heavenly mission. Besides, I am of Mr. Bradley's opinion, and think we have too many churches already."

"Does *he* think so?" exclaimed Miss Combe with some surprise.

"Yes, I have often heard him say that God's temple is the best—the open fields for a floor and the vaulted heavens for a roof."

Miss Combe rose, and they strolled on together.

"Is he as heterodox as ever?" asked Miss Combe.

"Mr. Bradley? I don't know what you mean by heterodox, but he has his own opinions on the articles of his religion."

"Just so. He doesn't believe in the miracles, for example."

"Have you heard him say so?"

"Not explicitly, but I have heard——"

"You mustn't believe all the nonsense you hear," cried Alma eagerly. "He is too intellectual for the people, and they don't understand him. But you shall go to church next Sunday, and hear him preach."

"But I'm not a church-goer," said the elder lady, smiling. "On

Sundays I always read Herbert Spencer. Sermons are always so stupid."

"Not always. Wait till you hear Mr. Bradley. When I listen to him, I always think of the great Abelard, whom they called 'the angel of bright discourse.' He says such wonderful things, and his voice is so beautiful. As he speaks, the church seems indeed a narrow place—too small for such words, for such a speaker; and you long to hear him on some mountain top, preaching to a multitude under the open sky."

Miss Combe did not answer, but peeping sideways at her companion she saw that her face was warmly flushed, and her eyes were strangely bright and sparkling. She knew something, but not much, of Alma's relations with the vicar, and she hoped with all her heart that they would never lead to matrimony. Alma was too wise a vestal, too precious to the cause of causes, to be thrown away on a mere country clergyman. In fact, Miss Combe had an errant brother of her own who, though an objectionable person, was a free-thinker, and in her eyes just the sort of husband for her friend. He was rather poor, not particularly handsome, and somewhat averse to soap and water; but he had held his own in platform argument with divers clergymen, and was generally accounted a ticklish subject for the Christians. So she presently remarked:—

"The finest speaker I ever heard is my brother Tom. I wish you could hear *him*."

Alma had never done so, and, indeed, had never encountered the worthy in question.

"Is he a clergyman?" she asked innocently.

"Heaven forbid!" cried Miss Combe. "No; he speaks at the Hall of Science."

"Oh!"

"We don't quite agree philosophically, for he is too thick with Bradlaugh's party, but I know he's coming round to Agnosticism. Poor Tom! He is so clever, and has been so unfortunate. He married miserably, you know."

"Indeed," said Alma, not much interested.

"There was a black-eyed sibyl of a woman who admired one of the Socialist lecturers, and when he died actually went to his lodgings, cut off his head, and carried it home under her cloak in the omnibus."

"Horrible!" said Alma with a shudder. "But what for?"

"To *boil*, my dear, so that she might keep the skull as a sacred relic! When Tom was introduced to her she had it under a glass case on her mantelpiece. Well, she was a very intellectual creature,

wonderfully 'advanced,' as they call it, and Tom was infatuated enough to make her his wife. They lived together for a year or so ; after which she took to spiritualism, and finally died in a madhouse. So poor Tom's free, and I hope when he marries again he'll be more lucky."

Of course Miss Combe did not for a moment believe that her brother would have ever had any attraction in the eyes of her rich friend ; for Tom Combe was the reverse of winsome, even to humbler maidens—few of whom felt drawn to a man who never brushed his hair, had a beard like a Communist refugee, and smelt strongly of beer and tobacco. But blood is thicker than water, and Miss Combe could not forbear putting in a word in season.

The word made little or no impression. The stately beauty walked silently on, full of her own thoughts and dreams.

(To be continued.)

CUCKOO-PINT.¹

CLOSE by the hedge-side there runs a little streamlet known to the village children for two miles around by the strangely pleonastic title of the Bourne Brook. Pleonastic, I say, because bourne is, of course, good old English for what in modern English we call a brook, so that the two halves of the common name are, in fact, synonymous, the later word being added to the earlier by the same sort of unconscious reduplication as that which gives us the double forms of Windermere Lake or Mount Ben Jerlaw. I can't tell you, though, what a world of life and interest is to be found among the low cliff banks and tiny shingle patches that bound the Bourne Brook. In the stream itself there are darting crayfish, which we can



FIG. 1.

catch with our fingers by lifting up the green slimy stones; there are caddis-worms, and big pond snails, and pouting miller's-thumbs, and iridescent stickleback; it is even rumoured, though I doubt whether on sufficient authority, that there are actually and positively in some of its pools and stickles genuine unadulterated real live trout. I know as a fact, however, that there are fresh-water mussels, for these I have fished up with my little dredging-net, and safely domesticated in the bell-glass aquarium. In the fields around there are ferns, and marsh-marigolds, and rushes, and roast-beef plants. And beside the water's edge there are abundant leaves and blossoms of that strange flower the cuckoo-pint, whose counterfeit presentment you see before you in the figure at the side of this page. Now, cuckoo-pint, or lords-and-ladies, or wild arum, whichever you choose

¹ A lecture delivered at the Midland Institute, Birmingham.

to call it, is a very singular plant indeed ; and it seems to me we cannot do better than sit down and dissect one for the sake of understanding its queer internal arrangements. If it were a newly discovered Central African lily, we should all be reading about its extraordinary adaptations in all the newspapers : much more then, since it is a common English plant we have all known familiarly from childhood upward, ought we to wish for some explanation of its singular shape and its wonderful devices for entrapping and intoxicating helpless little flying insects.

First of all, we must begin by recognising that the apparent flower of the cuckoo-pint is not one single blossom, but a whole group of separate blossoms, closely crowded together in two or three little distinct bundles on a long spike or succulent stem. And in order to let us all clearly understand the meaning and nature of the entire compound structure, I think we had better divide our subject (as if it were a sermon) into three heads. First, we must consider what are the actual parts to be distinguished from one another in the flower of the cuckoo-pint at the present day. Secondly, we must ask what was the course of evolution by which they each assumed those peculiar forms. And thirdly, we must inquire what good purpose in the economy of the plant is subserved by each part in the existing cuckoo-pints as we now find them. We shall thus have learnt, at last, what a cuckoo-pint is, how it came to be so, and why its various portions have been brought to assume their present forms.

Beginning, then, with the purely structural or positive arrangement of the cuckoo-pint as we see it in nature at the present day, we see at once that its blossom consists mainly of a large greenish-purple sheath or hood, at the top of a long stalk, inclosing a tall fleshy spike or club, shaped something like a mace, and protruding from the hood in front, so as to show its coloured and expanded summit above the point of junction of the two lips. That is all that one can see of the blossom from the outside ; but in reality these two conspicuous organs form no part of the actual and genuine flowers themselves at all. They are merely incidental accessories, put there for an excellent purpose indeed, as everything always is in the balanced economy of nature ; but not essential or necessary to the existence of the flowers as flowers, though most noticeable from their size and hue to the superficial eyes of the unscientific human kind. In order to see the true flowers themselves, we must cut open the side of the hood or sheath, as has been done in the accompanying diagram, and then one can observe a number of small knobby bodies clustering



FIG. 2.

in three groups along the lower part of the club-shaped spike or central axis. Those little knobby bodies, of which there are a great many in each arum, form the real blossoms of the cuckoo-pint; and they are inclosed in the sheathing hood for a very good reason, as we shall hereafter see, in order to insure the carrying out of their proper function, the final production of seeds and berries.

If one looks closely at the diagram, however, one can notice that these little knobby flowers are not all quite similar to one another. They consist of three distinct kinds, all three of which are always found in true arums of this type. At the bottom there are a whole group of small cushion-like green lumps, each with a little point in its centre, and all closely packed together in several irregular rows, like Indian corn on the cob. These green lumps are the pistil-bearing flowers; each of them represents a single very degraded blossom, and each will grow out at a later stage into one of the bright scarlet berries which form such beautiful objects in the hedge-rows and waysides during the autumn months. We could not possibly have a simpler type of flower than these lowest pistil-bearing blossoms; they are in fact the central floral notion reduced to its ideally simplest terms. They consist each of a single rudimentary berry, containing a single seed, and crowned by a little point or stigma, which is the sensitive surface to be fertilised by the pollen from the other flowers.

In the middle, here, come the flowers of this second or pollen-bearing sort, each of which again consists of naked stamens; that is to say, each flower is here reduced to one solitary part, analogous to the little pollen-sacs that you see hanging out in the centre of a tiger lily or most other conspicuous garden blossoms. Every such stamen is made up of two tiny bags, which open when ripe and discharge their golden pollen. Though the pollen looks to the naked eye like mere yellow dust, yet, when put under a microscope, it is seen to consist of small egg-like bodies, having a characteristic shape and appearance in each different flower, exactly as the seeds and fruits have to the naked eye. In order for any flower to be impregnated and to produce seed, it is necessary that pollen from the stamens should fall upon the sensitive surface of the pistil; and when this happens, the pistil begins to swell and grows at last into the ripe fruit.

Lastly, on top of all, come a group of very peculiar blossoms, found only in the arum and nowhere else, and consisting of several little green knobs, like those of the pistil-bearing flowers, but each crowned by a long hair or filament, bent downwards towards the

base of the hood or sheath, and very much larger than the sensitive surface of the lower blossoms. The origin and meaning of these peculiar organs we will come to consider later on ; for the present it will be sufficient to observe their shape and position, and to notice that their hairs point downward and inward like the spikes of a lobster pot, at a point exactly corresponding to the narrowest neck or throat of the inclosing sheath.

And now, how did the cuckoo-pint come to possess this very singular arrangement of tiny separate flowers in a close spike, female below, male in the centre, and neuter or rudimentary on the top of all? To answer this question properly, we must go back to the earlier ancestors of the arum tribe—and I may as well start fair by saying at once that the arums are by descent degenerate lilies, and that each of these very degraded little flowers really represents a primitive full-blown and bright-coloured lily blossom. If you have ever looked at all closely into a common lily of any sort, you know that it is made up of six brilliant petals or flower-leaves, inclosing six long pendulous stamens, and with a seed-vessel or ovary of three cells in the very centre. Such a blossom as that we call a perfect flower, because it possesses within itself all the component elements of any blossom—calyx, petals, stamens, and pistil. Moreover, it is, so to speak, a self-contained and self-sufficing flower ; it has bright petals to entice an insect fertiliser, pollen to impregnate its ovary, and embryo seeds to form the future ripe fruit. But you probably know that it is highly undesirable for a flower to be fertilised with pollen from its own stamens : those plants which are impregnated from the stamens of their neighbours always produce more seed and stronger seedlings than those which are impregnated with home-made pollen from their own sacks. The difference is just that between breeding in and in among animals and securing an infusion of fresh blood from generation to generation. Hence, cross-fertilisation is the great end aimed at by all flowers ; and those plants which happen to vary in any direction favourable to cross-fertilisation invariably succeed best in the struggle for life, while those which happen to vary in any direction hostile to it, or which acquire the bad habit of self-fertilisation, tend slowly to go to the wall and to die out from inherited and ever-increasing feebleness of constitution.

There can be very little doubt that the ancestors of the arums had originally six coloured petals like the lilies, for a reason which I will shortly mention ; and inside these petals were six stamens and a three-celled ovary or unripe capsule. It is a very long step, certainly, from such perfect flowers as those to such very rudimentary

and reduced types as the little florets which we get in the cuckoo-pint, each consisting of a few stamens or a single one-seeded fruitlet, without any trace of petals whatsoever. Yet we have very good evidence of the slow course of degradation by which the arums have reached their present condition; and several surviving intermediate forms enable us to bridge over the intervening gulf. In other words, there are plants which resemble the lilies in some things, while they resemble the arums in others; and by means of these plants we can trace a regular gradation from the perfect and bright-coloured flowers of the true lily to the imperfect and inconspicuous little unisexual blossoms of our English cuckoo-pint.



FIG. 3.

Look first at the curious flower which is represented for us here in the little sketch at the side. In the slow rivers of Suffolk, and along the shallow edges of the Norfolk broads, there grows a pretty spiky water-plant, known by the scientific name of *Acorus*, or by the simpler English titles of *sweet-flag* and *sweet-sedge*. This *acorus* is a highly aromatic reed-like plant, with long lance-shaped leaves, and a dense spike of small yellowish-green blossoms, standing out in a cylindrical form from the thick rod which does duty for its stem. At first sight you would not say that these flowers differed very much from those of the arum; they look pretty much the same sort of small unnoticeable green knobs to a casual observer. But when one comes to pick out one of them from the close mass, and to examine it with a common pocket lens, one can see at once that, though very much reduced in size and colour, it is still at bottom essentially a lily flower. In the diagram we have one of these small blossoms considerably enlarged, and it is easy to see that it possesses all the various parts which characterise the true lilies. There are six petals, clearly enough, though they are minute and green instead of being brilliantly coloured; and they are closely folded over the central organs, instead of being bent back and displayed ostentatiously to the eyes of passing insects. There are six stamens too, one under each petal, almost concealed by the scale-like covering; and in the centre there is an ovary which when cut across proves to have sometimes two and sometimes three seed-bearing cells, for the number here has become a little indefinite: nature, so to speak, has begun to lose count. There can be no sort of doubt, then, that *acorus* represents a very reduced and degraded lily, still retaining all its primitive structural arrangements, but with its flowers greatly diminished in size, and with its original bright colour almost entirely lost by disuse and degradation.

The reason why this little acorus or sweet-sedge has thus gone backward in the course of development is not a very difficult one to understand. Brilliant flowers like the lilies depend for fertilisation upon large colour-loving insects, such as bees and butterflies, which are attracted by their flaunting hues and their abundant store of rich honey, and so unconsciously carry the impregnating pollen from head to head. But many other plants find it suits their purpose better to depend either upon the wind or upon small insect friends of less pronounced æsthetic tastes ; and this is especially the case, among other classes, with almost all waterside plants. Hence such plants have usually acquired small and inconspicuous separate flowers ; and then, to make up for their loss in attractiveness, like cheap sweet-meats, they have very largely increased their numbers. Or, to put the matter more simply and physically, in waterside situations those plants succeed best which have a relatively large number of individually small and unnoticeable flowers, massed together into large and closely serried bundles. Hence, in such situations, there is a tendency for petals to be suppressed, and for blossoms to grow minute ; because the large and bright flowers seldom succeed in attracting big land-insects like bees or butterflies, while the small and thick-set ones usually do succeed in attracting a great many little flitting waterside midges.

For such a *role* our friend the sweet-sedge is peculiarly well adapted. Its small yellowish blossoms, though separately unnoteworthy, are rendered conspicuous in the mass by their dense grouping : and its extremely aromatic perfume makes it a great favourite with the tiny flies and water-haunting insects, who are much more guided in their search for food by scent than by sight. These little flies carry its pollen from one head to another, and so unconsciously fertilise the future seeds, and give the plant a firm foothold in all situations which are naturally suitable for its peculiar mode of growth.

Next in descending order, on the way to the cuckoo-pint, we may take that common white lily which grows so often in cottage windows, and which boasts more names, Latin and English, than almost any other plant whose personal acquaintance I have ever had the pleasure of making. The members of a Sheffield long firm themselves have seldom so many aliases as this honest and unoffending flower. Botanists call it *Richardia Africana* ; gardeners dub it *Calla Æthiopica* ; and the general public knows it indiscriminately as *Æthiopian lily*, white calla, snowy arum, St. Helena arrowroot, and lily of the Nile. However, in spite of its numerous disguises, I dare

say it will be easy to recognise the plant I mean, when I say that it is very much like a cuckoo-pint, only with a pure snow-white hood, and a bright golden yellow spike projecting from the top. As in the cuckoo-pint, this golden spike is the part which contains the true flowers ; and the snow-white hood is only a sort of shroud or cloak which covers them in from the vulgar gaze. The Æthiopian lily, then (since we *must* choose one among its many names), presents us with a further step on the downward path of degradation from the true lilies towards the thoroughgoing cuckoo-pint : for as preachers justly remark, there is no drawing a line after you have once begun upon the wrong track ; and a lily which lets in the thin end of the wedge by becoming a sweet-sedge is almost certain to end at last, in the form of its remote descendants, as a mere degenerate and neglected arum.

When we cut open the hood of the Æthiopian lily, we find inside it a spike somewhat resembling that of the cuckoo-pint, but differing in one or two important particulars. Near the bottom, at a point corresponding to that where the female flowers grow in the wild English arum, the white Æthiopian lily has a number of small greenish knobs, apparently embedded in a golden yellow matrix ; at the top, the whole of the spike consists of a similar golden-yellow substance, which, at a certain period in the flowering process, effloresces, so to speak, with a copious greasy white dust, something like starch or wheaten flour. But if we split down the spike itself through the centre, we can soon find out what is the meaning of this curious arrangement. The golden substance which makes up the mass of the spike consists really of innumerable yellow stamens, packed so tightly together over the whole stem, and so closely sessile (as we call it technically) upon the central axis, that they look like a single piece of homogeneous waxy material. You can separate them from one another, however, with your fingers, and then you see that each one is roughly pentagonal or hexagonal in outline, owing to the pressure of its surrounding neighbours, and that it consists essentially of a small pollen bag, containing a quantity of yellowish liquid. When the stamens are quite ripe, this liquid assumes the form of small white pollen grains, which are pushed out as the bags open, and become the efflorescence or powder that covers the spike in its ripe state. At the bottom of the spike, where we get the pistil-bearing flowers in the cuckoo-pint, the Æthiopian lily has several small blossoms intermediate between the perfect flowers of the acorus and the very imperfect flowers of the arum ; for each of them has here a central green knob or capsule, surrounded by four or five

ens, but without any petals, or even any scales to represent
l. These form the green bodies which I have already described
pparently embedded in a hard yellow matrix ; and that yellow
ix is composed of the stamens. The lower part of the *Æthiopian*
in fact, consists of irregular flowers which have quite lost their
ls, but which still retain both stamens and pistil ; while in the
r part, as in the central group of the *arum*, the pistils have dis-
ared also, and only the stamens remain. Such a plant as this
then, is clearly on the way to becoming what the *arum* has
ally become ; its flowers already show a tendency towards the
exual condition. In the upper portion they have all become
ally unisexual, for there we get nothing but stamens ; in the lower
they remain irregularly bisexual, for there, though the stamens
often reduced in number, some of them still remain embedded
he spike between the scattered pistils. Even in the upper half of
spike, the blossoms often keep up some marks of their original
xual character, for you will occasionally find a few stray green
s sparsely sprinkled here and there among the golden stamens
e top portion. Nevertheless, we may fairly say that even here a
endency towards specialisation has been distinctly set up ; the
rmost flowers tend to become almost entirely pollen-bearing
s, and the lowermost flowers tend to become preponderatingly,
gh not entirely, seed-bearing ovaries.

Now, if we turn from these transitional steps to the completely
veloped *arum*, what do we find ? Here, the top of the spike has
ome completely bald and bare of flowers, instead of being
red, as in the *Æthiopian lily*, with thickly grouped florets up to
ery summit ; and at the same time, the actual flowers in the
r portion, instead of running together into an uninterrupted cone,
eparated into three distinct groups or bodies. At the bottom
l, as in the *Æthiopian lily*, we now get the female flowers alone ;
, instead of being intermixed with stamens, they consist simply
iked ovaries ; the differentiation or specialisation of the flowers
re complete. Above them, as before, we get the male flowers,
ced to a single stamen, or rather to a group of six stamens each,
in together. And at the top of all we get a perfectly new factor
e compound community—a number of green sacks capped by
ward-pointing hairs, which are, in fact, abortive pistils, like those
ns that form the lower group, only with their ovaries barren, and
styles or sensitive surfaces lengthened out into spiky hairs.
t may be the use or function of these curious objects we will
eed to inquire a little later ; for the present we must turn our

attention to the origin of another part of the cuckoo-pint's apparent blossom, the large and conspicuous greenish-purple hood, which alone composes the flower in the popular sense of the word.

There is nothing at all like that, a casual observer would probably be tempted at first to say, in any ordinary true lily that any one ever yet came across. A bunch of lilies growing on a stalk, with a sort of huge winding-sheet wrapped round them, is a thing that surely nobody has ever seen. So it would seem at a first glance ; and yet there is one lily-like plant that we all know well, in which the flowers are at one time wrapped up in exactly such an enveloping sheet. Have you ever watched a narcissus or a daffodil unfolding its pretty yellow buds? If you have you will remember that at first they are all tightly covered over by a thin papery membrane, shaped exactly like the hood of this cuckoo-pint ; and that after the scented blossoms have all come out, this membrane, or spathe, as we call it in the horrid technical language of botany, turns back upon the stem, like a sort of cup below the flowers. To be sure, the daffodil and the narcissus are not, in the strictest sense of the word, true lilies at all, because they have not got their seed-vessel in the right place (poor things) ; but even in the technically restricted lily family itself, there are lilies with just such a spathe or enveloping membrane, as in the familiar head of onions and garlic, as well as in some more respectable and dignified flowers. Now, one has only got to suppose the number of buds in each head largely increased, the whole head lengthened out into a spike, and the spathe or sheath grown larger into a completely inclosing hood, and there we have at once an arum or an *Æthiopian lily*. Only, as often happens under such circumstances, the individual flowers have now grown too small to attract the fertilising insects separately on their own account ; so the spathe or hood has to do duty for them all at once collectively. It incloses and conceals the various minute flowers, but it becomes itself coloured and attractive, so as to allure the eyes of the little insects on behalf of the entire community. In other words, when the central flowers had become so much diminished in size by disuse, by loss of their petals, and by specialisation of sexes, they ran no chance of getting fertilised at all unless they possessed some exceptional means of attracting insects. Hence those alone have survived which happened to develop some such attractive organ as the hood of the *Æthiopian lily* or the purple central spike of the English arum.

And now we come at last to the final purpose of all these curious structural arrangements. The object of them all is to insure the cross-fertilisation of the different heads of flowers ; and the way in

which they effect this end is singularly ingenious, interesting, and almost intentional in its design. The *Æthiopian lily*, one can readily understand, attracts many insects by its large brilliant white hood, as well as by the rich golden-yellow colour of the stamens which cover the summit of its spike. But in the *arum* the top of the spike is bare, and has become expanded into a club-shaped organ, which is deeply tinged with purple, and stands out vividly against the bright green of the spathe at its back, so as to form an excellent advertisement for the giddy eyes of little passing winged insects. It is upon these insects that the *arum* depends entirely for fertilisation, and the way in which it manages to obtain their services is as curious as anything in the whole range of vegetable existence.

If, when the *arum*-flowers are just beginning to blossom, I were to cut down one of the hoods in the fashion shown in our second diagram, I should find a great many tiny winged flies all crawling about at the very bottom of the deep tube. They have come from some other neighbouring *arum* flower, where they have been well dusted with the golden pollen; and they crawl down the neck of the hood, past the lobster-pot hairs which close its narrowest portion, into the broader open space beneath. Here they find the pistil-bearing blossoms just ripe for impregnation; and crawling over them in an aimless sort of fashion, they rub off upon their sensitive surfaces some of the pollen which they brought with them from the last plant they visited. This pollen thus cross-fertilises the fruit, and produces in it seeds which are the product of two distinct parents, and therefore capable of springing up into vigorous seedlings of the strongest sort.

But though the small flies have thus benefited the plant by fertilising its ovaries with pollen brought from another head, they have as yet got no return for their trouble in the shape of meat or drink. For the stamens are not yet ripe, and do not ripen until after the pistils have set their fruit. If they did otherwise, then the pollen would fall from them down upon the sensitive surfaces of their sister blossoms below, and the plant would accordingly be self-fertilised, a thing to be always avoided as far as possible. Accordingly, it is a fixed rule in the *cuckoo-pints* that the pistils, which are below, come to maturity first, while the stamens, which are above, shed their stock of pollen a day or two later. This being so, the flies find nothing in the new flower to detain them any longer; and if they could, they would crawl up the spike and get out again by the same way as they got in. Here, however, the curious lobster-

pot hairs for the first time come into play. They act, in short, exactly like a common eel-trap. The flies walked in easily enough, the way the hairs naturally pointed ; but when they try to walk out again, they find their way completely blocked by the chevaux-de-frise of stiff bristles. There is nothing that beats a crawling insect like a thicket of hairs ; he finds it as impossible to creep up against their grain as we ourselves find it to force our way through a tropical jungle of cactus and prickly spurges. So there they wait perforce for a time in durance vile, wandering up and down helplessly among the lower flowers, and effectually brushing off against them every single grain of pollen which they brought on their legs or breasts from the last flower they visited.

At last, in a day or so, the young berries begin to swell slowly, and all the pistil-bearing flowers show by this quickening action that they have been duly and properly fertilised. Then comes the turn of the stamens. One after another they open their little double pollen-sacks, and shed their golden powder down upon the wings and bodies of the small flies imprisoned beneath. Even if a little of it happens to catch upon the pistils here and there, that does not matter now, for all the ovaries are already duly impregnated, and the sensitive surfaces have shrivelled utterly away ; so most of the pollen falls on to the floor of the hood, where the small flies are waiting impatiently and hungrily for the Danae flood. It covers them all over from head to foot with the golden grains, and clogs their legs and wings and bodies in every portion. A fine time the flies have of it then. They get actually drunk with pollen after their fast ; and if you cut open one of the hoods in this stage of development, you will find the little creatures positively reeling about in their intoxication, and so full-fed with rich grains that they can hardly use their legs or wings to crawl or fly. A little fresh air seems to revive them slightly, as is often the case with other gentlemen under similar circumstances ; and then they can feebly fly away after a few minutes.

But in the natural state of things, when no wandering botanist comes with his penknife to make what he calls in his lively language a "longitudinal section of *arum maculatum*," the flies remain at the bottom of their deep well till they have eaten almost all the pollen, and got most helplessly and stupidly drunk in the process. A great waste of pollen this, for the plant, of course ; but still it costs no more than honey would do, and quite enough remains on the legs and wings of the flies to impregnate their fellow-blossoms on another plant. At last all the pollen is shed and eaten, and then the flies again become anxious to shift their quarters to some more favourable

spot, where there is more food to be found, and another drunken orgy to be expected. This time, however, the hairs no longer impede their progress ; they have all shrivelled up meanwhile, and the eel-trap is therefore now dissolved ; so the flies hurry away once more, covered with the stock of pollen-dust which has been showered down upon them by their late host.

One might suppose, at first, that after one such experience the flies would studiously avoid cuckoo-pints in future. Nothing of the sort. Experience seems to be thrown away upon insects ; and besides, the little creatures seem to enjoy their intoxicated revels. Pollen apparently acts upon them as an incentive, exactly as opium acts upon a Chinaman. The first thing they do the moment they are released is to forthwith fly off to the nearest other cuckoo-pint. They see a purple, club-shaped spike, somewhere close by, overtopping the folded lips of the green hood, and they make straight for that well-known signpost, as the lordly human race makes for the flaring lights of a gilded public-house. Once more they crawl down the funnel-shaped tube ; once more they pass the eel-pot hairs ; and once more they rub off the pollen that clings to their legs and sides upon the sensitive surfaces of the lower flowers. For a while they have again to fast in their narrow prison ; and then the stamens of the second arum open their pollen-sacks, and dust the greedy insects a second or third time with golden grains. So, throughout the whole flowering season of the arums, these little flies go about from head to head in constant relays, unconsciously benefiting the plant, while they are effecting their own hungry purpose in eating up the spare pollen. From the point of view of the insects, the only use of arums is to produce food and shelter for wandering flies ; but from the point of view of the plant, the only use of insects is to act as common carriers for the conveyance of pollen from one head to another. Man, however, is far wiser and more expansive in his ideas about the economy of nature than either : according to him, the real, final end of all this beautiful and marvellous mechanism is to produce Portland arrowroot for starching his own civilised shirt-fronts, wristbands, and collars.

After the dissolute small flies have performed their function in the economy of the cuckoo-pint by thus fertilising the small green ovaries, the plant begins to enter upon a fresh phase of its existence. It has now no further use for its hood and its purple-topped spike, which have answered their purpose in attracting the insects ; and therefore it gets rid of them in the same summary way in which mankind generally get rid of a faithful old horse, or a superannuated servant.

The hood withers slowly away ; the top of the spike, as far down as the base of the cluster of stamens, gradually decays ; and at last you find nothing left but a bunch of rather shapeless green berries,



FIG. 4. elevated on a stiff, fleshy stalk, and with a scar at their bottom in the place where the hood used once to join on. As summer wears away the berries grow bigger and bigger, while at the same time they become redder and redder. At last, with the first approach of autumn, they appear as the bright cluster of coral-coloured berries represented at the side (Fig. 4), with which we are all so familiar in our September hedge-rows.

What is the use of this new manœuvre? Well, it is not simply that common to most succulent fruits. Each of these bright red berries incloses a single hard nut-like seed. Its object is to attract the fruit-eating birds, the field-mice, and the other small animals, to eat it up whole. For this end, just as so many flowers have bright-coloured petals to attract the eyes of insects, many fruits have bright-coloured pulpy coverings to attract the eyes of birds or mammals. And as the flowers put honey in their nectaries as an allurement for the bees, so the fruits put sugary juices in their pulp as an allurement for the robins and bullfinches. But what good can it do the plant to have its fruit swallowed whole? Simply this : the little hard nuts inside are indigestible ; they pass unaltered through the bird's body, and thus they are dispersed in fresh places and under circumstances admirably adapted for the favourable growth of the young seedling. That is just the ordinary plan of all fruit-bearers. The arum, however, has a still more cruel and insidious mode of procedure. Its berries are poisonous ; and very often, I believe, they destroy the little birds that they have enticed by their delusive prettiness. Then the body of the murdered robin decays away, and forms a mouldering manure-heap, from which the young cuckoo-pint derives a store of fresh nutriment. I will not positively assert that it is for this reason that the cuckoo-pint has acquired its poisonous juices ; but I cannot help seeing that if any berry happened to show any tendency in such a direction, and so occasionally poisoned the creatures which eat it, it would thereby obtain an advantage in the struggle for existence, and would tend to increase the poisonous habit so far as it continued to obtain any further advantage by so doing. To some people this may seem grotesque ; but the grotesqueness is in the facts of nature, not in the appreciation of their inevitable results. Poisonous berries are unquestionably useful to the plants which bear them ; and if we find their usefulness ridiculous, that is a peculiarity

of our own sense of humour which in no way affects the abstract truth of the observation. There are many other curious points of interest about the arum : there are the glossy arrow-headed leaves ; there is the sharp, deterrent, pungent juice ; the tall, succulent, biting stem ; the thick, starchy, poisonous rootstock, where the plant lays by the store of nutriment it collects each summer for next spring's flowering season. All these demand and repay the minutest and most careful study. But life is too short for us to know even a cuckoo-pint to the very bottom ; and so, perhaps, instead of turning aside to other subjects of interest in its structure and functions, it will be best to recapitulate afresh from an historical point of view the main steps in the evolution of the arum tribe at which we have already glanced.

Originally, the ancestors of the arum were a sort of lilies, with bright petals, and with six stamens and a three-celled ovary to each flower. They had also a papery spathe or hood, like the narcissus and the onion, at the base of their blossoms ; and this spathe has been gradually modified into the green hood of the modern cuckoo-pint. Slowly the flowers became reduced in size, like those of *acorus* ; and then they grew degraded in structure, till at last they entirely lost all their petals, a stage at which the lower flowers of the *Æthiopian* lily still remain. Next, the blossoms began to differentiate into three distinct groups, which owed their specialised form to the new mode of insect fertilisation. The lowest flowers lost all their stamens, and were reduced to a single ovary each. The middle flowers lost all their ovaries, and were reduced to a few stamens each. The topmost flowers underwent a still more curious change, and after losing their stamens made their ovaries abortive, in order to act as eel-traps for the fertilising flies. The series of alterations by which these structural modifications were brought about must have been very slow ; and they must have been produced by the constant fertilisation of such arums as best retained the visiting flies, and the dying out of such as did not well retain them. Last of all, the berries grew large and red under the influence of animal selection, those berries which attracted birds succeeding in producing new plants, while those which did not so attract them died out unsuccessfully. And at the same time the ovary came to contain only one seed, instead of three cells with many seeds, because one seed under the new and improved method of dispersion went as far as five or ten would have gone under the old and wasteful casual method. Thus at last what had been a bunch of distinct coloured lilies grew to be a cuckoo-pint with an inclosing hood and a spike of minute central inconspicuous flowers.

GRANT ALLEN.

JOSEPH AND ZULEYKHA.

THE story of Joseph and Zuleykha is the ideal love-tale of the East. The loves of Khusru and Shirin, and of Leyla and Mejnun, are indeed famous in Persian romance, and the poets of the sweetest of Eastern tongues never weary of recounting the sorrows and joys of these heroic lovers. But even their moving histories cannot compete with the love of Zuleykha in the affection of the multitude. She and Joseph are the ideals of woman's love and manly beauty to the Persian ; they are, with a difference, the Juliet and Romeo of the East. More than this, to the mystical poets of the Sufis, who were ever seeking for analogies between the passions of this life and the holier emotions of the soul, Zuleykha is the type of the yearning of the human heart for the ineffable beauty of the Creator ; and the woes and vicissitudes of the Egyptian princess are emblematic of the weary struggles of the soul in its search for that union with the Universal Spirit which is the end and aim of Persian mysticism. The ardour of supplicating Zuleykha and the cold purity of Joseph represent the eagerness of the soul and the inexorable demands of God, who will have naught but a perfect service. This double character has given the romance an unrivalled hold upon Persian poets. Whether as the history of human passion, or as the symbol of the yearning of the soul for Infinite Beauty, the story of Joseph and Zuleykha was equally attractive to the half-sensual, half-mystical spirit of the Persian poet, and there is no theme that has received so many tributes from singers of the most diverse orders. To the present day a "second Joseph" is the highest title by which beautiful youth can be praised, and the love of Zuleykha is the Eastern ideal of woman's passionate devotion. The romance has the additional merit of religious authority, for it is recounted at great length in the Koran, and Mohammad does not fear to call it a "most excellent story." As told in the Koran, however, Zuleykha is merely what we know by the name of Potiphar's wife ; in Persian poetry she is idealised into something very different. The character of this Eastern heroine as drawn by Jami, in the beautiful poem which Mr. Griffith has recently translated into charming English

verse,¹ is purified from the coarser elements which the Biblical narrative contains. By subtle indications of motives, and arrangement of the circumstances, the purity of Zuleykha is upheld in the face of apparently conflicting facts, and the final impression of the whole character which is left upon the mind is entirely noble and womanly. It is strange that so beautiful a poem has never before been translated, as a whole, into English. The only version we possessed until now was a little volume of selections from Rosenzweig's German translation put into good English prose by Mr. Robinson in the excellent miniature library of Persian poets which we are glad to see he has just now privately reprinted in a very tasteful form.²

The poem begins with a prologue and five cantos—if these short sections of about seventy lines can so be called—of a religious character, in praise of God and the Prophet. The next five cantos indicate the general subject. The poet writes of *Beauty*, queen of all, who “brings her chains, and we her slaves adore,” and *Love*, the meet interpreter of Beauty, without which we live in vain ; and Jami tells how he has lived for love, and now when his hair is white he will recount “some tale of love's adventure that may win His name remembrance in the world ;” he extols the power of *Speech*—

Speech, prince of new-born blossoms that belong
To Love, is prelude to Love's book of song,

and speech alone can express the wonder of Joseph's beauty and Zuleykha's love. The *Vision of Adam* tells how the first man foresaw and blessed the “Moon of Canaan” before the ages were ; and *Yusuf* (or Joseph) describes the ideal youth of Eastern poetry, whose

Happy mother,
Bore him the heavenly moon's terrestrial brother.
In the heart's garden a fair plant was reared ;
A bright young moon in the soul's heaven appeared ;

and tells how his kinsfolk contended for his guardianship, and Jacob found in him his sole delight—

From the sons that were round him he looked away,
And turned to him as we turn to pray.

The story itself now begins. It may be divided into four parts.

¹ Yusuf and Zulaikha : a Poem by Jami ; translated from the Persian into English verse by Ralph Griffith. (Trübner's Oriental Series, 1882.)

² Persian Poetry for English Readers : being specimens of six of the greatest classical poets of Persia—Firdusi, Nizami, Sadi, Jelal-ed-din Rumi, Hafiz, and Jami ; with biographical notices and notes. By S. Robinson. (Printed for private circulation, 1883.)

First, thirteen cantos are occupied with Zuleykha, before her meeting with Joseph ; second, eleven cantos tell the history of Joseph to his arrival in Egypt and admission into Potiphar's household ; third, twenty-four cantos describe the long and fruitless struggle of Zuleykha to win Joseph's love ; and fourth, in eight cantos, Joseph in power takes pity on her devotion, and they are happy together till death, the terminator of delights and separator of companions, comes to sunder them. Four cantos of a valedictory character, not translated by Mr. Griffith, conclude the poem.

The Zuleykha book opens with a picture of the heroine herself, the daughter of a King of the West, whose power and glory were unsurpassed, but of whose "royal house the most brilliant star, A gem from the chest where the treasures are," was Zuleykha herself—

Her stature was like to a palm-tree grown
 In the garden of grace where no sin is known.
 Bedewed by the love of her father the king,
 She mocked the cypress that rose by the spring.
 Sweet with the odour of musk, a snare
 To the heart of the wise was the maiden's hair.
 Tangled at night, in the morning through
 Her long thick tresses a comb she drew,
 And cleft the heart of the musk-deer in twain,
 As for that rare odour he sighed in vain.
 A dark shade fell from her loose hair sweet
 As jasmine over the rose of her feet . . .
 If on the eye of a lover she stepped,
 Her foot would float on the tear which he wept.

Surrounded by maidens like cypresses, with Peri faces, she was

heedless of fate and its cruel play,
 Sport was her business and life was gay ;

for as yet "to love and be loved was unknown to her." But the time came when her peace was to be broken, and fate was to press upon her with its heavy hand. One night as she slept a vision came before the eye of her spirit. The description of the sleeping earth is in Jami's finest style—

Sweet was the morning of life, the night
 Was filled like the spring-tide of youth with delight,
 Each bird was asleep, and each fish in the rill,
 And even the stream of events was still.
 In this garden, the joy of uncounted eyes,
 All were at rest save the stars in the skies.
 Night had hushed the tongue of the tinkling bell,
 And stolen the sense of the sentinel.
 His twisted tail, as he curled him round,
 Was a collar to choke the voice of the hound.

The bird of night had no power to sing,
For his reed was cut with the sword of his wing.
The drowsy watchman scarce raised his eye,
And the palace dome, where it rose on high,
Wore, as his senses had well-nigh fled,
The form of a monstrous poppy-head.
The drummer ceased, and his hand, o'ercome
By the might of slumber, lay still on the drum,
Ere the loud-voiced Muëzzin calling to prayer,
Had rolled up the beds of the sleepers there.

It was, then, when "the rose of her limbs strewed the couch
of her rest," that Zuleykha saw a soul-disturbing vision of a
youth—

 nay, a being from spirit-land,
From the world of glory, more lovely far
Than the large-eyed damsels of Paradise are.

The vision vanished all too soon, and

 When Night, the black raven, had flown away,
And the cock crew loud at the dawn of day,

Zuleykha's eyes searched the room for the youth of her dream
and found him not, "and she shrinks as a soft flower shrinks in the
cold."

It was impossible to reveal her secret to her unsuspecting maidens,
who wonder if the Evil Eye, or Magic, has affected their mistress.
She must hide her trouble.

 Her lips of sugar would laugh, but pain
 Knotted her heart like the sugar-cane.

And often she had well-nigh died before welcome night came, when
she could give her grief its way.

 Then she turned her face to the wall of lament,
 And her back was curved as a harp is bent.
 The strings of that harp were the streams from her eyes,
 And its voice was the tune of her ceaseless sighs.
 From the depths of her soul the wild music rose,
 And its treble and bass were the tale of her woes.

It was an ill enough fate to be robbed of her heart, but worse
when the robber was unknown and had vanished. Zuleykha bewails
her destiny, and pines and wastes, until a Shakespearian old
nurse discovers the cause and tells the king that his daughter is
dying of unrequited love. Suitors come from all the regions of the

earth, but she will have none of them. She has seen her vision yet twice again, and the beautiful youth has at length told her who he is—"In Egypt's land I am Grand Vizier." But no envoy comes from the banks of the Nile, and till he comes no suitor will she accept.

The soft wind blowing from Egypt's sand,
 Bringing dust to mine eyes from that happy land,
 Sweeter a hundredfold would be
 Than the musk-laden breezes of Tartary.

So her father, the King of the West, called to him a wise and discreet chamberlain, and sent him to Egypt, to the Grand Vizier, with this message to say—

· O Prince, on whose threshold lies
 Dust that is kissed by the circling skies,
 May the favour of Heaven increase each day
 Thy fame and honour and princely sway.
 In the House of Purity shines my Sun
 By whose splendour the envious moon is outdone.
 Purer than pearls in the virgin shells,
 Her splendour the lustre of stars excels.
 She veils her light from the world, and debars
 From the sight of her beauty the curious stars
 Only her comb may loosen each tress,
 And her mirror behold her loveliness.
 Only the coils of her hair are blest
 On her delicate foot for a while to rest.
 She shrinks away from that flower which throws
 The veil of her beauty aside—the rose :
 From the sweet narcissus her eyes decline,
 For its blossom is heavy and drunk with wine.
 Even her shadow's pursuit she would shun,
 And fly from the lustre of moon and sun.

From Rouin to Damascus beyond the flood
 Each heart for her love has drunk deep of blood,
 But longing for Egypt has filled her breast,
 And she turns her eye and her heart from the rest.
 Her eye towards Egypt has marked the road,
 And the Nile of her tears has for Egypt flowed.

The Grand Vizier is of course ready with true Eastern courtesy to receive his beautiful bride, who came without delay, accompanied by an escort in which the splendour of the great King of the West was worthily mirrored. A thousand youths, divinely fair and dressed in rich robes, mounted on horses of noble breed, surrounded her in a palanquin, and her dowry was carried on a thousand stately

camels, whose packs were loaded with gems and precious stones, musk, aloe and amber, and rich brocade; whilst her maidens were a thousand beautiful girls from Russia and Roum, fair Georgians and Circassians—

Their breasts were pomegranates, their mouths, half shut,
Showed each like a tender pistachio nut,
And over each bosom and cheek was spread
The sweet faint flush of a young rosebud.

The Grand Vizier met this gorgeous cavalcade with a corresponding splendour of train and trappings, and then when all was merry with music and singing, and bright with gay colours and all the pageantry of marriage joy, Zuleykha discovered that her bridegroom was not the youth of her visions, not Yusuf at all, but Pharaoh's chief eunuch. Zuleykha exhausts the metaphors of despair in bewailing the mistake, and is hardly rescued from death by the whispered comfort of Gabriel, the messenger of Heaven, who tells her that only by wedding with the Vizier can she hope for a meeting with Joseph. She submits, and the unwelcome husband gives her everything that an Oriental imagination can conceive in luxury and splendour, and waits upon her with unresting devotion. The ladies of Memphis come to call on her, and she welcomes them sweetly, while her heart is in pain and her thoughts are far away. She pines for the absent lover, and when the first breath of dawn ends her sleepless night, she invokes the

Wind of the morning, whose soft touch floods
With musky odour the jasmine buds,
That makes the cypress and lily so fair,
And decks the rose-leaf and the spikenard's hair.
The heart has rest when thy light wings stir,
For thou art the lover's fleet messenger.

And she bids the wind seek in all distant lands for the cypress form of her king, and should it meet any caravan, "led by a gallant heart-ravishing man," the wind shall but look with *her* eyes on that prince, and he will come to her, and her heart will forget its wounds.

The Joseph-book is not so interesting. It begins with a description of Jacob's house, or rather of the lote-tree in Jacob's court from whence his sons cut their sticks. Joseph was too beautiful to have a common sapling to walk with, so Jacob obtained for him a topaz staff from heaven. Thus were the first seeds of envy sown among his brethren. Joseph's dream is then told, and envy

waxes fiercer. The Biblical story of the casting into the pit or well follows, with much vivid description. The well was

Like the grave of a tyrant, deep, dark as night,
It struck with horror the reason's sight.
Like the mouth of a dragon its black jaws gaped—
A terrible portal whence none escaped.
A tyrant's dungeon was not so deep,
Where deadly snakes o'er the prisoner creep.

But Gabriel brought Joseph a heavenly shirt, which protected him, and soon the caravan from Midian came to water, and Joseph leaped into the bucket and was safely drawn up. No Reuben intervenes in Jami's version, but the man who pulled up the bucket becomes the owner of Joseph, and proceeds to Memphis to sell him. The whole city ran wild about his beauty, and even his master addressed the handsome slave in respectful terms when he suggested the advisability of a bath—

“O world adorer,” said Malik, “awhile
Light with thy splendour the banks of the Nile.
Bathe in the stream, and the waters shall flee
More bright from the dust they shall borrow from thee.”

Zuleykha heard of the newest sensation in the slave market, and, of course, became the purchaser of Joseph at a fabulous price.

A very curious interlude here occurs. Before introducing us to the long and fruitless wooing with which Zuleykha besieges the cold heart of her slave, Jami evidently wishes us to understand the true moral of the story, and to realise that the passion of the Egyptian princess is but an allegory of the desire of the soul for the mystical Infinite Beauty of Sufi philosophy. And with this object another damsel is brought upon the scene, a certain Bazigha, so beautiful that the land became sweet with her smile, and

Her sugar lips had a laugh to enchain
The knotty heart of the sugar-cane.

She would have none of the nobles of Egypt, but as soon as she heard of Joseph her love was kindled, and when she saw him she swooned as all Oriental heroes and heroines should do in moments of emotion. Bazigha came to and addressed the youth in language of tenderest adoration, but Joseph stopped her with—it must be owned—a sermon; but it was a sermon of interest, because it shows spiritual intention of the poet, and declares very plainly the great of Persian mysticism—

“I am the work of that Maker,” said he,
“From whose ocean one drop is enough for me.
Heaven is but a dot which His pen has made,
And the earth but a bud in His garden displayed.
The sun is a spark of His wisdom’s light,
And a bubble the world of the sea of His might.
From atoms He made us, as mirrors to shine
With the borrowed light of His face divine.
Screened by dark curtains from human eye,
On His pure perfection no stain may lie.
Whatever fair to thy sight appears
Is the light of His face when thy vision clears.
Dost thou see the reflection? Then fly to Him
To whom faint is that shadow and cold and dim.
It lasts but a moment, this borrowed ray,
As the bloom of the rose and her scent decay :
Dost thou seek the eternal, the firm, the true?
Then fix on Him ever thy steadfast view.
'Tis this that pierces our hearts with pain,
That fair things are with us—ah! not to remain.”

Bazigha was converted by this discourse ; in the words of the poet, “she folded love’s carpet and laid it aside.” Thenceforward she will devote herself to a life of prayer and contemplation ; and she has chosen the better part, says Jami, and made her nest in the world of reality—

For Form is manifold, Truth is one.
In Number trouble and error lie.
To Unity then for sure refuge fly.

Zuleykha, however, unlike Bazigha, became more and more enamoured of her beautiful slave—or rather her master, for it was she who waited on him and he who was served. She wishes she wore a thread of his vest, or that her arms were his girdle ; and as she combed his hair, she wove but a net for her own soul from the amber locks. But Joseph is not moved a whit, and Jami moralises pertinently on the evil fate of one who loves like this, for

How should his days in sweet calm pass by
Who must drink of the blood of his heart or die?

All her arts were unavailing. If she wept, Joseph fled ; if she gazed on him, he looked on the ground ; if their eyes met, his look glanced away from her. She pines away in tears and sighs ; and though she tries to recall her woman’s dignity and to abandon him who will not be wooed, she cannot forget her love. Musk keeps its scent,

And how may the lover have power to part
From the soul of his soul and the heart of his heart?

The ancient nurse interposes, and tells Joseph of his mistress's love ; but the young man is immovable. Zuleykha then tries to seduce him by means of her maidens—a hundred, fair and tall, with bosoms of jessamine. But all the allurements of these damsels were useless. Joseph preached the true religion to them “from the fall of night till the morning broke,” and each went away contrite and ashamed. Zuleykha came and found a holy light on all their countenances, but most of all on his ; so “she lit in her bosom the torch of regret,” and retired to despair in her own chamber. Then she built him a palace, and ordered a cunning painter to depict their love in moving semblance on the walls, and roses were linked together on the carpet. She dressed herself in her richest attire and led Joseph through the palace. She has made her last cast, and the poet has invested this last long wooing with a dramatic power and an almost repulsive beauty which is not attained in any other part of his poem. It is the “Venus and Adonis” of the East, but *longo intervallo*, we must admit, when we remember the Western. The last motive in this scene of Jami's is singularly fine. Zuleykha has almost won the victory ; Joseph's excuses have been combated one by one, and he is tired of the contest and fain to love as he is loved. Suddenly he asks what the curtained recess in the chamber contains. It is her idol ; but she is ashamed to be seen by it, and has therefore drawn the curtain. And Joseph marvels that she can be abashed before a lifeless idol, while he himself is not afraid to sin before the living and all-seeing God ; and he breaks away and flees from her.

Then follows the false charge. Joseph is, however, vindicated by an infant witness, and after his release comes one of the most striking scenes in the poem. Zuleykha summons the ladies of Memphis, who were busy with her scandal, to a royal feast, and when it is done they are each served with a knife and an orange. Suddenly Joseph is brought before them, and every dame of them all instantly cuts her fingers with the excitement of his beauty. Zuleykha was able to read them a moral, and their tongues were silenced. Joseph is again imprisoned, however, as he still proves intractable, and the fellow-prisoners, king's dream, and the rest of the Biblical narrative follow in due course. Joseph is now Grand Vizier. Zuleykha's long-suffering husband is dead. She herself is blind and poor and lonely, deprived of beauty and friends and wealth by her ill-fated love. She listens for the tramp of Joseph's horse as he rides by her hut on his stately progresses, and the long years of solitary piety are relieved by such chance joys as this. At length her purification is perfected. She has atoned by a life of prayer

and contemplation for the passion of her youth, and at last she is led before Joseph and tells him the story of her love and her atonement. Then Joseph prays to Heaven, and her beauty is restored as of yore—

From each musky tress fled the traces of white,
To the black narcissus came beauty and light.

Joseph now thinks he has done enough ; but the maiden, restored to youth, still seeks his love. Even still he is obdurate, until a voice from heaven solemnly joins them—

“ Mine eyes have seen her in humble mood ;
I heard her prayer when to thee she sued.
At the sight of her labours, her prayers, and sighs,
The waves of the sea of My pity rise.
Her soul from the sword of despair I free,
And here from My throne I betroth her to thee.”

Here the story reaches its climax, and here Mr. Griffith wisely ends his translation. What remains of the original would infallibly appear in the light of bathos. As it is, the poem is one of musical beauty—perhaps more beautiful than any other sustained work in Persian literature, save Firdusi's "Epic of Kings," of which so charming a selection has recently been published by Miss Helen Zimmern. As we read of the desperate love repelled, the struggling soul cast down yet not despairing, we think of another beautiful allegory, wherein the love of Eros and Psyche shadowed forth a more mysterious union, and where the end resembled that of Joseph and Zuleykha—when Love

Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Makes her his eternal bride.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

THE TRAMP'S HAVEN.

Homely, ragged, and tanned,
Under the changeful sky, &c.—*The Vagabond.*

MISFORTUNES greatly open the mind and mentally enlighten us, and are so far to be hailed as our deliverers, inasmuch as, when once plunged by them into the depths of misery, we appreciate the more any slight benefit that may accrue to us, and, once raised from the abyss, experience a feeling of contentment with circumstances and surroundings, however modest, that in the days of our former prosperity we should have looked upon almost as hardships. To a mind capable of undergoing such impressions I cannot recommend a more salutary cure for extravagant ideas, and consequent production of contentment, than my experience of the Casual Ward in Sinai Avenue, where I discovered that I had capped all my former follies and evil-doings by a crime that, until that night, I had not been aware of having committed—the most heinous of all—poverty. The victim to this criminal malady can, in its advanced stages, hardly be reckoned as a human being; he is to be classed with unclean beasts and venomous reptiles, with this difference, that whereas the latter are killed instantly when once under the heel of their lord and master—Man, the pauper, on the other hand, is made to die, or rather live as it were, a slow and lingering death—a mortal life—so ignominious, so shameful, that the most exquisite tortures of Torquemada's tribunal would be a mere *bagatelle* in comparison with the sufferings that he must undergo. For at least around the victims of the Inquisition there was shed the lustre and halo of martyrdom, that to some degree, in the eyes of the fervent, atoned for the horror of the death; but the unfortunate creature, termed, when an inmate of the workhouse—a pauper, and when at large penniless, friendless, and starving—a vagabond, what is he? This is what he is: a creature utterly lost to the possession of all individual rights; he has merely the outward semblance of man. He has, it is true, the same number of veins and arteries as the most adored of modern society; but his very breath, his limbs, his sinews are not his own; the wretched rags, swarming with vermin, that barely cover his own

nakedness, are not so much intended for their original purpose as that his superiors may wipe their feet upon them.¹

Worn-out, footsore, famished, travel-stained, the tramp arrives in London, after many nights passed on the bare roadside under a hedge or a hay-stack, and, perhaps, as a dishonoured guest in one of those dens similar to the one that he now hails as a haven, and which are a standing disgrace and shame to this our enlightened country. There, at least, he will obtain a crust of bread and a straw-pallet, grudgingly bestowed it is true, and to be paid for by hours of labour on the morrow.

I have been led into this somewhat lugubrious train of thought by the memory of the experience vouchsafed to me upon a previous occasion, when I, for a period extending something over twenty hours, became an inmate of the Casual Ward in Sinai Avenue. One eventful evening—and I shall not easily forget it—I found myself fairly at a loss where to obtain shelter for the night. During the few weeks previous, since the horrors and sufferings of poverty had come upon me, I had succeeded in extricating myself (or, more properly speaking, Providence had extricated me) from my temporary dilemmas; but this night I was fairly driven to bay, and I pondered within me what course I should pursue. Should I walk the streets during the whole of the night, miserably clad as I was, and famished? But then, on the other hand, why go through so much martyrdom? On the morrow, my position by this act of deprivation would be unimproved, and my sufferings would have become intensified. At length my mind was made up. I would take advantage of the charity provided by my wealthier fellow-creatures; and, dismissing some wandering, yet not entirely evanescent, ideas of suicide, I directed my faltering steps towards my destination.

Sinai Avenue is *not* situated in a quarter of the capital by any means in keeping with the character of this charitable and hospitable institution, nor (may it be added on the other hand) is the entertainment there to be met with administered at all in the manner in which it is lavished in mansions situated but a few yards off. Sinai Avenue is *not* surrounded on all sides by a labyrinth of filthy alleys and lanes teeming and seething with vagabond turbidity; but, on the contrary, reposes at a stone's throw from one of London's best-known squares. It was dusk when I attained these environs of contrarities, and paused, animated by no agreeable thoughts—by *such* thoughts, in fact, as were most likely to occur to one upon such an eventful occasion; at

¹ This last expression was actually made use of by a tramp with whom I was once conversing.

length eight o'clock sounded from a neighbouring church and I started from my painful reverie. To my surprise, the vicinity of the entrance whereat I had taken my stand, and which but a few moments before had been almost deserted (the habitual frequenters having shrunk shudderingly by, in deadly fear doubtless of the fate that overtook birds when fluttering over the entrance to *Avernus*), was now occupied by a long line of vitality of a most motley description, their abject feelings prompting them to shrink as closely as possible to the railings; at the sign of the wicket being opened, they sidled into the interior, myself among them, the burly janitor who acted as porter counting each individual by inflicting upon his shoulders something partaking of the nature of a blow and a "shove" combined, and, his number completed, peremptorily closing the door to the remainder. Men and women alike were ushered into a room or hall of considerable size, presenting that mixed appearance of plainness, cleanliness, and deal boards characteristic of workhouses. With the women I have nothing to do; after certain formalities had been fulfilled they were led away by the matron (a harsh-visaged virago) to some secret portion of the building that it was not permitted to my gaze to fathom, and I saw no more of them; consequently, I shall confine my remarks entirely to my immediate associates—the men. It occurred to my mind as I gazed around the bare apartment, so devoid of ornamentation of any description, that the arms of the parish might well have been displayed upon some part of the wall in a conspicuous situation, so that some of the occupants of the rows of bare benches might have been thoroughly convinced as to their whereabouts, should they have any doubt upon the subject. The seal of the *Guardians*, by-the-by, is a pretty and appropriate device (as all the world knows), comprising a sheaf of wheat, with "fiddle"¹ pendant, surmounted by two swords inclining cross-ways, the whole inclosed within what I at first poetically imagined to be a *St. Catherine's Wheel*, but which is in fact a less romantic and more modern symbol of martyrdom, viz. the wheel of a corn mill. Returning, however, to thoughts less visionary and more appropriate to the occasion, I turned my regard upon my companions for the night, and never in my life did I—and most fervently do I hope never shall I again—gaze upon a scene that even in the midst of my own troubles typically revealed to me all the harrowing idiosyncrasies of poverty. One and all were clothed in rags that exposed rather than covered

¹ This is not a musical instrument, but an elegant and ingenious contrivance made use of in workhouses for the purpose of facilitating the operation of picking oakum.

their nakedness, and upon the countenances of most was pictured that look of abject penury that stamped the being accustomed to perpetual misery. By this time the porter, or more strictly speaking the tramp-master, had imposingly taken his seat at a table situated at the head of the apartment (I have seen the Lord High Chancellor of England assume his seat upon the Woolsack with far less ceremonial); and as I eventually came into contact with this functionary, in a manner somewhat humiliating to my dignity, I will devote a few lines to the description of this Nebuchadnezzar, before whom all stood in awe.

He was a tall, stoutly built, burly man, provided with a stomach that denoted by proof ocular that if the paupers themselves are half-starved in a workhouse, the same remark need not be applied to the officials of those institutions. His countenance was heavy, sensual, and brutal, indicating self-indulgence and a propensity to cruelty; but was not wanting in a certain kind of intelligence withal, which, however, is at best a species of cunning that, in the facility it affords to its owner to take advantage of circumstances, is productive of the epithet of "fly." He himself gave this quality another term, as will be eventually seen. This agreeable physiognomy was illuminated at the upper extremities by a pair of greenish-hued, baleful optics, whilst the lower was decorated by a full dark beard—the whole being surmounted by a greasy threadbare skull-cap that had once been velvet. This magnate having settled himself firmly in his chair, and having opened a huge volume placed upon the table before him, assumed a pair of spectacles, dipped the pen in the inkstand, and took a look round with the eye of a slaughterman running his gaze over a bevy of sheep, and mentally calculating which he shall first select for the knife.

No one stirring, the tramp-master grew impatient, and cried out in a loud, surly voice: "Now then, No. 1, come on, if you're coming."

The man crouching on the extremity of the first row of seats, nearest to the chairman, considering that this amiable invitation was addressed to him, rose, and shuffled towards the table, when, at the peremptory order of the dictator, having removed his head-gear, he stood, the veriest picture of sordid humility, and responded to the following interrogations, dictatorial enough in themselves, but furthermore couched in the most contemptuous language, and rendered still more intolerable by every look, act, and gesture that place it in the power of trumpety authority to trample upon the unfortunate victim of circumstances.

"What's yer name, if you've got one?"

“Samuel Smith,” was the rejoinder.

“How old are yer?”

“Thirty-two.”

“*What* are yer?” (with the most contemptuous emphasis on the word *what*.)

“Nothing!” was the demure reply.

The castigator was evidently accustomed to this mode of indicating a pursuit in life, for he inserted a word in the book without comment.

The fourth question was answered still more characteristically.

“Where did you sleep last night?”

“Nowhere,” was the answer.

“Nowhere?” repeated the scribe, with ever so little evidence of astonishment and slightly elevating his eyebrows; then added, after a pause, “Are yer going back to the same place?” At this sally there was an attempt at a very slight titter on the part of the assembled congregation, and one old vagabond, evidently irresistibly tickled by the cheerful nature of the comic scene, indulged in a hoarse chuckle, and nudged his neighbour with his elbow.

The gesture did not escape the prowling eye of the Cerberus, who apparently this evening was in one of his playful moods: “Look here, old chap,” roared he, “you ought to have something else to think about besides laughing when you come here. If you were a young man, I’d pitch yer out.”

The poor old *misérable* completely collapsed at this energetic reproof, and shrank within himself, whilst the tramp-master, having relieved his feelings by this unmistakable assertion of authority, continued his cross-examination.

“Where are you going to?” was the next question.

“Anywhere!” answered the vagrant.

“Anywhere,” repeated the catechiser; “you must say where you’re going to, if it’s only to the nearest pump.” The poor wretch murmured something unintelligible, which was duly inserted.

Question No. 6—“Have yer got any money?”—I at first thought somewhat superfluous, but, as the individual to whom the question was addressed was actually in the possession of one halfpenny and a farthing, I altered my opinion, and mentally acknowledged the surpassing wisdom of the interrogation.

“Take everything out of your pockets and pitch them into that basket,” said the master, indicating the “*pot-à-salade*”¹ in question,

¹ “*Pot-à-salade*” was the name given to the basket into which the head fell after having been severed from the trunk by the guillotine.

that was placed upon the floor next to the table. The man produced a few miserable penates enveloped in a dirty piece of newspaper. "Shall I put the three fardens in with them?" said he, bending down earnestly and inquiringly.

"No, give *me* your money," said the task-master with an air of sleek pomposity, "and p'r'aps I'll give it yer back in the morning."

At this juncture a loud knocking was distinguishable from the exterior, to which, however, the president paid not the slightest attention.

"There's some one knocking at the door, sir," squeaked a shrill tenor from the benches.

"Well, let them knock," answered he contemptuously; "they won't get in to-night unless they break the door down, and I'll take care they don't do that."

"Number one" then returned to his seat, and was succeeded by number two. It would be wearisome to recapitulate the answers delivered to the same series of questions, which, to be brief, were repeated to all, and of which the answers of number one were fairly typical with slight variations. In fact, one and all seemed to be starving; had no idea when or how they would obtain their next meal; appeared hardly to know where they had been, whither they were going, and except in the case of the most hardened vagabonds seemed hardly cognisant of where they actually were.

One old misery, who had evidently served his time of three-score and ten, greatly excited the ire of the task-master by being in possession of threepence, and by endeavouring to conceal the same by a subterfuge. Upon its discovery the latter indulged in a powerful classical address appropriate to the occasion, and, inserting the guilty coppers in his fob, concluded with a remark more sensibly humane than I could have expected from his former evidence of brutality, which was to the effect that an old man like the culprit need not feel ashamed at having a few "a'pence" in his pocket, nor need he tell a lie to conceal it.

At length my own turn came, which, with a nervous timidity, easily conceivable upon such an occasion, I had hesitatingly postponed until almost the last. The functionary whose duties are ostensibly to afford relief to the poor, being as I have already observed in a sweet and playful mood, had not hitherto discovered in the commonplace nature of the cases passed in review before him a strictly appropriate subject for the exhibition of his peculiar banter, nor, as it appeared, had the spring been touched that gave full play to his amiable wit and humour and propensity to repartee.

As ill-luck would have it, I, by my total ignorance of the forms observable in such places as the present, where I was now an unwilling applicant, and the blundering manner in which I answered his surly interrogatories, furnished him with the missing key-note.

It will be here necessary to state that, being in ill-health from recent exposure in a tropical climate, I had obtained a certificate from my friend Dr. Coupons, to the effect that I desired treatment in a Workhouse Infirmary, and this certificate I had presented according to instructions received from the doctor at the workhouse itself the preceding evening, and, having been informed that the infirmary was "au complet," I had been recommended by the porter, who favoured me with this information, to apply for admittance at the Casual Ward at the opening hour, and to present myself before the doctor of that establishment in the morning.

It so happened that, upon this particular evening, an ugly rush unexpectedly took place when the door was opened, and I failed to gain admittance. I, however, applied to the Cerberus, stating the urgency of my case, and referring to the order that I had received in the morning from Dr. Coupons; but he answered that he was unable to admit me, and declined to examine the order in question. Upon leaving, I was so irritated by my want of success and the dogged manner in which the refusal was framed to what I, in my innocence (ignorant of the position that parochial authorities through their satellites take up *vis-à-vis* of applicants to their bounty), considered to be a most harmless and reasonable request, somewhat impatiently and imprudently, as it afterwards transpired, exclaimed "that rather than enter one of those dens I would throw myself into the river." Utterly ignorant of the forms in use for obtaining admittance to Union Infirmaries, on the following day it occurred to me that I could do nothing better than present myself again at the same hour, taking care this time to gain admittance, and eventually see the doctor in the morning.

This, it is unnecessary to say, I had consequently done. I now found myself in a most awkward predicament, being under the necessity of accepting hospitality (such as it was) that I had barely twenty-four hours before contemptuously repudiated; join to this my state of mental anxiety, the physical disabilities under which I was labouring, and the precarious nature of my prospects—the reader, if endowed with but a drop of the milk of human kindness, will easily imagine the unenviable nature of my feelings. In fact, the sentiments that predominated within me at this moment were simply indescribable; I desired, moreover, to propitiate the animal before me by the modesty

of my demeanour, and to maintain at the same time something of the bearing of a man who had once been possessed of considerable advantages in a mundane sense—wilfully discarded ; a bearing that sometimes disarms brutality and puts a curb upon insolence.

Strange to say, it never occurred to me not to allude to the verbal *fracas* of the preceding evening, as this man had nothing whatever to do with the workhouse itself, far less with the infirmary, being simply the master of the Casual Ward. Of all this, I repeat, I was in entire ignorance.

I approached the table with a slow and hesitating step, and by no means with the matchless dignity mingled with grace attributed by the Northern Minstrel to Bois-Guilbert, as when, benighted (in his turn) by the storm, he advanced up the Hall of Rotherwood to take advantage of the half-unwilling hospitality of Cedric the Saxon, nor did my appearance correspond externally with the flowing robes of the warlike crusader. My attire was in fact unique. The upper portion of my body was shrouded in a coat, that evidently to the most obtuse observer did not belong to its original, if legitimate, owner, whilst my nether limbs were encased in a pair of trousers presented to me some time before by a benign friend who had accidentally upset upon them some description of acid ; the natural shabbiness of my appearance was thus enhanced by the corrosive matter absolutely in various places eating the garment off my limbs. I bore, moreover, an expression on my miserable countenance that would have excited the commiseration of all but those who, by long intercourse with the poor, are hardened to wretchedness in all its aspects. But in this case the effect was quite the reverse ; the tramp-master saw nothing before him but a fresh object for his banter. He took a slow, deliberate look at me as I approached the table, and being an acute man took in the whole situation at a glance.

“What’s yer name?” began he, eyeing me curiously.

“Downatheel,” answered I, meekly.

“Lord Downatheel, Earl Downatheel?” inquired he insolently, with a look at the nether garment before alluded to.

“No,” answered I, “nor Duke Downatheel either. Slitcoat is my Christian name.” And down went into the omniscient volume my patronymic of Slitcoat Downatheel.

Now, as I have said before, had I simply confined myself to answering his questions, all would have been as well as could have been expected under such circumstances ; I should have obtained my night’s lodging, and should have been allowed to go about my business on the following morning. But no, sooner had I launched

into my story, and hardly had the name of Dr. Coupons issued from my lips, when a gleam of gratified malice shot from the monster's eyes, and, settling himself more firmly in his chair, he said to me, weighing with great deliberation each word—

“Didn't you come here last night?”

“I did,” I answered calmly.

“And didn't you,” continued he in the same tone, “tell me a cock-and-a-bull story about Dr. Coupons recommending you for admittance to the infirmary?”

“It is perfectly true,” I replied. “I was told by the porter at the principal entrance to apply here at eight o'clock for the purpose of seeing the doctor in the morning, as it was too late to see him then.”

“And so,” continued he in the same ironical tone, “you came here this evening to be too late again, just because you were too lazy, too cursed lazy, to come at a proper time.”

I immediately entered into an explanation, but he would not allow me to continue; I offered at the same time to show him the passport from Dr. Coupons, but he answered impatiently, “I don't want to see it.” Finding myself totally incapable of making the slightest impression on my amiable host, I then asked him with great simplicity, “What do you advise me to do, then, sir?”

“You can stand on your head, if you like,” was the sympathetic answer.

This piece of advice, the very last that I should have suspected of being of any practical utility to me in my present distress, left me completely dumbfounded. After a pause he added, “I can give you a night's lodging.” He then proceeded to the second interrogatory.

“How old are yer?”

“Thirty,” I answered.

“*What* are yer?”

“Lately discharged,” I replied, “from the ‘Austral Brigands’ on account of ill-health.”

“I don't want to know what you've been,” he rejoined. “What are yer now?”

“I have no occupation at present,” I answered, “or I should not be here.”

“Well, you are a *tramp*, then,” and down went the word “tramp,” after my hereditary appellation of Slitcoat Downatheel.

“Where were you discharged?” he continued.

“At Georgetown,” I replied.

“How did you get back? Did they send you over?”

“Yes.”

“Well,” he continued, “I’m not surprised at their discharging you from the ‘Brigands’; they want people with what is called ‘nous’ out in the Colonies—at least, they did in my time—a thing that you don’t seem to have got. Are you a good hand at picking oakum?”

“No,” I answered, with a hectic attempt at a smile.

“Well,” said he, “you’ll have a good spell of it to-morrow, if that’s any consolation to you.”

With the consolatory reflections induced by this last remark, I returned to my seat.

It would be hard indeed if the poor-law authorities inflicted all these humiliations upon candidates for their bounty without a reward in some shape or another beaming in the immediate future; and doubtless, under the presumption that hunger is one of the principal motives that drive people to accept this species of hospitality, means are provided for the refreshment of the inner man.

The grand inquisitor now rose from his chair and approached the benches, bearing a wooden tray containing a quantity of pieces of brown bread corresponding to the number of guests assembled, gruffly ordering each individual to “take one”; each, in response to this cordial invitation, plunged his hand into the receptacle and withdrew it, containing a portion of the bread in question. The principal ingredient in the composition of this *panacea* seemed to me, to judge by the flavour, to be sawdust; and if it did not serve the purpose of appeasing hunger, it possessed at least the somewhat doubtful advantage of being singularly provocative of thirst.

The insertion of the names and descriptions, interlarded as it had been by the appropriate jocosity of the tramp-master, had occupied some considerable time, but the ceremonial, as will be ultimately seen, was far from being concluded.

The bread having been distributed, we proceeded to devour it, but not before we had been thoroughly searched; and no dynamite or other explosive material being discovered upon our miserable persons, we were ushered in great state—that is to say, we were driven like so many wolves—into another portion of what Bucklaw, in the “Bride of Lammermoor,” would have termed this “beggarly castle of starvation,” preparatory to benefiting by our much-needed repose.

I must now touch upon a subject that I approach with extreme diffidence, but which it would be impossible to omit, constituting as it

does one of the most important features of the hospitality accorded by the parochial authorities ; and in fear that ears polite may be offended, I will extricate myself from the temporary difficulty by addressing my remarks, bearing upon this particular subject, to devout students of the Koran. These latter then, knowing the importance attributed to cleanliness by the votaries of Mahomet, will not be surprised to find that one of the most salient points in the night's entertainment provided in the Casual Ward is the Oriental ceremony of the bath.

The religious element to be observed to so marked a degree in the Mussulman custom is in its Protestant prototype conspicuous by its absence, nor is the vernacular generally in use upon the occasion, or, indeed, the whole machinery of the institution, productive of divine ideas or inductive of religious inspirations—unless the much-cherished axiom be borne in mind of cleanliness being next to godliness. Be this as it may, the object of this institution is strictly corporeal and sanitary rather than religious, and if becomingly carried out would be in accordance with necessity, although the same brutality is observable in its infliction that characterises every phase of the hospitality granted to the unfortunate devotees—guilty of that most heinous crime of all, poverty.

To resume, after this slight digression, we now found ourselves in a species of shed or outhouse, situated at the back of the building, where we were ordered to remain whilst the “bath” was being prepared for our reception ; and, judging by the appearance of some of my companions that more than one of them would soon be able to walk without the exercise of his limbs, I mentally resolved to be, if possible, one of the first. In the course of a few minutes a voice was heard from the exterior, exclaiming, “Now then, come on four of you !” and the requisite number immediately issued forth, myself among them, where a few paces led us to the foot of a rickety flight of wooden steps, which we duly ascended, and attaining the summit found our further progress, I was about to say barred by a door, but, the night being extremely cold, the door was upon this occasion hospitably thrown open, so that we should not lack ventilation during the process of disrobing and immersion.

The interior presented that of a small room, in one corner of which, but in a separate compartment, stood the famous “bath.” My companions in misfortune I should say, speaking roughly, numbered about thirty souls, and the whole of us, each in our turn, were to be immersed in this single receptacle. This, to the innocent reader, would appear to be somewhat of a lengthy operation, but the

parish authorities possess in the master of the ceremonies, who now performed the function of entertaining Her Majesty's brigade of vagabonds, a master-spirit equal to any emergency, however insurmountable the obstacles might appear ; and it was a source of no small wonder to me, and has been ever since, why such a *bel esprit* occupied so lowly a station. He now proceeded to expedite matters, and to be brief, instead of thirty "coups," the tramp-master, with the power of calculation of a chancellor of the exchequer or the keenness of vision of the most astute Monte Carlian, made fifteen by the simple mathematical process of ordering two individuals to plunge into the bath at the same time ; the operation being repeated until the whole thirty had performed their ablutions by absolutely bathing in one another's filth. Not once was the water changed ; as soon as two were out another two were in, and so on to the end of the chapter.

I marvelled at the time what reasons, sanitary or other, could possibly justify such an act of wholesale bestiality, and what were the mysterious economical precepts (secreted probably in the brain of some inscrutable Guardian) that failed to acknowledge the necessity for more than one bath and one supply of tepid water for thirty human beings to be plunged in two at a time, several of whom I noticed were suffering from various descriptions of skin diseases. In a similar establishment that I once had occasion to visit in the City I was informed that there were three baths provided, one of which was particularly reserved for diseases of the skin ; but in this pandemonium no such precaution was considered necessary. Each man entered the bath dirty, and issued therefrom dirtier still, and perhaps in addition had the good fortune to contract some contagious malady. By the provision of two or three baths cleanliness would have been observed, or at least something in the shape of it, and undue humiliation would not have been inflicted—not upon a collection of hyænas and jackals escaped from the gardens of the Zoological Society—but upon a score or two of human beings whose only crime was poverty.

“Put yer head under !” said the tramp-master, who was presiding over the whole of the arrangements, to me, when my turn came to step into the bowl of ditch-water. I may here observe, parenthetically, that upon a former occasion, which among the tramps has attained the dignity of being historical, one of the guests entertained in this same hospitable mansion happened to be a gigantic negro, who, either misunderstanding the order to plunge his head into the

greasy mixture, or, what is more probable, being unwilling to do so, the tramp-master, losing patience (and not possessing the necessary amount of *nous*, notwithstanding his colonial experience, to be aware that there are certain occasions when negroes are not always philosophers), violently pushed the man's head beneath the surface. The black immediately sprang out, seized his burly persecutor in his arms, and fairly hurled him into the bath, clothed as he was—whence he extricated himself with something less than his usual dignity. From that time the tramp-master confined his operations when superintending the ablutions to a verbal order.

The ceremonial was now concluded for the evening, and we all passed from the bath-room into the dormitory, or whatever name would be most appropriate to describe an apartment resembling the interior of a barn, provided with a somewhat steep and lofty roof, and along the sides of which were ranged two rows of what I, in my ignorance, at first imagined to be paupers' coffins. I must confess that I was startled for the moment, and the thought occurred to my mind that our sufferings were about to be terminated by a holocaust, and that it was intended to immolate us and subsequently bury us all on the premises ; and that, in addition, we were on the point of being elevated from our present degradation to the dignity of the Castilian monarchs, who, by a visit to the subterranean chapel beneath the Escorial, can behold, whenever the fancy seizes them, their sepulchral urns.

There was no ground for alarm, however, for on a closer inspection what I imagined to be paupers' coffins turned out to be straw-mattresses spread upon the ground, and separated from one another by a deal board. Upon each of these luxurious couches was what by a stretch of imagination might in parochial language be termed—a blanket, but which in reality was a threadbare quilt of the most meagre description, which, whatever might be its ostensible object, utterly failed to guarantee the shivering caitiff shrinking beneath it from the frigidity of the atmosphere.

Over the summit of our beds, or rather *dosses*, as they are termed in Bohemian parlance, and extending the whole length of the wall, was a shelf, upon which we were ordered to place our rags formed into a bundle—a night-garment in the shape of a cotton shirt being lent to us for the occasion by the institution. We were not permitted to place our clothes upon our beds to further an increase of warmth, and, it being cold for the period of the year, my sufferings were intense, and were greatly enhanced by the peculiar nature of my situation, by my doubts as to the treatment I should meet with

on the morrow, and by my harrowing anxieties. At length, at a late hour, I forgot my cares in a troubled slumber.

I had been awake but a few minutes when, at the matutinal hour of six, as I should judge, the door was thrown open and the tormentor of the preceding evening made his appearance in his shirt-sleeves. I had enjoyed a banquet composed of brown bread and water, had partaken of the luxury of the bath, and had profited by a night's lodging—now was to come the hour of reckoning.

“Now then,” roared he, at the top of his voice; “out of it, all of you; tumble out! tumble out! Roll up your mattresses,” continued he, with the commanding air and gesture of a Roman general giving the order to his legionaries, “and put your shirts on the top of them.” This operation being soon performed, and our toilet completed with equal rapidity, we all passed out of the dormitory into the bath-room, and thence by the flight of rickety stairs we emerged into the chill morning air.

The master having selected some half-dozen as cleaners, served out to each of the remainder, after duly weighing it in the scales, a bundle of short pieces of tarred rope to be unravelled and picked, by means of the fingers, into a fibre as fine as the production of the silkworm, and we all entered the shed or outhouse, the *salle d'attente* where we had waited the night before, previous to the arrival of our turn for taking part in that ceremony that I most cordially hope I shall never more have occasion to refer to.

A more miserable aspect than that presented by this den would be difficult to describe, and as I gazed upon the blackened walls, and upon my companions ragged and forlorn *accroupis* upon the two rows of benches, engaged in their hideous and ignoble employment, I fairly owned to myself that never until this moment had I known what misery was. And here was I to remain the whole of the day, for it would be a moral impossibility to my inexperience to complete my task within the prescribed limits, eleven o'clock being the hour of deliverance. An allowance of bread, of the same magnitude as that issued the preceding evening, was now distributed to us by the task-master, and, should it be necessary to detain any of us until eight o'clock at night, this was all that we had to depend upon to support nature.

An incident now occurred that it would be well to place before the public eye—an incident that I beheld with mingled disgust and rage, and after being a spectator of which I unhesitatingly affirm, and shall always maintain, that given a task-master possessing the necessary

amount of brutality, and a pauper in the last stage of destitution, the position of the latter is as downtrodden as that of the serfs before they were emancipated by the late Emperor of Russia. The victim upon this occasion was not a colossal negro, but a discharged soldier of emaciated aspect, slightly made and considerably under the middle height, and, as it afterwards transpired, in an advanced state of consumption, possessing only one lung—a worthy object for the barbarity of this transplantation from Siberia to the banks of the Thames.

Like myself, he had presented himself for the purpose of seeing the doctor, and being ill and infirm stated his inability to perform the task allotted to him when ordered to do so by the master. No sooner had the refusal passed his lips than the gaoler seized him by the shoulders and pushed him outside the door with great violence, inflicting at the same time more than one blow on the ears of the unhappy wretch with the flat of his hand.

“You are a cowardly man,” shrieked the object of this atrocious act of cruelty.

“You humbug,” roared his assailant, “you shall see the doctor at ten, and if he says you are fit for work, woe betide you!”

He then stalked off, and the sick man resumed his seat in the shed.

With the exception of myself I noticed that all the spectators beheld this scene with the most stolid indifference. One old tramp did so far express his feelings as to observe that, should he who had just submitted to this castigation have the courage to make his complaint before a magistrate, “no one in such a crowd as this,” looking round the shed, “would back him up; and they wouldn’t be believed if they did.” Now that I am upon this subject, I may as well terminate it at once. At ten o’clock the poor soldier was summoned to the presence of the doctor; he did not return, and I was for a time ignorant of his fate. A few weeks after, having occasion to visit a Union Infirmary, I recognised in the wearer of one of the workhouse suits my companion of the eventful evening that I am describing. He informed me that he had been duly examined by the doctor, who immediately granted him admittance to the infirmary. Battered and trampled upon, he was unable to summon up the necessary amount of courage to formulate a complaint against the tramp-master, and was moreover but too delighted to escape from his talons; but this worthy, with the cowardice of low minds, said to him apologetically, as he escorted him to the infirmary: “You mustn’t pay any attention to what I *SAID* to you this morning. I didn’t know you were as bad as you are.”

I forbear all comment.

But to resume. If my immediate surroundings were miserable and forlorn, the view presented to my gaze from without was mournful in the extreme ; the shed, the scene of our present confinement, opened upon a small paved court, bounded by a row of iron railings, that served to separate the precincts of the workhouse from what struck me as being perfectly in consonance with my situation, namely, a graveyard, over which protruded the irregular backs of the houses of a London street. Downpours of rain fell during the day, brightening the hues of the emerald green that carpeted the surface, upon which rested the tombstones indicating the last dwelling-place of the departed. Fine old tombs some of them, composed of solid blocks of masonry that in their time had had other spectators interested or disinterested than a bevy of wretched paupers. Rare gleams of sunshine—how rare !—occasionally broke forth, casting slanting shadows from the tombstones, the effect of which, either from the state of my mind or other causes, was to produce the very ecstasy of mournfulness and sorrowing. At that moment the silvery chime of a chapel bell fell upon my drowsy ears and recalled me for a moment, but for a moment, to the things of this world. “That’s for the morning service of a Roman Catholic chapel,” remarked an old tramp next to me, observing my look of mental interrogation, “and it’s generally very fashionably attended.”

The little chapel bell continued to tinkle summoning its votaries to morning prayer, conjuring up thoughts in my watchful mind that led me far away from the oakum-shed : I saw in my mind’s eye the mysterious obscurity of the interior of the building, the variegated reflections from the stained-glass windows, the high altar with its lighted tapers, the urbane and priestly officiant administering to his wealthy communicants ; the breviaries, and the incense. I beheld the beautiful young mother as she stepped from her carriage into the sacred building, holding by the hand her daughter with the golden locks clustering over the velvet jacket, and could even distinguish the earnest devotion perceptible in the violet eyes of the child as she knelt before the altar.

Pathos and comedy, for some reason undefined, advance hand in hand in this world, and I was summoned from my too luxurious and inappropriate reveries by the gruff voice of the tramp-master, who at that moment made his appearance at the entrance of the shed, completely darkening it and bearing the “pot-à-salade” before alluded to, containing, to use the language of Gil Blas, the *hardes* and the *nippes* of

the assembled company. Never had such a motley collection of novelties found a home in a conjuror's basket : knives with several blades and every one of them broken ; halves, nay, quarters, of old combs in an advanced state of decay, with nearly all the teeth out ; broken old clay pipes black with use, dilapidated old newspapers, &c. &c. "Whose is this?" said the humourist, with an agreeable smile, holding up one of the latter objects ; "to whom belongs the *Tramp's Journal*?" continued he, inflicting a name upon the periodical in question. Roars of hilarity. "He's not a bad sort of a chap," said the old beggar, my neighbour, "when he's let the steam off."

The various objects having been returned to their legitimate owners, and it being moreover eleven o'clock, those who had completed their task were at liberty to depart, among which number, it is needless to say, I was not included.

"Some of you will be pretty hungry before you've done," said the tramp-master, grimly eyeing in particular my performance, which I must own presented a most contemptible appearance ; "you're only wasting your time now," added he : "all that will have to be picked over again."

The long hours succeeded one another, the rain fell, the gleams of sunshine ceased to appear—but enough of this ! My back is nearly broken with the crouching, stooping posture I am compelled to adopt in the performance of my humiliating employment. At length, at half past five, I was liberated and emerged by a back entrance into the miserable streets. On finding myself once more upon the world's pavement and at liberty, I murmured involuntarily, as I stood half-clad in the drizzling, clinging rain that was gradually saturating me to the skin, "*Post tenebras lux* ; is it possible that I have been but twenty hours a resident in that hateful place?"—weeks, months, in fact, had seemed to have flown over my head with the bitter experience and sombre thought crowded into a few hours.

Who says that London is not a beautiful city? asked I, as, starved, wet, and miserable, I gazed upon the brick buildings looming through the dank, murky atmosphere, with feelings of pleasure that had never visited me when gazing at sunrise over the Bay of Naples.

NAMES, SURNAMES, AND NICKNAMES.

IN modern civilised society, every person is the possessor of a name and a surname. In addition to these two varieties of personal appellations, there are many people who (sometimes without their knowledge, and very generally without their consent) are the possessors also of a nickname ; by which is here meant, not a mere corruption of a person's ordinary name, but a designation intended to be descriptive of his character or appearance, or containing an allusion to some incident in his history. The order in which these three kinds of name are nowadays acquired by an individual is, first the surname, which is provided for him, by the arrangements of our social system, before he comes into the world ; then the name proper—the “given” name, or, as we commonly call it, the Christian name—which is bestowed on him shortly after his birth ; and last of all, the nickname. In studying the history of personal nomenclature in general, this order must be exactly reversed. The nickname is an older thing than either the name or the surname, and is to a great extent the germ from which both these have in succession originated.¹

It is very likely that to many persons this statement will seem to be something of a paradox. Every one is aware, from the Bible if from no other source, that there was a time when people did without surnames ; but it may at first sight be startling to be told that there was ever a time when the simple *name*, in our sense of the word, did not exist at all ; that is to say, that there was once no settled custom of bestowing on a child a name by which he was to be known through life, but children were left nameless, designated, when there was occasion to speak of them, by any chance epithet sufficiently

¹ As the word nickname is a corruption of *ekename*, which means additional name, its use in the sense here intended is of course a violation of etymological propriety. We possess, however, no other word to denote the sort of chance-acquired descriptive appellations from which, in the writer's view, all personal nomenclature has been developed.

descriptive to identify them, until perhaps some one nickname, more strikingly appropriate than the rest, might come to be generally adopted, and acquire something of the fixity of a regular name. But however strange such a state of things may seem to our modern ideas, there can be no reasonable doubt that in the earliest ages of human society it must actually have prevailed. Unless we are prepared to ascribe to primitive man the possession of some mysterious prophetic instinct, we cannot suppose that the invention of fixed personal nomenclature could take place until the need for it had been shown by experience; and in a simple inartificial state of society the want of regular names would not be likely to be strongly felt. Even at the present day there are some uncivilised peoples amongst whom the descriptive nickname is the only sort of personal designation in use; while there are very many communities, by no means always amongst the lowest grades of savages, in which the formal name is conferred only when the person attains the age of manhood. This last-mentioned phenomenon is especially significant, as it presents to us a picture of a midway stage in the development of the personal name.

We will now venture, under the guidance of abstract probability and analogy, to speculate on the nature of the process by which, in prehistoric times, the chance-acquired nickname came to be superseded by the deliberately conferred personal name. A study of the phenomena of uncivilised peoples leads to the conclusion that the principal agent in the change was most probably religion, or, to speak more definitely, religious ceremonial. Inseparable from the first beginnings of organised society is the rise of certain tribal ceremonies, having what we may call a political character, but deriving solemnity from the invocation of the Divinity. In particular, the investiture of a chieftain, and the recognition of a young man as having arrived at military age, are in all primitive communities regarded in a religious aspect, and attended with some degree of ceremonial pomp. Now when on one of these ceremonial occasions a man had to be addressed by his name, the rough, and perhaps often ludicrous, nickname by which he was known in common life would seem unfit for solemn mention, and there would naturally arise a custom of conferring new names on men in connection with these ritual acts. The names so given would probably most often be expressive of some religious meaning; in other cases the name would blazon forth the virtues on which the man prided himself, or the distinguished feats which he had performed. We may compare the origin of names with that of heraldry. As a mediæval knight

chose a lion or a bear as his crest, and some pithily expressed favourite sentiment as his motto or war-cry, just so a primæval warrior might have chosen to name himself Lion or Bear, or to condense his favourite sentiment into a name. It is to be supposed that the possession of a *name* as distinguished from a nickname would at first be, like the possession of a badge or a motto in later times, a distinction confined to men of superior rank. Religious ceremonial, as anthropologists generally agree, was in its origin an affair of the collective tribe; and its product, the formally conferred name, would therefore originally belong only to the persons who possessed some tribal importance. It must have been at a later stage that the custom arose of celebrating the birth of a child by some ritual act. This custom, which would naturally carry with it the practice of giving regular names in infancy, began, most likely, in the families of chiefs and nobles, and gradually extended itself downwards through the entire community. The last step in the process was probably the extension of this usage to female children.

From this point onwards the development of personal nomenclature is a matter no longer of analogical conjecture, but of authentic history. Before we proceed further, however, it must be remarked that our hypothetical sketch of the prehistoric evolution of the personal name is by no means so incapable of verification as may be naturally supposed. It is now a recognised fact that the customs of prehistoric society have, in innumerable instances, left vestiges of themselves which have survived far down into historical times, and even, in many cases, down to the present day. Ceremonies and usages, which in an early stage of human progress were the natural outcome of circumstances, are constantly found to have perpetuated themselves, by the influence of habit and example, for ages after the reasons for them had ceased to exist. The scientific study of customs and institutions consists to a large extent in tracing the working of this principle of "survival," which furnishes a test by which all speculations respecting the primitive condition of society must be tried. In investigating the development of personal nomenclature in historical times, we shall meet with an abundance of phenomena which can only be explained as survivals from those various stages of prehistoric development of which we have given an outline.

We are now prepared to examine the systems of nomenclature in use amongst those nations of antiquity who have furnished elements to our modern English name-vocabulary, beginning, of course, with the Hebrew names of the Old Testament.

With the names occurring in the early chapters of the Bible—in the Hebrew traditions respecting the beginning of the human race—we are not now called upon to deal, although many of them have been adopted into our modern repertory of Christian names. The meaning of those early names is at present extremely obscure, and although future inquirers may do something towards penetrating the mystery, the results which may be expected from such researches are not of a kind which can have any bearing on the science of personal nomenclature. It may, however, be worth while to make some remarks on the name assigned by Hebrew tradition to the first father of mankind. It is well known that Adam is, strictly speaking, not a proper name, but one of the ordinary Hebrew words for “Man.” In the book of Genesis it usually occurs with the definite article. A strictly faithful English translation of the Old Testament would, in all cases, render it by “the man,” or “Man.” It was only when the Bible was translated into Aramaic and Greek that the word really became a proper name. It has sometimes been remarked upon as something strange that the first man should, in the Hebrew records, have been left nameless. But in reality there is nothing to be wondered at in the fact. To the ancient manner of thinking, which derived the name of every people from the name of its original ancestor (*e.g.* Israel, Edom, Mizraim), it would have been altogether foreign to suppose that the progenitor of the race of man bore any other name than Man. It was exactly in the same way that the ancient German traditions, recorded by Tacitus, traced the pedigree of the German race to an ancestor named Mannus. It is needful to insist on these facts, as we frequently meet with unscientific attempts to explain the name of Adam from non-Hebrew (*e.g.* Accadian or Georgian) sources, or to find traces of it in the independent traditions of other nations.

Coming down to the firmer ground of Israelitish history, we find the Hebrew name-system abounding in vestiges of prehistoric usage. The ceremonial origin of the regular name is confirmed by the frequency of names expressing religious meanings. To this class belong all the immense number of names beginning with Jo, or Jeho, or ending with iah, or jah, which contain the name of Jehovah. To these must be added the names beginning or ending with El, which means God. Even these do not exhaust the list, for there remains a multitude of names like Zurishaddai (“the Almighty is my rock”). Nor was this characteristic at all confined to the Hebrew people. The nomenclature of their heathen neighbours was equally full of pious allusions. If the Israelites had names like Joezer, “Jehovah

is a help," we also find a Hadadezer amongst the Syrian worshippers of Hadad. The Hebrew name of Adonijah is paralleled by a Tyrian name Adonibaal, of exactly similar formation and meaning. The names of Assyrian, Babylonian, and Egyptian kings are in almost every instance compounded with the names of gods.

Another feature which, if our hypothesis be correct, we may expect to find in the early nomenclature of warlike nations is the prevalence of names analogous to the knightly crest and the knightly motto. Of the "crest" type we have examples in the names of the Midianite chiefs Oreb and Zeeb, which mean Raven and Wolf, and in that of the Ammonite king Nahash, meaning Serpent. Amongst the Hebrews such names were not very common, as they were less decidedly a nation of warriors than some of their neighbours. We can quote, however, the names of Arieah, "lion," Shual, "fox," and Caleb, "dog." Of names of the "motto" type a long list might be made. Examples are, Elioenai, "my eyes are toward Jehovah," and Jushab-hesed, "goodness shall meet with its reward."

We may perhaps venture to see a survival of prehistoric usage in the fact that in Old Testament history it was not uncommon for a king to take a new name on his accession. It seems natural to explain this as a tradition of the time when a chieftain exchanged his "nickname" for a formal name on the occasion of his investiture. The change of name on coming to the throne was not, indeed, a settled rule amongst the Hebrews. But we find no fewer than seven instances of it in the history of the kingdom of Judah alone: Azariah changed his name to Uzziah; Jehoahaz took the name of Ahaziah; Josiah's son, Shallum, became Jehoahaz; Eliakim took the name of Jehoiakim; Coniah that of Jeconiah; and Mattaniah that of Zedekiah.

It seems possible that the primitive use of nicknames instead of regular names was continued, in some instances, down to a quite late period in Israelitish history. It is not easy to imagine that such names as Baasha, "bad-fellow," and Ikkesh, "crooked," were ever bestowed by parents on their offspring. As female children were not the subjects of religious ceremonies to the same extent as male children, it is likely that even in historical times female names were often rather acquired by chance than bestowed by any formal choice. At any rate, many of the Hebrew names of women have the character of what we should call pet names; and very pretty meanings some of them have: Jedidah, "darling"; Deborah, "bee"; Naomi, "charming"; Peninnah, "pearl"; Tamar, "palm-tree";

Hadassah, "myrtle"; Zibiah, "gazelle." The Aramaic form of the last-quoted name is Tabitha, and the writer of the Acts of the Apostles seems to have been struck either with the beauty or the singularity of its meaning, as he renders it into Greek as Dorcas. Huldah, "a mole," and Rachel, "a sheep," although by no means so pretty according to modern ideas, may be regarded as belonging to the same class.

We do not find in the Old Testament any trace of family surnames, the nearest approach to such a thing being the designation of persons as Rechabites or Korahites, from the name of a common ancestor. So long as there was no customary restriction on the invention of new names, it would happen comparatively seldom that two persons bore the same name. When that did occur, it was a sufficient precaution against mistake to mention the name of a man's father and the place of his birth. Such a designation as "Ira son of Ikkesh the Tekoite" would leave no doubt as to the identity of the person intended.

There came a time, however, when the Jews ceased to use Hebrew as their mother tongue, and when national misfortunes had driven them to cling with a prouder tenacity to the memory of their glorious ancestors. From these causes the Jews of the times of the Apocrypha and the New Testament, instead of continuing the coinage of new names, came to draw their nomenclature almost entirely from the stores of their sacred history. This innovation of itself would necessarily greatly narrow the stock of names in common use; and the supply was still further restricted by the fact that the Jews of these later times availed themselves of only a small portion of the resources which their sacred writings supplied. From some curious sentiment, they seem to have scrupulously avoided calling their children by the names of Israelitish kings or great prophets. We never read in the Apocrypha or the New Testament of any contemporary Samuel, David, or Isaiah. There were indeed Jews of that age named Zachariah, Menahem, and Saul; but these are the only exceptions to the general rule. The list of available names was still further narrowed by the exclusion of those belonging to the earlier Bible history, which, as not being national, no one cared to adopt, and of those of the obscure and undistinguished persons mentioned in the Scriptures. There was consequently, so to speak, a "run" on a few favourite names. One very common name was Jacob, though the Jacob of the New Testament appears in English under the corrupted form of James. The names of four of Jacob's sons were in frequent use: Judah, Levi, Joseph, and Simeon. It is a curious fact that the

other eight patriarchs had no namesakes. Moses and Aaron were names which were considered too sacred to be borne by later children ; but amongst the commonest Jewish names were those of Aaron's son Eleazar and Moses' disciple Joshua. The latter name, which Greek lips transformed into Jesus, was destined to a glory surpassing that of all other names. The mother of Joshua of Nazareth bore the very commonest of all Jewish female names, that of Miriam, the sister of Moses. In the English New Testament this name is written Mary. Its Græcized form Mariamne calls up very different associations. The other two most popular Hebrew names of this period were Jonathan and Johanan (Joannes, John). The latter name, which means "Jehovah is gracious," occurs in Old Testament history, but we do not know why it became so popular in later times.

When, through this change of usage, there came to be hundreds of persons bearing the same name, it was necessary to adopt some means to avoid confusion between namesakes. For this end recourse was had to the use of descriptive nicknames. About the year 200 B.C. there was a Jewish family of five brothers, named Johanan, Simeon, Judah, Eleazar, and Jonathan. All these names, as has just been said, were then extremely common, and these five brothers, to distinguish them from their many namesakes, had each of them a nickname. The eldest, Johanan, was called Kaddish, or Saint. The nickname of his brother Judah was Makkab (Maccabee), the Hammer, in allusion to his warlike prowess. The title of Maccabees, applied to Judah's immediate kindred, is an instance of the tendency (so fully illustrated in later history) of the nickname to develop into a family surname. Another contrivance for preventing confusion between namesakes was the adoption of a Greek or Roman name as an appendage to the Hebrew one, as when Saul of Tarsus called himself Paulus, and a certain Johanan assumed the name of Marcus, and is known to history as the evangelist Mark.

We have now come down to the time when Jew and Gentile united to form the Christian Church. As a consequence of this union, the name-vocabulary of the New Testament, from which we get so many of our modern Christian names, is partly Hebrew, partly Greek and Latin. Having discussed somewhat fully the Hebrew system of names, we have to give a slight sketch of the personal nomenclature of Greece and Rome.

The Greek name-system is not very unlike that of the Old Testament, but is more conventional and less interesting. There are many Greek names which express religious meanings, as Hephæstion, "worshipper of Hephæstus," Dionysius, "worshipper

of Bacchus." Far more numerous, however, are those containing political allusions, for politics to the Greek occupied much the same place that religion did to the Hebrew. The meaning of Greek names does not in general greatly repay investigation ; in fact, the majority of them may be said to have no distinct meaning at all. We may take as an example the name of Demosthenes. Literally translated, this name would be "people-strong." We might, no doubt, be able to find something like a meaning in this compound ; but, in all probability, the first framer of it did not intend to express any idea whatever. *Demos* was one of a list of words which it had become usual to regard as suitable for beginnings of names, *-sthenes* was one of a list of words regarded as suitable endings of names. The accepted mode of coining a new name was to take a word from each list and join the two together. If the resulting compound was fairly euphonious, and did not actually express a ludicrous or unpleasant meaning, it passed without objection. This principle of composition may conveniently be called the Principle of the Double List. Of course, names formed in this arbitrary way cannot have the same kind of biographical interest as belongs to the names of the Old Testament. We may, perhaps, conclude that a man who called his son Isocrates, or Isagoras—names referring to the principle of equal rights—or who selected a name beginning with Demos, belonged to the democratic party ; and that names like Aristocrates would be favoured rather by the adherents of the party of privilege. Of course, when these binomial compounds were first introduced, they must have been as fully significant as were the similar compounds of the Hebrew name-system. But the first introduction of this method of formation goes back to a time antecedent to the separation of the Greeks from the other branches of the Aryan stock.

There are a few Greek names, such as Lykos (wolf) and Drakôn (dragon), which seem to belong to the more primitive type in which we have found an analogy to heraldic emblems. The general opinion of scholars, however, is, that these apparently simple names, whenever they occur amongst the Aryan peoples, are merely abbreviations of ancient bilateral compounds of the regular Aryan pattern. It must be admitted that this theory is in many instances correct, but there seem to be strong reasons against accepting it as universally valid.

Somewhat more distinctly significant than the double-list names are those formed from appellatives by means of a derivative suffix, as Kritias from *krites*, a judge, or Agathon, from *agathos*, good. It was only in late ages that the Greeks used ordinary nouns and adjectives, without modification, as personal names. In the New Testament we

find such instances as Erastus, "beloved," Asyncritus, "incomparable." The latter name seems a remarkably frank expression of a parental sentiment perhaps not very uncommon.

Although the freedom of invention in names was amongst the Greeks somewhat limited by custom, and although it was also common to name a child after his father or grandfather, there was still a sufficiently large number of names in use to render surnames unnecessary. "Demosthenes, son of Demosthenes of Paiania," was a designation quite precise enough. Greek nomenclature, therefore, never advanced beyond the rudimentary stage in which a man has only a single name.

Between the Greek and the Roman name-systems there is a total unlikeness, which is extremely remarkable when we consider the close affinity between the two languages. The Roman citizen had, as a rule, three names—a first name, a clan-name, and a family surname. The list of first names is a very short one: in the historical period of Rome we meet only with about 16 all told. In the earlier days, when a man had only one name, the number must of course have been much larger. The etymology of these names is, for the most part, very uncertain, but it is quite clear that none of them are compounds. The double-list principle, which rules the nomenclature of the Greek, the Teuton, the Slav, and the Celt, has no place at all in the formation of Roman names. Possibly Etruscan influence may have had something to do with this strange departure from the common Aryan usage.

After a man's first name came the name of his clan, which always ended in *ius*. The ancient Roman clans seem, like the Highland clans of to-day, to have been often designated from the name of a supposed ancestor. As the descendants of Donald are called Macdonald, so the descendants of Marcus were called Marcus, those of Quintus Quintus, and those of Publius, Manius, Servius, and Lucius bore the names Publilius, Manilius, Servilius, and Lucilius. When all the members of a clan have the same surname, and the stock of first names has from any cause become limited, it is obvious that a good deal of confusion may arise. The Highlanders obviate this inconvenience by a resort to descriptive nicknames. Now, just as in the Highlands people might distinguish between two Fergus Macdonalds by calling one Longbeard and the other Curly-head, just so in Roman history we read of a Titus Quintus Barbatus and a Titus Quintus Cincinnatus. The Romans, however, went a step further than the Highlanders have done, for with them the nickname became hereditary as a family surname. There were many Ro

who (either from their special celebrity, or because their surnames were extremely common) bore, in addition to the regular set of three names, an individual nickname called the *agnomen*.

It is worth noting, as a relic of prehistoric usage, that Roman women had no regular names except those indicating the clan to which they belonged. The eleven daughters of a Cornelius were to the outside world just Cornelia and nothing else. In the family circle they would, of course, be distinguished by designations analogous to our modern pet names; but on this subject our information is singularly limited.

The complexity of the Roman name-system was not easily understood by Greeks and Jews, and the Roman names in the New Testament are curiously confused. Sometimes a man is spoken of by his first name, as Gaius, Publius, or Marcus; sometimes by his clan-name, as Julius or Cornelius; and sometimes by his surname, as Pudens or Niger. In Simon the Cyrenian we have a remarkable example of the mixture of languages brought about by the Roman conquests: a native of Africa, bearing a Hebrew name, calls one of his sons by the Greek name Alexander, and another by the Roman surname Rufus.

The names of the New Testament, with the addition of those of later Christian martyrs and saints, formed the catalogue of foreign names which the Christian missionaries brought with them to the heathen English shores. But, of course, the heathen English had names already before their missionaries came; and many of these native names are still surviving amongst us. We have, therefore, next to speak of the name-system in use amongst the Anglo-Saxons, which was in its essential characteristics common to all the branches of the Teutonic race.

The personal nomenclature of the Teutonic peoples is closely parallel in its structure to that of the Greeks. The largest class of Anglo-Saxon names, to which belong all those—such as Alfred, Edwin, Edgar—which have been adopted into modern English use, are framed on the principle of the double list, and are quite as devoid of any intentional significance as are the Greek names of similar formation. If we take any two of these names with which we happen to be acquainted, and make them exchange their final elements, it will almost invariably turn out that the new name thus produced is one which actually occurs in Anglo-Saxon writings. There are many books which profess to explain the meaning of these compound names, but the attempt to do this is altogether a mistake. The name of Alfred, for example, is compounded of the words which in their

modern form are "elf" and "rede." If the name means anything at all, it means "counselled by elves." But this explanation breaks down when we find that there were a dozen other names beginning with *Ælf*, and as many more ending with *red*. All that can legitimately be done in explanation of these names is to point out the meanings of the separate elements of which they are compounded. The most usual beginnings of names were the words meaning royal, noble, fortunate, beloved. The list of endings contained words meaning ruler, guardian, spear, sword, wolf, bright, helmet.

The parallel between the Greek and the Teutonic nomenclature is not confined to this class of compound names. Like the Greeks, the German peoples had a set of names formed by means of derivative suffixes, of which instances are *Goda*, *Badeca*, and *Wulfila*. They also employed those animal names which seem to be a vestige of primæval times. This last-mentioned class was more extensively used amongst the Scandinavians than amongst the other branches of the Teutonic stock. The early Hebrew names, to which we have previously referred, meaning Wolf, Raven, Fox, and Serpent, are exactly reproduced in the Danish names *Ulfr*, *Hrafn*, *Rêfr*, and *Ormr*. It is possible that the frequency of the names of this kind amongst the Scandinavians may have been due to the influence of non-Aryan elements in the population. This conjecture derives strength from the fact that amongst the other Germanic nations such names were almost peculiar to the lower and servile classes; that is to say, to the less pure-blooded portion of the people, amongst whom, moreover, we find many names which are evidently not of Teutonic etymology at all.

Although the Anglo-Saxon name-vocabulary was tolerably extensive, the disproportionate frequency of a small number of favourite names rendered necessary the use of descriptive nicknames. There were men who bore after their names such distinctive affixes as *Black*, *White*, *Short*, *Long*, *Mickle*, and *Wild*. These nicknames, like those of the ancient Romans, became in many instances hereditary, and they form a considerable proportion of our modern list of surnames.

Early England contained, besides the Angles and Saxons, a large population of Danes. The Danish personal nomenclature was less extensive than that of the Anglo-Saxons, and this was probably the reason why the English Danes were more ready than their neighbours to adopt the foreign names introduced by the Christian missionaries. We seldom read of an Anglo-Saxon John or Thomas before the Norman Conquest, but amongst the Danes these names were not

very uncommon. Owing to the smallness of their stock of personal names, the Danes made a very large use of descriptive nicknames, many of which have become English surnames. They were also accustomed to distinguish between namesakes by mentioning the name of a man's father after his own. If Jón had a son named Sveinn, the latter was known as Sveinn Jónsson, and Sveinn Jónsson's son Ulfr was called Ulfr Sveinsson. In course of time, this sort of surname, instead of being changed every generation, came to be retained and handed down, so that Swainson and Johnson appear amongst English family names. This mode of forming surnames extended itself to the non-Danish parts of England, and nearly every Christian name which was common in the 14th century has given rise to a surname ending in son.

The conquering Normans brought with them a considerable number of new Christian names, such as William, Robert, Godfrey, Roger, Henry, Matilda, and Alice. Some of these were Scandinavian names which the Normans had inherited from their own ancestors, while others were corrupt High German names borrowed by them from the French. One and all, they are compounds formed on the "double-list" principle, and the current translations of them are therefore misleading. All that can be correctly said is, that William, for instance, is a compound of the words *will* and *helm(et)*, or that Henry is formed of two words meaning respectively "home" (or "country") and "dominion." Another result of Norman influence was the introduction of the custom of taking surnames from names of places. This practice came to be so extensively adopted that there are few English village-names which do not exist also as surnames.

From the time of the Norman Conquest, the giving of names to children gradually assumed more and more the character of an act of dedication to a patron saint. The popularity enjoyed by the names of a few favourite saints naturally contributed to increase the necessity for distinctive appendages—descriptive, patronymic, or local, and thereby to accelerate the general adoption of surnames.

The next distinctly marked epoch in the history of our personal nomenclature is formed by the Reformation, when the Church Calendar went down, and the Bible went up, in popular estimation. It is at this period that we first hear of Old Testament names being freely given in baptism to English children. These names were especially favoured by the Puritans, who also, as every one knows, attempted to imitate in their own tongue the Hebrew custom of giving pious mottoes as names, often with very ludicrous results.

This fashion very soon passed away ; but we owe to the Puritans the occasional occurrence of such Christian names as Faith, Hope, Charity, Patience, and Mercy. The Bible names introduced by the Puritans are still abundant. On the whole, the Englishmen of the Stuart days had much the same Christian names as are common in our own times. Our list has, however, been subsequently enriched by borrowings from France, Italy, and Germany. We have also learned from Continental nations the custom of bestowing two or three Christian names on the same person. This practice seems to have originated amongst foreign Catholics in the wish to place their children under the protection of several patron saints at once. The custom, however, is convenient and useful, and its introduction into England was a decided advantage. Another convenient innovation was the practice of employing surnames as Christian names.

The surnames in modern English use belong for the most part to the three classes the origin of which has previously been indicated : the descriptive, derived from nicknames or names of trades, as Black, Short, Miller, and Smith ; the patronymic, derived from the name of an ancestor, like Johnson or Thomson ; and the local, derived from names of places, like Chester or Thorpe. A fourth class (though it might be regarded as a variety of the third) may be formed of the surnames derived from signs. It was formerly the custom for every shop to have its sign, as inns and taverns have nowadays. A man whose house bore the sign of the Bull was designated as " John at the Bull," or John Bull ; and the surname of Bull was inherited by his descendants. The very numerous surnames of Celtic and Continental origin which are found in our directories are formed on the same principles as those of native growth. When we have mentioned the arbitrary and too often intentionally grotesque surnames which have sometimes been conferred on foundling children, our analysis of the sources of English personal nomenclature will be fairly complete.

After all the long development which our English name-system has undergone, it is still very imperfectly fitted for the purpose which names are intended to fulfil. It is sometimes said that to be called John Smith is almost as bad as having no name at all ; and there are a good many other combinations of Christian and surname which are hardly more distinctive. It is very likely that in a generation or two this inconvenience will to a great extent be abolished. The commonest of our Christian names are fast losing their popularity, and the use of double names is becoming the rule instead of the exception. The practice of assuming compound surnames is well-esta-

blished amongst the upper classes of society, and this custom, like other "aristocratic" usages, may be expected to be largely imitated by persons of lower rank. It is quite conceivable that in a hundred years from now a plain "John Smith" may not be easy to find.

In conclusion, it may be remarked that the process of forming new surnames has not even yet come to an end. In many English villages it is quite a common thing for the children of the poor to be ignorant of their own surnames, and to call themselves by their father's nickname, or by the name of his trade. Until the spread of education has rendered this no longer possible, the list of family names will continue to be augmented from this source. We thus see that our old friend the nickname, whose acquaintance we made at the beginning of our story, has remained with us throughout its entire course, and only takes leave of us with its very last word.

HENRY BRADLEY.

SCULPTURE AND MODELLING.

THE recent nine days' wonder of the sculptors' battle, besides furnishing much entertainment, brought to light many curiosities both of social manners, criticism, and other things connected with art. Most curious of all the curiosities was the ignorance of the various processes of the sculptor's beautiful art, and indeed of art itself; and more odd, such knowledge did not appear to be picked up in the course of the trial. The writer having himself practised modelling, and knowing something of sculptors' ways and works, may be allowed to furnish forth a slight commentary on its various processes.

Now, the first misapprehension to be removed is, that the making of a bust, or of a bust that is a good likeness, is necessarily sculpture, or that the person thus successful is an artist or a sculptor. The superficial always believe in this realism. The Dutch masters delighted in showing their skill in copying rinds of lemons, pewter tankards, sealed letters, &c. These are very clever as specimens of painting, but beyond that they are not artistic, and do not appeal to the mind. Again, two painters may paint the same landscape, the same trees, the same horizon, foreground, &c., and with equal merit of execution. One, however, fills the mind with strange recollections—the trees, the atmosphere seem to breathe a certain tenderness, and call up something in the past. The other, on the contrary, conveys nothing beyond the accurately painted leaves and trunks of trees, the grass, the clouds; only this, and nothing more. The difference is, that the first is an artist who uses his colours as a medium of expressing his own thoughts; the second is only a painter who uses his colours deftly, to imitate objects. The same distinction obtains in every department of art; even in acting, where one actor gives an accurate and mimetic copy of life, while another contrives to impart to the same speeches mobility, romance, tenderness, as the case may be.

Now, to apply this to sculpture: would it be going too far to say to those who were convinced by the fact of Mr. Belt's having made in Court a bust that was a likeness, that a great sculptor might actually

only begin where an ordinary sculptor had finished? When he had the head, eyes, nose, mouth, &c., all ready to his hand, it would be his task then, Pygmalion-like, to infuse life, spirit, character, expression, and poetry, all of which are independent of mere technical skill. I may here bring in aid an illustration, which seems to be at the bottom of all genuine art, and will show in the most convincing way the difference between imitation and what Sir F. Leighton justly described as the "investing with artistic merit." How often do we see at the Academy the portrait or bust of the "City Man," the plain mercantile "vulgar" face, if you will, set out with a pompous, not to say ludicrous, air of "no dignity." Such, if further set off by an Aldermanic gown, is even more repulsive. Now, it is hard that this result should be set down as the fault of the sitter, even though the likeness be startling, and his friends call out with delight, "Why, it's Joe himself!" Yet nothing is more certain than that Joe himself has been the victim of the painter, who has given a speaking likeness and no more. In his defence he will say, "What could I do with such a subject? The man is hopelessly vulgar. £ s. d. is written in every line of his face. I copied what was before me." But let us see what Reynolds or Titian or Velasquez would do in such a case. The man is a man of capacity in his own money-making art, for he has risen to wealth and eminence. He has had to reflect, calculate in advance, speculate, administer successfully, and exhibit many high and sagacious qualities. Our sculptor or painter, who is an *Artist* besides, knows this beforehand. He calls up his sitter in his counting-house, at a crisis when he has to deliberate and act, when he has to decide on some vast operation which may make or mar his fortunes. Or he conceives him administering "the house" and the hundred or so employés that serve under him, regulating, ordering thoughtfully. He recalls how, when he has had interviews with such a man of business, *in* business, the plain "vulgar" face becomes ennobled. Reviving all this when painting or modelling, he will, by talk and speculation, pierce to his real character, watch for the intelligent expression, and thus raise the coarse clay of the sitter and of the material into interest and dignity. It is thus that a portrait of a tailor, in the National Gallery, with his shears, thimble, &c., is raised and ennobled. Such is one of the processes for "investing clay with artistic merit."

To any one who knows what are the steps and operations of real sculpture, nothing could have been so absurd as the sapient test imposed during the late trial, viz. putting the artist to the task of making a special likeness. The subject, as I understand, was a well-marked

Italian face, with moustache and beard. Without at all questioning Mr. Belt's merit, a little practice in a studio would enable any one with taste to produce a likeness. Faces like Lord Beaconsfield's, or Mr. Gladstone's, or Mr. Irving's, or the late Duke of Wellington's, are all easily produced. Such effort is cheap, and not very precious when secured. But what will the reader say to those delicate compound expressions we see in some female faces: the smile in ambush, the thoughtfulness; or in the man, the air of lurking sarcasm, or, harder still, of finesse, the glance that tells of a habit of fine distinctions: that of a clever doctor, with its "waiting" or reflective air, which is making up its judgment as it listens; the perplexing mixture of sadness and guile, which are blended so curiously in certain features; the sense of quick alternative expressions; or a general nervous temperament? This is the subject matter of the true sculptor, and these things are not to be sought and found in a room behind a court, or sought and found in a hurry. As regards "journeyman-ship," the co-operation which is adopted in all professions, the law, medicine, painting, &c., it may be said that the spirit of the principal is disclosed at the beginning and at the end. The sculptor, for instance, designs his attitudes, character, form, &c. The journeyman gets this into shape under the direction of his superior. At the end the latter appears again, finishes, inspires life, alters, adds second touches and thoughts. It is surprising how a few touches from a spirited hand will work. At the young ladies' school the drawing-master works hard to spirit up their immature daubs, and delights the parents. Hence all those friendly touchings and "workings in" deposed to in the late trial,—which are really invaluable. For, how often has one seen the correct and laboriously finished bust, a likeness too, but marked by a hopelessly stolid flatness? The poor methodical craftsman has done his best: but "it is not in him." Then comes the more brilliant friend, of the dashing or spirited touch, who with a squeeze there, or a stroke there, in a few minutes imparts life and colour. Probably the laborious man, when his ally has departed, will go over the work again, complacently thinking that he can apply some of his own craft and assimilate his friend's labour. He succeeds perhaps in reducing it to its old condition. A bust thus made, a likeness even, does not belong to sculpture. It will pass, and costs but little. Again, as regards the bust, the trial was scarcely fair to the artist, for he might be nervous and not in the vein; the light was not the light of a studio; and, finally, as I have said, its being a likeness was no test, as the sagacious court jury fancied it was, of completeness. It may be said

that all the innumerable hangers-on in studios—the moulders, mixers of the clay, the friendly amateurs that drop in—pick up very soon the knack of moulding and twisting clay into various shapes, and even into a tolerable likeness. I myself have seen a person, the first time he has ever handled the clay, make a very tolerable one. The truth is, clay is obedient to the touch. With pencil or brush a failure or mistake has to be laboriously obliterated. Once confidence is gained, the chance of lighting on a happy dashing effect is likely enough. And, *en passant*, it may be remarked, that while the modeller is working out in his clay his fancy or fancies, very often an accidental touch indicates on the moment a wholly unsought and unintentional series of effects. Nothing, for instance, is more difficult than the treatment of the hair, beard, &c. Nothing is more repulsive, or “unpleasant,” for the true artist than either the minute details of hairs wrought into moustaches or curly beard, or on the other hand the “lumpy” style of “blocks” of hair stuck on the face. Yet, under the masterly hand of him who disdains the mincing and minute touch equally with the uninspired and unwrought masses, is given the suggestion of detail produced without detail, the idea of a noble breadth with the air of detail. There is a little medallion of Michael Angelo, said to be done by himself, which almost excites despair, from the matchless effect, without effort, and mainly owing to delicate shadows. A well-known sculptor, when I once consulted him on this matter, told me that often, when engaged in seeking this happy result, he found profit in this resource: he worked in a sort of twilight, when it was growing dark. The shadows then began to fall capriciously on the beard and its depressions, and thus indicated to him broad effects, which he brought out by his touchings. But there is a passage in one of Mr. Ruskin's works which is invaluable. He mentions an exquisite little picture in “Rogers's Italy,” by Turner, of the Ducal Palace at Venice, about a couple of inches square, in which all the architectural detail of the arches and stone embroidery is given. “Look close,” he says, “using a magnifying glass, and it will be found that these details do not exist in form at all. There are merely a number of little capricious strokes. Yet the effect of a rich detail is produced.” It is so with sculpture.

The limits of sculpture is an interesting question, and has furnished material for treatises; witness that wonderful book of Lessing's—the “Laocoon.” Even more interesting is the question of the different styles, which undoubtedly are a reflection of the times. Gibson was the last of the Classics and of the true sculptors, viz. of those who give an enduring work, every glance at which is

certain to produce a sense of refinement, and ennoble and purify the taste. For it is obvious that such will be the after effect of looking on a beautiful figure, every limb of which is as perfect and elegant as it can be made. And a little recollection of this great artist throws some light on that rather vulgar test, before alluded to, of making a bust "in court." The writer was visiting him in Rome not long before his death, when he found him busy with his beautiful "Pandora"—finished as it seemed, but still "in the clay." There she stood—a model of refined grace—her box in her hand. The old man sat before it, and talked and philosophised somewhat in the tones, and after the fashion, of the late Mr. Carlyle. As he talked, he would gaze at his figure and, wetting his finger, would now and again pass it down the surface of a limb, giving a faint depression, or scraping off a film as faint. "Bless you," he said, "there's a month's work on it yet!" One was reminded of the saying of the old Greek sculptor, answering his objector, that these were trifles. "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." This admirable artist was the last of this painstaking school. The newer, which has practised a good deal in terra-cotta, is of a far more dashing and earthy order. Indeed, it is a different art altogether, and might be called painting or "sketching in clay." The strokes are rough and hasty, for effect; effects of colour and vitality are sought: there is no ideal of beauty. We have speaking likenesses—witness Boehm's and Dalou's yellow terra-cottas. But there is a curious test as to the comparative merits of the two systems. The dashing terra-cotta surprises and captivates at first, but with familiarity it grows vulgar and coarse. It leaves a growing sense of the earthiness of the person thus portrayed. With the idealised style of the old school the face grows on acquaintance, and leaves a more and more refined impression of the person. Carpeau is accountable for much of this spirit, and it is certain that the effect of viewing a series of Carpeau's efforts is decidedly debasing. Dalou, a really clever artist, may be judged by this test, by any one who will walk to the Royal Exchange, where there is a clever fleshy group of a mother and child over a drinking fountain. The artist has sought to convey the idea of fat and flesh, in the Flemish style, but after several visits the effect is found to be coarse and common.

During the late trial there seemed to be some confusion as to the different processes of sculpture. Some are purely material, and some are artistic. When first dealing with the clay, the setting-up of the model, building it, and "staying" it with irons, belongs merely to the workman, who has the artist's small model before him. When it

is well in shape, the artist is happy, for he can give way to his inspirations with security. Then comes the casting in plaster, and until this is done the artist is not free from anxiety. For the clay may dry, or shrink, or be brushed against; his delicate work destroyed by a touch. If a bust has to be cast, it is covered with plaster, in two pieces, like bowls, which fit in to each other. The clay is then picked out from within, a tedious operation, which leaves a hollow core. This is well washed out with a mixture of soap, which produces a sort of surface. Fresh plaster is now poured in, is left to set, and the outer mould, which had inclosed the clay, is chipped away with a hammer and chisel—a delicate operation; the inner mould is at last left, as the clay originally was. Next follows the translation into marble—also mechanical—done by what is called “pointing.” A statue just “pointed” presents a curious sight, the surface being all covered with drilled holes. This is a sort of geometrical operation, the points both in the model and the block being equally distant from a centre.

The sculptor first makes a small “sketch” in clay, sometimes only a few inches in height or length; such often appears to be very pretty, like all sketches. Here a couple of strokes convey the arms. But when this has to be done on a large scale, your facile sketcher fails. For here he must find knowledge, anatomy, grace, nerves, muscles, bones, all beneath each other,—things which if too accurately delineated become disagreeable. So with drapery: folds on a large scale are stiff, cast-iron-like, and lack life and motion. There is, also, the art of showing the limbs *beneath* the folds. The good sculptor is ever on the watch for spontaneous gesture and attitude. Many record their observations in little clay sketches or notes put aside for reference. I was shown one not long since of a woman washing the doorsteps—a function that can be performed gracefully as well as ungracefully, and which supplied the artist with hints for a more ambitious work. The difficulty, indeed, of finding an appropriate attitude or *pose* for a special figure, say, of a speaker, a doctor, or a clergyman, is enormous. Anything like vigour or action becomes ludicrous or grotesque, unless in great and capable hands. The true mode is to study the man and his character. If the artist have any poetry or feeling in him, something effective or natural will be suggested, almost in spite of himself. There are statues by little-known persons which rivet attention from this air of vitality; and it were devoutly to be wished that Roubillac and his school, with all its extravagance, were more studied.

When the marble cutter has done his work, and the plaster model is produced in the new material, the sculptor finally intervenes with

his chisel and round files. Now he can soften and accentuate, and impart a "velvety" touch. But it is only the great artists that can do much in the marble, the material being as fixed and cruel as fate, and every stroke final. It is only a Michael Angelo that can carve boldly in the marble, without clay, plaster, or anything interposing between him and his thoughts.

Mention was made during the late trial of what is called a "piece mould." A "waste mould" is destroyed in producing what is cast from it, and can only be used once. A "piece mould" will serve for a vast number of copies. It is a most ingenious piece of construction, formed of many pieces, fitting into each other like the pieces of a dissected map. If a cast be taken of an object with many depressions, when the plaster sets it will be held fast imprisoned in the depressions, and will not come off. But, by being made in pieces, these can be readily detached. Some artists have a fancy for "working in the plaster," that is, they carve out of this material, laying it on when necessary with a brush or "spatula." But this material is rather intractable, and does not favour freedom of conception or handling. There is an excellent little handbook on modelling, written by M. A. Vago, of Gray's Inn Road, which the amateur will find a profitable guide.

As regards clothes, the coat, trousers, &c., it would not be difficult to fix the limits of imitation. When, after meeting a distinguished man, we try to recall him to our memory, we shall find that his fashion of wearing his clothes reflects his character. It is enough to mention Mr. Gladstone. The figure forces the garment, as it were, to be obedient to its ways, modes of expression, &c. They are part of the man. Hence the idea to be carried out should be the expression of the figure revealed *through* the clothes, the latter being only indicated with little detail, so that the eye should not be distracted from the main purpose. It will be seen, therefore, how absurd is the practice of many sculptors, who, after getting the likeness, work from a lay figure dressed up in coat and trousers, and laboriously copy folds, boots, &c. It will be objected that a frock-coat and trousers can only be represented as such. But there is a grace, if not in the things, in the way of wearing them. The lines and surfaces of the figure can be made to assert themselves; the garments can be merged in the man, and their ugliness overpowered. As in the case of a well-dressed man, you are struck with nothing special, except by the fact that he is well dressed.

I am aware that these are very crude and imperfect thoughts, but they are, at least, suggestive.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

DUST: A NOVEL.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SIR FRANCIS BENDIBOW, the last of his race, and once held to be the greatest and most successful banker in England, was meanwhile lying on a bed in a small room, in a house not his own, and with no traces of luxury about him. The bed, indeed, was an easy bed enough, though it was not made of mahogany, nor draped with damask curtains : and the room was by no means a dungeon, though the furniture and fittings were of the plainest and most economical description, and Sir Francis would not have been at liberty to open the door and go out, had he wished to do so. It is not probable, however, that he wished to do anything of the kind : nor, had he been as free as the sparrow that was twittering on the eaves outside the narrow window, could he have found strength to rise from his bed and walk across the room. His physical resources were at an end : and the physician who had felt his pulse that morning had admitted (in response to the urgent demand of the baronet) that the chances were against his surviving many hours longer. Sentence of death, come it how it may, generally produces a notable impression on the recipient. Sir Francis said nothing : he fixed his eyes curiously upon the doctor's face for a few moments ; then let his gaze wander slowly round the room, taking note of every object in it. Finally he settled himself comfortably in the bed, and appeared to give himself up to his meditations, in the midst of which the doctor left him, feeling some surprise at the baronet's sang-froid and equanimity. "Must have a tolerably clear conscience, after all," he remarked to Fillmore, outside the door. "Dare say others were more to blame for the smash than he. Seems always to have been unlucky in his friends."

Sir Francis, in fact, appeared rather cheerful than otherwise. The symptoms of harassment, suspense, and irritation which had

beset him for several months past, were no longer visible. He lay there as one who composedly awaits some agreeable event, and, meanwhile, occupies himself with passing in review before his mind the incidents of a pleasant and successful career. After an hour or so of this, however, he signed to Fillmore to approach the bedside, and spoke to him earnestly, though in a low tone, for several moments. After a little discussion, the lawyer left the room. He did not return for five or six hours, during which time Sir Francis lay quite alone, save for an occasional momentary visit from the attendant on duty. At last there was another step in the passage : the door opened and Fillmore came in.

"She has come," he said, walking up to the bed, and looking keenly down at the other. "Are you still of the same mind?"

The baronet nodded, and said : "Lose no time."

Fillmore went back to the door, and immediately returned with Marion Lancaster on his arm. He led her to the bedside, and the baronet greeted her with a movement of the hand and arm, and a slight bend of the head, which, feeble though they were, somehow recalled the grand obeisances that Sir Francis Bendibow was wont to make in the days of his prosperity and renown.

"Sit down, my dear," he said, indicating the chair at his side. "Very kind of you to come. You look fatigued."

So indeed she did, with a fatigue that was more than bodily. "I am well enough," she said, looking at him gravely ; and she sat down.

"Fillmore," said the baronet, "will you remain outside a bit? Mrs. Lancaster and I are going to have a little private chat together."

When the lawyer had withdrawn, Sir Francis altered his position so as to face Marion more fully, and said, "I had an odd impression the other day. I was at a place—Vauxhall, in fact—on business ; and something happened there that upset me. I was senseless for a while, or nearly so : but I had an impression that I saw your face, and heard your voice. And afterwards, for a time, I fancied I heard and saw you again at intervals. It was in a room at an inn, somewhere, at last. That must have been all a fancy of mine—eh?"

"No, I was with you," Marion replied. "I saw you when you fell : and I got a carriage and took you to an inn. I should have taken you to your own house : but a gentleman whom I happened to meet, and who assisted me, seemed to think it best not to do that."

"Quite right of him, whoever ~~he~~ was," said the baronet : "though, as things are to-day, it doesn't make much difference, either. So 'twas really you? The gentleman was your husband, of course?"

"No: my husband knew nothing of my going there. I went there to meet you, Sir Francis."

The baronet looked surprised.

"I never thought to have the opportunity to tell you this," Marion continued. "I wanted to ask you something, which nobody but you could tell me. I heard you were living in Twickenham, but, when I went there, they told me you would see no one. But, as I was going away, one of your servants said that you would be, at a certain hour, at Vauxhall."

"Catnip, for a thousand pounds!" interjected the dying man, with some animation.

"I think that was his name," said Marion. "My husband happened to be away from home that night, so I made up my mind to go. But for a long time I could not find you anywhere. At last, just as I was going away, there was a disturbance in the crowd, and I saw you. But you were not able to speak then."

"Upon my soul!" said the baronet, with a feeble grimace, "I should have felt honoured, madame, had I been aware . . . Well, I'm rather far gone for gallantry now. But what could I have told you, eh?"

"I wanted to know about Mr. Grant—whether he were really your friend Grantley."

"Ay? What did you want to know that for?"

"Because he had bequeathed some money to his nearest of kin. If he were Mr. Grantley, the money would have come to my husband: but not so if he were some one else. And no one could tell me but you."

"Ha! Well, twenty thousand pounds is worth running some risk for," said the baronet; "and 'twas some risk to run, begad, going alone to Vauxhall at midnight, my dear! But who withholds the bequest from you? And why didn't you send your husband or your lawyer to make the inquiry?"

"Because there were reasons why I did not wish my husband to receive the legacy; and there was no way to prevent it, except to know that Mr. Grant was not the person he was supposed to be."

Sir Francis seemed not to understand this explanation: it was hardly to be expected he should do so; but, with the indifference to minor inconsistencies natural to his condition, he passed it over, and, after a short pause, he said, reverting to his former idea, "The legacy is safe enough, my dear. Grant was Grantley—that is all the matter with him. If he'd been any one else, I'd not be

lying here to-day. Your husband may keep his twenty thousand pounds, and much good may it do him ! There's not much worth having in this world, but money's the best worth having of what there is." He stopped for a few moments. "It just happens," he continued, "that 'twas about this same Grantley I wanted to speak to you. 'Tis not worth while, perhaps ; but when a man's going to die, a secret is of no good to him—all the more if it's a secret that has been bothering him all his life. I've been the slave of more secrets than one, and they've never shown me any mercy : but 'tis my turn now ; for I can reveal 'em, and they can do me no harm ! I can laugh at 'em, begad ! and not be a penny the worse for it. But for all that, my dear, I wouldn't have told 'em to any one but you. There's something about you—always was—different from any other creature I ever met. Your husband's a lucky fellow ; and if he's not the happiest fellow, and the best, that ever breathed, then stifle me if he isn't a fool and a villain !"

"You misjudge me and him," said Marion, speaking between her set teeth. "I am ready to hear about Mr. Grant, Sir Francis." But at this point her self-command gave way, and she burst into a passion of tears—the first she had shed since her quarrel with Philip the morning before. The baronet, who could not suppose that anything he had said had given occasion for this outbreak, allowed himself the flattery of believing that it was compassion for his own state that moved her—a delusion that did neither of them any harm ; and possibly it was not so entirely a delusion that some such sentiment may not have added itself to Marion's deeper causes of unhappiness. At all events, by the time she had regained control of herself, the feeling between the two had become gentler and more sympathetic.

"'Tis somewhat late in the day to find a friend who can be sorry for me," remarked the baronet ruefully : "and there have been times when I might have looked for it more than I do now. Grantley and I were friends ; but affairs turned out so, that one or other of us had to give up everything : and he was the one to do it. It looks pretty bad, in one way ; but the amount of it was that I cared more for myself than I did for him ; and there's not many men who might not confess to as much as that. Besides, I had more to lose than he had : I was the head of the house, and the name and the existence of the business would go with me. But 'twas a damned gentlemanly thing of him to do what he did, and I'm free to confess I wouldn't have done it in his place. 'Tis bad enough to suffer for your own fault, but it must be a hard business to go down for the fault of another man—though that's what often happens in this

world, whether we want it or not. You see, my dear, there was always a bit of a gambler in me, and I used to have wonderful luck. When I was quite a young fellow, I used to sit up night after night at the clubs, and it struck me that since where one fortune was made and kept, ten to a score were lost, it would be a good plan to arrange matters so that what so many lost, one should win—and I that one. One thing led to another, and the end of it was that I set up a place called Rackett's—though only two or three men knew that I had anything to do with it; and all I need say about it now is, that more money came to us by that quiet little place than by the bank itself: ay, a good deal more, begad!

“A hundred times I might have sold out for enough to buy half Old Jewry with: but I liked the fun of the thing, and there seemed no chance of losing. We did lose at last, though, and by wholesale, too. There was no accounting for it: 'twas more like a special miracle than anything I ever knew of. I knew the luck must change some time, so I kept putting in to fill up the hole, until I put in all of my own that I had in the world. Then I took from the bank: hadn't any business to do it, of course; but it was sure to come all right in the end, if nobody found it out. That was the weak point: somebody did find it out: and Grantley was the man. He came straight to me, and asked me what I was about. I tried to stop him off; but it wouldn't do. He forced me to own up: and then the question came, What was to happen next? I was a ruined man, and the bank was as good as gone, if the truth came out. Grantley was a careful fellow, and he had saved a vast deal of money; and I asked him to help me out of the scrape. We looked into the thing—he cared a great deal for me in those days, and as much, maybe, for the credit of the bank—and found that it would take all he'd got to make good only what was gone from the bank, not to speak of the rest of it; and to make it worse, there was no way of putting the money back without betraying that it had been taken out irregularly.

“But at last he got an idea, and I give him credit for it. ‘It must become known, Frank,’ he said to me, ‘that the bank has been robbed by somebody. You are the bank, and it stands or falls with you. It won't make so much difference about me. You may have what I've got, and I'll leave the country. Let 'em think I took it, and that you replaced it. I can make my own way somewhere else, another name; and the concern will be saved. Take care of the wife and child: it won't do to take them with me, but maybe I'll find a way to get 'em out of the country. And do you let gambling alone for

“It was a good offer, and I took it, as most men would have done in my place. I’m not sure, now, but I might as well have let it alone. At any rate, off he went, and that was the last I heard from him for twenty years, except when I sent him word, a little while after, that his wife had died. He wrote back asking me to educate the child, and do the best I could for her: where he was, was no place for her. Meanwhile, I was contriving to keep along, but no more: we never had any luck after he left. That confounded Rackett’s kept draining me: I had ceased to be the owner of the place, as I had promised him; but the other men had a hold on me, by threatening to expose me if I didn’t let ’em have what they wanted; and they wanted more than I could find of my own to give ’em. So, what with one thing and another, when he came back under his assumed name last year, he found things pretty nearly in as bad a way as when he went off.

“I may have been mistaken,” continued the baronet, speaking in a more uncertain tone; “but I had been worried so much, and had so much underhand fighting to do, that I thought Grantley meant me no good. He had in his possession some papers—letters that had passed between us, and other things—that enabled him, if he chose, to turn me out of house and home and into gaol at a day’s notice. I might have stood it for myself; but there was my boy Tom; and I felt that I could sooner kill Grantley than let Tom know I hadn’t been an honest man. There was Perdita, too; he would be sure to make himself known to his own daughter if to nobody else; and he wouldn’t be likely to do that without letting her know that he was not the man who robbed the bank. And if Perdita knew it, all London would know it, for she never was a friend of mine, and would jump at a chance to ruin me.”

“You are wrong,” said Marion, who was sitting with her hands tightly clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed with a sad sternness upon the narrator; “Madame Desmoines has had the papers within her reach for six months, and has never opened them until, perhaps, yesterday.”

“Well, right or wrong makes no difference now. I tried to make Grantley give me back the papers by fair means, and when he refused I was more than ever persuaded he meant mischief; so I resolved to get them in spite of him. I found he always carried them about with him; and then I thought there was no way for it but to hire a footpad to rob him. But it was too risky a job to trust to any one . . .”

Marion rose, and stood with one trembling hand grasping the back of her chair. She could bear it no longer.

“Don't tell me any more!” she exclaimed, in a low, almost threatening voice. “I know the rest. You did it yourself, Sir Francis. You killed him—you murdered him in the dark ; and he was the noblest, sweetest, most generous of men, and never harmed a human being ! Can nothing make you feel that you have been wicked ? And you tried to kill him once before—yes ! that night of the thunderstorm. A man like you has no right to die ! You ought to live for ever, and have no rest !”

“Well, my dear,” said the baronet, not seeming to feel much emotion, “Providence is more merciful than you are, though not so just, I dare say ; it doesn't give a man earthly immortality on account of his sins. You see I can't feel as shocked at myself as you do ; I've known myself so long, I've got used to it. And if you would think over my crimes, quietly, for the next twenty years or so, maybe you'd not be so anxious to have me damned. We are what we are, and some of us have bad luck into the bargain. That's all ! I'm glad you found me out, however you did it ; for I don't believe I should have had the pluck to confess I killed him, when it came to the point. It was a dirty piece of business ; and if it hadn't been for . . . one thing, I was just as likely to put the bullet into my own heart as his. But,” continued the dying man, by a great effort raising himself in his bed, and lifting his arms, while the blood rushed to his face, making it dark and lurid—“but when I knew that in taking his life I had been led on to take the life of my own darling boy—that I loved a thousand times more than I hated anybody else —by the living God, I could have murdered Grantley over again, out of revenge !”

These are the last words known to have been uttered by Sir Francis Bendibow. He became unconscious soon after, and died the same afternoon. They were terrible words ; and yet, when Marion recalled them long afterwards, it seemed to her that there might be, perhaps, something in them indicative of a moral state less abjectly depraved than was suggested by his previous half-complacent apathy.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE morning after Bendibow's death Merton Fillmore sent word to the Marquise Desmoines that he would call upon her that evening, if she found it convenient to receive him. She returned answer that she would expect him.

Ever since her parting with Philip Lancaster, the Marquise had kept herself secluded. After such an experience, even she needed time to draw her breath and look about her. It was more like defeat than anything else that had ever happened to her. It was defeat in fact, if not altogether in form. She had, whether consciously or unconsciously, shaped all her course and purpose to the end of being loved by Philip; and he did not love her. Nothing could disguise that truth; and it was additionally embittered by the discovery, almost unexpected to herself, that she not only preferred him to other men, but that she loved him, and that he was the only man she ever had loved. She had allowed him to perceive this, and the perception had failed to kindle in him a response. No doubt she had assumed on the instant the semblance of cool indifference; she had divined her failure almost before she had made it; she had listened to his reply with a smile, and had dismissed him with defiance; but, after all, she knew in her inmost heart that she had been worsted; and whether Philip were as intimately conscious of it, or were conscious of it at all, made little difference. She had offered him more than any woman can offer with impunity, and he had professed himself unable to accept it.

After he left her she was for a time supported by the ardour of defiant anger, which made her feel as if she had never been conquered—had scarcely begun to fight, indeed—and had illimitable reserves of strength still to draw upon. But when this mood had flamed itself out, she began to realise how little her strength and resources could avail her. She had no longer any object to contend for. She had lost the day, and, no matter what her vigour and courage might be, the day in which she might redeem herself would never dawn. Philip was, to all intents and purposes, exanimate; and she might as hopefully strive, by dint of her beauty and brilliance, to restore life to a corpse from the hospital as to stimulate Philip to feel even so much emotion toward her as would make him care whether she loved him or hated him. The shock of Marion's loss, and the self-revelation it had wrought in him, had put him above or below the reach of other feelings. He had collapsed; and it was this collapse which had rendered him indomitable even by the Marquise Desmoines.

What was left to her? The injury was too deep not to demand requital. But how could she avenge herself on Philip? What could she make him suffer that he was not already suffering? His life was broken up; he had lost his wife and his place in the world—for she knew Philip well enough to be aware that it would be a long

while (if ever) before a man of his organisation would be able to renew his relations with society. Surely hatred itself could not pursue him further ! There was nothing to be done.

And yet to do nothing was intolerable to Perdita ; she could have borne anything else better. Inaction gnawed her heart and made her existence bitter. But what could she do ? Should she kill him ? No : life could hardly be so dear to him as to make that worth while. Should she kill herself ? That, indeed, was as likely as anything else to put an end to her unrest ; but should she allow Philip to imagine that she had died for love of him ? She laughed, and shook her head. It was while she was in this mood that Fillmore's letter came, mentioning Bendibow's death. The news interested her, for she fancied it might in some way bear upon the subject that possessed her thoughts. She awaited his arrival with impatience.

He came punctually, as usual ; but his face and demeanour, as he entered the room, were singularly reserved and sombre. The Marquise, if she noticed this at all (and it would be hard to say what a woman like her does not notice), laid it to the account of the death-scene at which he had been present. As for herself, she felt no regret, and was not in the vein to express what she did not feel. She greeted the lawyer coolly and briefly, and went at once to the subject.

"Sir Francis has died in good time and with good taste. I had not given him credit for so much consideration."

"Yes, madame," replied Fillmore, bowing. "He has solved many difficulties. Possibly it was only the struggle against misfortune that kept him in life so long. The death of his son was his death-blow. His ruin was a relief to him."

"Fortune and misfortune are in our feeling, not in our circumstances : that is an old story," observed Perdita. "Well, did he die repentant ?"

"He was unconscious for several hours before his death, and I was not present when his last words were spoken."

"'Tis a pity he should have been alone. He might have said something worth hearing. A good many secrets have died with him."

"He was not alone, madame."

"Who was with him ?"

"Mrs. Lancaster."

Perdita was dumb for a moment. "Did you say Mrs. Philip Lancaster ?" she then asked, bending forward curiously.

Fillmore bowed in assent.

"I did not know she was in London," said the Marquise, after another short pause. "Her husband certainly was not aware. . . . How did this happen?"

"It was the baronet's wish," replied Fillmore. "Her name had been often mentioned by him since his catastrophe: her kind behaviour to him at Vauxhall——"

"What had she to do with him at Vauxhall?" interrupted Perdita, making herself erect in her chair.

"I am not acquainted with the details of the matter," said Fillmore, "but it seems that she wished to consult him on a subject of importance, and, owing to the mysterious habits he had adopted of late, she was obliged to seek him at Vauxhall. He was taken with a fit—indeed, I believe it was the disturbance which this occasioned that first discovered him to her——"

"This is a strange story!" Perdita broke out. "I had heard that Mrs. Lancaster was at Vauxhall, but the name of the gentleman with her was not Francis Bendibow."

"You yourself saw her there, did you not?" inquired Fillmore, with a steady look.

"Are you a detective as well as a solicitor, Mr. Fillmore?" demanded the Marquise, smiling ironically; "I did see her there, on the arm of Mr. Tom Moore."

"I do but repeat what is known and spoken of by others," said Fillmore: "but it seems to be generally conceded that her meeting with Moore was accidental,—he assisted her in getting a carriage to take the baronet away. She was guilty of great imprudence, but, it seems, in a cause which she thought urgent enough to justify it. As I was saying, Sir Francis never lost the recollection of her kindness, and toward the last he expressed a strong desire to speak with her. I went to her house in search of her, but was informed that she had been absent since the preceding day, and it was not known where she was."

"We must admit her conduct to be singular," remarked Perdita with a slight laugh. "No doubt, as you say, it was justifiable! Where did you find her?"

"Quite accidentally I met Lady Flanders, and, in the course of conversation, was informed by her ladyship that Mrs. Lancaster was at her house."

"Ah! Lady Flanders . . . But—well, go on!"

"Lady Flanders said," continued Fillmore, fixing his eyes in a marked way on Perdita, "that Mrs. Lancaster had felt herself grossly injured by . . . a person from whom she had every right to expect

different treatment, and that, in her distress and defencelessness, she had accepted Lady Flanders' proposal to make her ladyship's house her home for a few days."

"Really, Mr. Fillmore, a less charitable man than you might say that Lady Flanders had assisted Mrs. Lancaster to run away from her husband."

"Supposing Mrs. Lancaster to have had that intention," replied Fillmore coldly; "the general opinion seems to be that her husband had spared her the necessity."

"How do you wish me to understand that?"

"That Philip Lancaster had planned an elopement on his own account."

"Positively you amuse me!" exclaimed Perdita, gazing at him intently. "Are you going to add the inspiration of a prophet to your two other professions? Tell me, with whom has Mr. Philip Lancaster planned to elope?"

"If you need to be told that," replied Fillmore, after a considerable pause, "there is nothing to tell."

The Marquise smiled. "Ah, Mr. Fillmore," said she, "you are not so clever a man as I thought! Mr. Lancaster came to me two nights ago; he was very tired and hungry, poor fellow; he had been hunting his wife over London, and seemed to think she might have taken refuge with me. I consoled him as well as I could, and sent him away. I have not seen or heard of him since then. Unfortunately, I was not in a position to give him the comforting information I have just heard from you. I am surprised that Lady Flanders, who seems to be such a friend of homeless wanderers, had not given him his wife's new address. He told me that he had spoken with her ladyship that very afternoon."

"I know nothing about that," said Fillmore, whose sombre aspect had lightened somewhat during this speech, "but I found Mrs. Lancaster at Lady Flanders' house: she went with me to see Bendi-bow, and afterwards I accompanied her back to Lady Flanders'. She seemed to be in a very low and anxious frame of mind, and there can be no doubt that she has been with Lady Flanders ever since she left her own house. As to the suggestion about Mr. Moore, I have the honour of that gentleman's acquaintance, and I could easily convince Mr. Philip Lancaster that he has no cause for mis-giving on that score."

"The fact still remains that Mr. Lancaster did not know where his wife was. However, we can let that pass. Has it occurred to you, sir, that you owe me an apology?"

“I cannot find words in which to apologise for so great a wrong,” said Fillmore, in a husky voice. “I cannot express, either, the joy I feel that it was a wrong. Oh, madame . . . Perdita! how can I think about you or judge you dispassionately! You cannot punish me so much as the anguish I have endured has already punished me! I thought I could not bear not to have you love me: but now, that seems a delight in comparison with the misery of thinking that you had given yourself to him.”

“Well, there seems to have been a contagion of error,” said Perdita, with a queer smile. “Now that so much has been corrected, perhaps you may even come to your senses with regard to me! You are certainly a persistent man: ’tis a pity I am not a yielding woman.”

“I can never give you up!” Fillmore said again.

“What! had you not given me up an hour ago?”

“No: less than ever. I would have followed you—anywhere!”

“It would have been in vain,” said Perdita, shaking her head. “I have too much regard for you to let you pick me out of the mud, Mr. Fillmore: and too little regard for myself to submit to be saved on those terms. When I am driven to extremity, there is another bridegroom who is waiting for me even more patiently than you are, and who, unlike you, is certain to have me at last.”

“Do not smile so, and talk of death!” exclaimed Fillmore passionately. “There is more life in the thought of you than in the flesh and blood of any other woman!”

“You are welcome to the thought of me, if you will forego the rest!” returned Perdita with a sigh. “But really, sir, that is a finer compliment than I should have expected to hear from a man so reserved as you. No—let us speak of something else. If all that you tell me be true, we may expect a reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster. It will only be a question of time.”

Fillmore moved his head, but said nothing.

“You have no sentiment,” pursued the Marquise laughingly. “It will be an affecting scene, if you think of it! Lovers’ reconciliations are worth the quarrel it costs to have them. Our friend Philip will be happier than ever, and he will give us a beautiful poem inspired by his new experience; something that will make ‘Iduna’ seem crude and cold! There will be no drawback to his contentment!”

Something ironical in Perdita’s tone struck Fillmore’s ear, but he did not understand it, and remained silent.

“Too much happiness is dangerous,” she went on: “it would be the part of friendship to abate a little of it. What do you think?”

"I am no friend of Mr. Lancaster's," said Fillmore, shortly.

"You are very dull, sir!" exclaimed the Marquise, giving him a sparkling glance. "If you are no friend of his, think how much reason I have to be his friend! When he was a youth, whom no one knew, he formed the acquaintance of the Marquis, and came to our house, and read me his first little poems, which I praised, and encouraged him to write more, so that his first book, the 'Sunshine of Revolt,' was my godchild, and at that time I was its only reader. I saw that he had intellect, but his nature was timid, suspicious, self-conscious, and cold; he dissected himself and mistrusted others. He had the poetic gift, but wanted the courage and vigour of the heart to use it: his fear of ridicule made him prefer criticism to creation: he could imagine himself to be so much that he was content to become nothing. His ambition made him vain, and his vanity made him indolent. He needed a stronger and more active spirit,—something to make him plunge into difficulties and struggles, and not to care if fools shrugged their shoulders. I thought I could supply what he lacked,—that I could give him the blood and the warmth to render his great faculties practical. He ought to have understood the value of such companionship as I offered him!" said Perdita, speaking with more intensity. "But what he says is not like what he is; he is a man who has fears and hesitations,—the kind of man that I despise! What right had he to marry? Was not I better than marriage? But really, Mr. Fillmore, these poets are great fools: they promise a great deal, and some of them write very charmingly, but a lawyer is more of a man!"

Fillmore's face indicated that he was beginning to recover from his dulness. Still he dared not hope too soon; it might be that Perdita's words, as well as Philip's, could imply more than she meant. He waited to hear more. But she recommenced at an unexpected point.

"I have read those papers," she said, rising and going to a secretaire, from a drawer of which she took Grantley's packet. "Sir Francis knew when to die: here is what would have made it impossible for him to live. He was false, cowardly, and selfish beyond belief! And my father—Charles Grantley—was as noble as the other was base: too noble! I have no sympathy with such generosity. Let a man be as true as steel, but as hard and deadly too, when there is need! But he was my father: I know that now, and I'm going to act upon it!"

"In what way?" asked Fillmore.

"To have my rights," answered Perdita, lifting her head.

“Who has deprived you of them?”

She laughed. “That is no more than I expected. I have been yielding and complaisant so long that people—even you—have forgotten I have any rights to claim. But I am tired . . . that does not amuse me any longer. I am going to take what my father gave me.”

“What did he give you?”

“Twenty thousand pounds.”

“Of course you are not in earnest,” said Fillmore with a smile.

“Mr. Lancaster will not agree with you.”

The lawyer looked at her, and became grave. “It is too late. You passed it on to him.”

“No!” said Perdita, planting her white hand on the papers upon the table. “Philip Lancaster appropriated a legacy which I did not know belonged to me. There was at that time no proof that the author of the will was my father. There was only a presumption, which, for reasons that I gave you, I refused to adopt. The death of Sir Francis, and the opening of this packet, have changed the whole matter. The proof is here, and the reasons that might influence me to disregard it no longer exist. I shall claim my right; I shall take what is mine, let him prevent me who can!”

“The possession by the other party makes against you,” said Fillmore. “Your surrender of the property would be an obstacle to your claiming it now. It is not easy to play fast and loose with twenty thousand pounds. You should have stated your objections earlier.”

“Tell me, sir, what proof was there, until now, that Mr. Grantley was my father?”

“There was probability, and an understanding that proof could be produced if necessary.”

“But it was not produced; and in the absence of it, how could Philip Lancaster, any more than I, lay claim to the legacy? His belief goes for nothing; a man would believe anything for the sake of twenty thousand pounds. The will directs that he is to possess the legacy only in case that I reject it. It is only within these two days that I have known it was mine to reject. But I shall not reject it; I shall keep it. Do you mean to tell me that he has had the audacity to lay hands upon it?”

“I scarcely know even now whether you are in earnest,” said Fillmore, who was certainly perplexed. “There may have been technical delays in the way of his actually touching the money, but there can be no doubt that he has been regarded as the owner of it,

and has acted accordingly. He has incurred expenses in the furnishing of his house and other matters which he never could have afforded otherwise. For you to insist upon your claim now would inevitably be his ruin."

"I have nothing to do with that," said the Marquise, smiling, "though I may be sorry that he has been so precipitate."

"This can only be caprice in you," said Fillmore, gravely. "The legacy is nothing to you. You have property to ten times that amount."

"I must be allowed to understand my own requirements, sir."

"You must have other reasons than those you state. It is not to benefit yourself but to injure him that you do this."

The Marquise shrugged her shoulders. "Say, if you like, that to injure him benefits me."

"How should it benefit you?"

"How should it not? Does it not benefit me to injure my enemy?—the man I hate! Has he not injured me? Is it no injury to have such things said of me as you repeated a while ago? Could they have been said if he had not authorised them? Do you pretend you love me, and do you let me be insulted by a man who gives it to be believed that I agreed to elope with him? Oh, if I were a man . . . no! A woman is better!—except when she is fool enough to love!"

Fillmore stood up, his face reddening. "No man shall insult you without giving an account to me," he said, speaking with a certain stiffness of utterance. "My love for you gives me that right, whether you admit it or not. I should be slow to believe that Mr Lancaster can be capable of doing what you suspect; but if he did, he shall answer for it."

"In what way?"

"In the way customary between gentlemen," replied Fillmore, haughtily.

"That will not suit me," said the Marquise, shaking her head. "I am neither old enough nor young enough to care to be the subject of a duel, especially on such grounds. I must fight my own battles in my own way, but you shall be my weapon if you will."

"Your weapon?"

"Yes: my legal thunderbolt! You shall conduct my case against him."

"I cannot do that!" said Fillmore after a pause.

"Can you not? Then there can be nothing more between you and . . . I will never see you again."

“It would not be honourable,” exclaimed Fillmore, bending forward and grasping the edges of the table with his hands. “I was employed to draw up the will, and I have acted in Mrs. Lancaster’s interests, and in those of her husband. I could not retain my standing and integrity as a lawyer, and do what you ask. I could not justify it to myself as a man. My profession has brought me to a knowledge of all crime and weakness and rascality in human nature ; and I have always tried to do right and justice, and I have never, for any cause, been a rascal myself. If I were to do this, it would be the last act of my professional life.” Fillmore was extraordinarily moved ; his voice faltered, and he stopped.

“In other words,” said Perdita, with the quiet mercilessness that sometimes showed itself in her character, “you think our acquaintance has gone far enough. I agree with you, sir. I will not detain you any longer.”

“No : I cannot give you up,” returned Fillmore, after a short silence. He sighed heavily. In the struggle of opposing wills, he felt that the woman had the advantage. “If I refuse,” he said, “you threaten me with a punishment greater than I can bear. But if I consent . . .” he stepped forward and put his hands strongly upon her shoulders, and looked with power into her eyes. It was the first time he had ever touched her, save to take her hand in greeting or farewell. She could feel the emotion that made his arms vibrate. It gave her a new impression of him.

“What do you wish ?” she asked in a gentle tone.

“What will you give me in return for what I give you ?”

Perdita looked down, and hesitated.

“What will satisfy you ?” she asked at length.

“You will satisfy me ! Nothing else. Will you give me yourself ?”

“For that you will do all I ask ?”

“Yes.”

“Well, then, let it be so !” she said, looking up with a momentary smile.

Fillmore stooped and kissed her. A strange, reckless sort of happiness filled his heart. He was no longer the man he had been ; but Perdita was his reward.

(To be concluded.)

SCIENCE NOTES.

SAVING THE EYES.

A VERY prevalent and often mischievous popular delusion has lately received considerable support from some of the newspapers. I have met with it in two, both in connection with the same subject. In the *Daily News* of November 14 is an account of one of the Board School buildings—that in Mina Road, Old Kent Road. After an enumeration of the merits of the building, the writer says there is one exceptional defect that “would be almost incredible if an enemy should declare it in the course of a virulent attack on the Board. In nearly all the rooms it has been arranged that the light shall come in directly at the backs of the children. That such a fundamental mistake should be made after all the experience that has been gained, and with all the ingenuity and care that have been bestowed on every trivial detail, is curious.”

I have no hesitation in affirming that the “fundamental mistake” is made by the writer, and that, provided the windows are high enough and of sufficient magnitude to supply an abundance of diffused light through the rooms (I have not seen the building), the actual arrangement is, next to skylight, the very best possible.

Had anybody explained this to me twenty-five years before I discovered it for myself, I should have gained by paying him a fee equal to one year's income for the advice. As it is I am now wearing spectacles, and otherwise suffering, as are thousands of others, simply because up to about 45 years of age I usually worked at reading and writing with my face to the light, which is the worst possible position. With my back to the light I can now read or write for two or three consecutive hours without visual inconvenience; with a front light half an hour produces pain and inflammation.

The reason is simple enough. The light should fall on the book or the paper, and the eye should be in shadow, the shadow of the head.

If anybody doubts this let him try the experiment of reading small print first with his back to a window that rises well above the height of his head, and then with his face to the same window. Then, in order to explain the difference he will experience, let him, in an otherwise dark room, stand before a looking-glass, hold a candle

behind his head, and observe in the glass the size of the black opening to the retina of his eyes. Now bring the candle round, and the contraction of the iris will at once be strikingly shown; the central black window of the eye will be reduced to half its former size.

Then let him try the one-sided light—the left-hand light—that is so dogmatically recommended. He will find that the left iris is far less expanded than the right; the right pupil is largest—*i.e.* the eyes are forced to act irregularly or with an unequal strain upon that exquisitely constructed system of muscular fibres constituting the *sphincter pupillae*. As the protection of the retina depends upon the ready response of these to the light, their healthy action and preservation for old age is of the greatest importance.

There is a collateral advantage of the back light in the case of children. If the windows are fairly high, the shadow of the head only falls on the book when the pupils lean forward, and to escape from this they avoid the pernicious habit of thus leaning and pressing the breast-bone against the edge of the desk.

The best light of all is that which comes from above in such a manner that the eyes are protected from glare by the shadow of the superciliary ridge, or overhang of the forehead and eyebrows, while there are no shadows whatever on the desk or the books. But this is only obtainable where there are no rooms above. Billiard players perfectly understand the advantages of such top lighting, and arrange accordingly. All who read or write by gas light will act wisely by taking a lesson from the customary mode of lighting a billiard table with gas.

TRANSFUSION BY PRESSURE.

IN one of my notes of last August on "Regelation and Welding," I described some experiments on the solidification of metal-filings by pressure. Some further experiments have been made by Mr. Spring which have brought out still more remarkable results.

They were made by submitting mixtures of the filings of different metals to enormous pressures (7,500 atmospheres, or about a hundred thousand pounds to the square inch). The result was the production of a solid block, which, instead of consisting of grains of the different metals merely adhering, became a true alloy. Thus when a mixture of filings of bismuth, tin, and cadmium in the proportion to form "Wood's alloy" was thus compressed, a solid metallic mass was obtained having properties different from either those of the bismuth, or the cadmium, or the tin. It melted in hot water, in water at the temperature of 113° , 99 degrees below the boiling point, or that which the hand can just bear.

Bismuth melts at 512° , cadmium at 442° , and tin at 451° . The mean of these is 463° . The alloy melting at 113° is therefore a true compound, not a mere mechanical mixture of the compressed filings. The materials of Rose's alloy, lead, bismuth, and tin, the ordinary visible metal of which the spoons are made that astonish old ladies by melting in their tea, was similarly produced. Also a true brass by compressing copper and zinc filings.

These facts afford further evidence of a law for the generality and importance of which I have often contended, viz. that the solid and liquid states of matter are continuous, are not separated by any distinct boundary; that there is no such thing in nature as a true solid; that everything flows if solicited to do so with sufficient energy. The flowing of water, mercury, or any other liquid is due to the pressure of its own weight; but it resists that flow with a degree of "viscosity" which varies with different liquids, and becomes very evident in such liquids as castor oil, or such substances as pitch.

The filings above described, if heated to their melting points, would have flowed into each other by the pressure of their own weights only, and thus have formed the alloy, but the minor degree of fluidity possessed by the so-called solid metal demanded a much higher pressure than this to produce such interflowing and inherent commingling.

If this view is correct and as general as I believe it to be, the much-vexed question of the rigidity or fluidity of the interior of the earth is settled at once. *The enormous pressure of the superincumbent mass must liquefy all the inner material of the earth whatever be its temperature*, the precession of the equinoxes, the nutation of the earth's axis, and the formulæ of Sir William Thompson, notwithstanding.

Many of my readers are probably aware that the old discussion concerning the igneous origin of the "plutonic" rocks has been revived on the ground that the structure of granitic rocks is not exactly that which should result from ordinary fusion, but at the same time it is undeniable that something akin to fusion must have occurred. Now, this sort of mongrel fusion, effecting a pasty agglomeration, is just what should have occurred, according to the above, previously to the uptilting and denudation of these rocks, *i.e.* when they were subjected to the full pressure of all the stratified rocks, and heated to the temperature we find to actually exist at corresponding depths.

The known phenomena are thus explained by the action of known and existing causes, without any imagining of a formerly gaseous and subsequently melted world. I once believed in this

doctrine myself, but further reflections on actual facts continually weaken that faith, and have developed a positive scepticism.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF HAUNTED CHAMBERS.

IN the last November number of the *Journal of Science* is put forth anonymously an ingenious theory of the origin of certain ghostly apparitions.

The writer states that the witch-ointments, magic fumigations, &c., used in olden time contained ingredients capable of producing delusions, visions of demons, &c., to those intoxicated by their influence. He names the Siberian fungus (*Amanita muscaria*) as having been proved to have such effects on those who swallowed it, and he suggests that the microscopic germs of other fungi when breathed may produce a temporary derangement of the nervous system, during which the patient fancies he sees, hears, or feels unaccountable sights, sounds, and impressions.

The author of this hypothesis states that when travelling he has sometimes occupied rooms in which he experienced a peculiar uneasiness and a disposition to be continually looking round to see if there was not something unpleasant behind him, and that he has also felt "a cold shiver down the spine."

The rooms where this occurred had a persistent odour, faintly pungent, like that of an unfrequented library.

He concludes that the old castles, mansions, and other desolate dwellings so especially liable to become "haunted" have their walls, furniture, &c., covered with minute fungi, emitting their spores, like other fungi, in the form of microscopic floating dust, which being inhaled acts like the corresponding spores of the Siberian fungus, or the fumes of a properly conducted incantation.

I have felt the above-described sensations, *minus* the spinal cold shudder, on several occasions when, in the course of my Continental pedestrian trips, I have stopped at an old chalet converted to a poor country inn, and have been lodged for the night in the state bedroom, with all its old draperies. Whether these sensations were due to the lingering influence of nursery stories, or to the undigested remains of my previous meal, or to the supposed microscopic fungous spores, I cannot decide, but think the above theory well worth the further investigation which we are told is pending.

A PLEA FOR SOUR GRAPES.

ONE of the stories told by George Combe at his memorable "circumtabular teas" (so named by the brilliant Dr. Samuel Brown because we sat and took tea at a specially enlarged round

table) was of a Scottish laird who surprised his friends at dinner by affirming that the finest grapes he had ever eaten were grown in the open air in Fifeshire. Their surprise, however, was moderated when he returned to the subject by adding, "but I maun premise that I prefer them soor."

Some analyses recently made by F. Musculus and C. Amthor supply scientific justification for the laird's preference.

They found that genuine wines grown in the bad year of 1879 contained abnormally large amounts of extractives, acids, ash and phosphoric acid, and small proportions of alcohol. The extractives were generally of gelatinous consistency, probably due to pectinous substances. Also that the amount of phosphoric acid was frequently higher than the limits generally adopted for ripe grapes. They conclude that by far the greater proportion of mineral substances re-migrate from the fruits into the stem during the completion of maturation.

If wines are any better than plain brandy and water, the superiority must depend upon what they contain over and above the alcohol and the water, and the richer they are in these additional constituents the better the wine. Musculus and Amthor have proved that wine from sour grapes contains more of all these than wine from ripe grapes; therefore sour grapes make better wine than ripe grapes.
Q. F. D.

Hungarian and other wines have been recommended on account of the brain-making phosphates they contain, and others are supposed to be specially nutritious, such as "invalid's port," &c. &c. As the wine from sour grapes is the richest in everything but mere alcohol (the increase of which is not at all a difficult problem to the *practical* wine merchant), it is evident that if we require pectinous, gelatinous, extractive, phosphatic wines, we have only to establish vineyards anywhere between Cornwall and the Grampians, producing grapes sufficiently "soor" to produce wonderful wines.

As the phylloxera is a burrowing animal that cannot cross the water, our insular vineyards would escape the pest which is gradually sweeping over the Continental vineyards.

THE NUTRIMENT IN WINE.

IN reference to the above note "I maun premise" that the views thus stated concerning the brain-making or other nutrient properties of any kind of wine are not my own. I freely admit the demand for brain-making food on the part of those who believe in the nutritious properties of fancy wines, and pay for them accordingly,

but dispute their success in obtaining the much-needed-supply from this particular source.

Take half a pint of Imperial Tokay, or "rich fruity port," or "fine old tawny port," or any other choice wine, pour it into a glass retort, the neck of which dips into a glass receiver surrounded with cold water. Then boil the wine gently by means of gas or spirit flame. Clear liquid will condense on the neck of the retort and run down into the receiver. This liquid will be simple brandy and water, all the other "nutritive" constituents will be found in the retort as a gummy residuum about sufficient to form a small-sized lozenge weighing about $\frac{1}{20}$ of an ounce. The nutritive value of this, which is all the wine contains over and above the brandy and water, is about equal to that of a gelatine lozenge of the above-named weight, the wholesale commercial value of which is about eightpence per lb. Otherwise stated, the nutritive value of the half-pint of choice wine is commercially equal to $\frac{1}{4} \frac{1}{20}$ of a penny.

AERONAUTICAL EXPLORATION.

IN the *Gentleman's Magazine* of July 1880 I advocated the employment of balloons for Arctic exploration, seeing only one difficulty that stands in the way of their immediate application to this object, viz. our uncertainty as regards the rate at which the exosmosis—the outward permeation—of hydrogen takes place through the materials of which balloons are usually made. Upon this depends the time of possible floating in the air, and, until we have definite knowledge of this, a great venture would amount to culpable recklessness.

An account has lately appeared in *Iron* of an invention which promises to overcome this difficulty. It is a development of the original balloon of Montgolfier which preceded the modern gas-bag. Montgolfier's "fire-balloon" was of paper, inflated by heating the air it contained by burning combustibles under a wide mouth at the bottom of the bag. The terrible risk of burning the machine itself has hitherto stopped further practical developments of this system.

The new balloon meets this hitherto fatal objection by constructing the lower part of the bag of very fine asbestos cloth, which is absolutely incombustible, and the upper of ordinary material protected by fireproof varnish. A trial was made at Hendon with such a balloon of cylindrical shape and a capacity of about 3,000 feet. To the neck of this is attached a copper spirit lamp.

Before inflation, the balloon was suspended by suitable tackle,

from which it hung like a limp rag. The spirit was then ignited and the balloon was fully inflated in about five minutes, standing up about 30 feet high and ready for ascent. The difference between this and the tedious half-day's business of filling from a large and specially laid gas main is of the greatest practical importance, especially where there are no gasworks at hand.

The expense of the spirit is stated to be far less than that of either coal gas or hydrogen, even where these are obtained most advantageously.

For a long voyage the advantages of such a balloon are immense. A large supply of spirit would be carried in lieu of the ordinary ballast. As this became consumed, the demand for ascending power would be diminished ; by suitable regulation of the flame this could be supplied as required, and thus, with Green's drag-rope to regulate the elevation, a flying drift across the Arctic inclosure would be an easy trip.

African and Australian exploration would also be made easy by such means. Stanley should see to it without delay. His troubles with hostile tribes would probably vanish if he descended from heaven instead of arriving among them by his ordinary prosaic course. The effect of such a descent upon the minds of different types of savage humanity would, in itself, be an interesting psychological study. The celestial visitor would probably become an object of devout worship, and valuable aid in furtherance of the expedition thereby obtained on easy terms.

The costume of the aeronauts should be carefully devised in reference to such impressions. For Africans unaccustomed to drapery an abundantly bespangled harlequin's dress would, I think, be very effective, especially if the explorers were prepared by taking a few lessons in the pantomime attitudes that inaugurate the appearance of harlequin on the transformation scene, and the shivering "business" for displaying the spangles in tropical sunshine. No savages, however stolid, could resist the fascinations of half a dozen such chromatic and brilliant beings suddenly descending from the skies.

THE BLOOD OF MOUNTAINEERS.

MOUNTAINEERS have always been celebrated for their energy and vitality. The inhabitants of the plains have succumbed to conquerors, and have easily been enslaved, while those living in higher regions have resisted, and have proved more or less invincible, not merely when fighting in their mountain fastnesses, but

also in pitched battles on open ground, as at Morat, Mortgarten, Sempach, &c. The original home of the Vikings was a mountain farm, these adventurous warriors being the younger sons of Scandinavian bonders whose freehold was too small for subdivision. They hailed from the steep crags of the Hardanger, the Sogne, the Nord, and other fjords, where the farms are perched at heights in some cases reaching to 3,000 feet above their only highway the rock-walled inlet of the sea.

Some curious researches have recently been made by M. Paul Bert, and communicated to the Academy of Sciences. In the course of these he discovered that the blood of herbivorous animals acclimatised at an elevation of 3,700 metres above the sea level is much richer in oxygen than the blood of similar animals inhabiting land near the sea level; 100 cubic centimetres of the blood of the mountaineers contained from 16.2 to 21.6 cubic centimetres of oxygen, while the amount of animals of the same species in France is only 10 to 12 cubic centimetres.

At the risk of bringing down upon my head the anathemas of Ouida (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1882), I dare to suggest that M. Bert should repeat his vivisection by similarly analysing specimens of the blood of human beings, say, for example, the monks of St. Bernard, as compared with friars of the same order and corresponding ages residing on the plains of France, choosing of course specimens of the former well acclimatised by long residence in the convent.

If these, and other samples taken from the labouring classes similarly contrasted, yield results corresponding to those obtained from herbivorous animals, it may be that the exuberant vitality and energy of the mountaineer is due to the supplying of his brain and nervous system with a more stimulating or vitalising quality of blood, for we know that vitality is mainly a matter of oxidation.

The previous experiments of Bert and others have shown that we may obtain a temporary outburst of feverish vitality by an artificial supply of oxygen in excess, but in doing this we are liable to burn up the fireplace as well as the fuel. This is doubtless due to the suddenness and clumsy applications of such extra supply; but in the case of the mountain surplus it has been attained gradually by natural process, working on for years of acclimatisation, and therefore may do the useful work without the mischief that follows artificial laboratory supplies of extra oxygen to the blood.

TABLE TALK.**THE P.-R. B.**

THE death of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the consequent exposition before the general public of works a knowledge of which has previously been confined to the esoteric, has stimulated public interest in the leader of the so-called Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Lives of Rossetti are multiplying fast, and the world will shortly know as much concerning the painter-poet as it is expedient for it to know. In connection with Rossetti the history of the P.-R. B., by which initials the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood used to be known, seems likely to be written. The announcement has indeed been made that this will be supplied by Mr. F. G. Stephens, who, as one of the founders of the movement, may be supposed to know all about its origin and progress. When the history appears it will be found, I fancy, that the power who presided over the inception was less Urania, the goddess of heavenly wisdom, than some lighter and more mirthful deity. A species of *cénacle*, such as is more common in France than in England, its members were tied down by no rules, and were only allied in the intelligent and arduous pursuit of art. It is impossible in days in which the ripe fruit has been gathered to sneer at a movement to which the world owes men like Mr. Woolner, Mr. Millais, Mr. Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and Mr. Burne Jones. Ludicrously exaggerated notices of the nature and aims of the combination yet prevail, and the truth concerning the brotherhood, when it appears, will be welcome.

NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

I WELCOME with pleasure the announcement that a Dictionary of National Biography worthy of the name is to be issued under the intelligent and competent direction of Mr. Leslie Stephen. So far behind any other European country claiming a leading position does England stand in regard to works of reference, that it is time something should be done to wipe from us the reproach we have incurred. I utter the opinion of several competent scholars when I say

that our dictionaries of classical biography and the like are culpably behindhand, and I vouch for the fact that our new "Encyclopædia Britannica," whatever the value of its scientific articles, is less defective than misleading in some of the information it supplies to the literary student. I have glanced over the list of names to be included in the forthcoming Dictionary of Biography under the letter A. If the scheme is carried out as now proposed, it will be ample enough to meet the requirements of the most exigent. The only point in Mr. Stephen's explanation which begets any mistrust is that in which he draws a distinction between the bibliographer and the biographer. Bibliography is every day more closely linked with biography, and I hope, and indeed do not doubt, that some concession will be made to the requirements of those who, when reading the life of an author, wish to know which editions of his works are trustworthy.

SPOLIATION OF THE FOREIGNER.

IF asked to indicate a position of complete and abject helplessness, I would advance that of the foreigner, with luggage, who has to reach or to quit an ocean-going vessel. Yielding to few in my knowledge of London, I have found the attempt to gain access to an outward-bound vessel involve more difficulty and labour than I have ever experienced in the most arduous journey. In like manner when, on my return, after my luggage has been bundled on to the wharf, I have seen around me a swarm of harpies ready, under pretence of rendering assistance, to pounce upon and carry off any manageable portion of my *impedimenta*, it has needed all my stock of knowledge and patience to reach in safety the regions of civilisation. How a foreigner manages to escape utter spoliation I cannot even now conjecture. A boatman was lately sentenced to two months' imprisonment (!) for the attempt to murder a police-constable, whose offence consisted in coming between him and his prey. In this case a foreigner, who had taken a boat in order to reach a vessel on which were all his belongings, was compelled gradually to part with all the money in his possession before being taken to his destination. Whether, indeed, he would ever have reached it, or whether the boatman, after his task of robbery was accomplished, might not, with a view to his own escape, have dropped his victim in some out-of-the-way spot, or even drowned him, as he tried to drown the policeman, is not to be said. Without dwelling upon the frivolous punishment awarded by the magistrate, I will

come to the point, which is, that English reputation for civilisation is at stake, and that it is imperative that efficient protection and scrutiny should be supplied at our docks.

THE TOLL OF FIRE.

ONE after another the finest of those manorial halls in which are preserved precious relics of our past civilisation are succumbing to the Demon of Fire. During the present winter we have been menaced with the destruction of Hampton Court and all the treasures it contains, and have seen stately mansions like Clevedon and Ingestre, and I know not how many others of equal importance and interest, burned to the ground. How dangerous are all the great powers of nature which man subjugates and forces into his service is of course known. Dangerous as they are, however, unless goaded into violence by human action, they seldom break out. How large a proportion of the destruction annually witnessed in great cities is due to human destructiveness, or human greed, is known to the insurance offices alone. In the case of more important structures folly is chiefly responsible. A wretched workman on the roof of a cathedral leaves his lighted brazier while he goes downstairs and across to the public-house for a smoke and a gossip; an ignorant builder, making an alteration in a house, places a fireplace opposite the end of a beam, or even allows—I have known such a case—the end of a beam to rest in a chimney. The fire then smoulders until at some moment, probably in the dead of night, it bursts forth, destroying property that is never to be replaced, and imperilling the lives of the household. As it is useless to bid ignorance be wise and stupidity be intelligent, I have no advice to offer, except that in every house like Ingestre capable and responsible supervision should be constantly maintained. For two days before Clevedon Court was burned a strong smell of fire had been perceptible, yet no inquiry into its origin or cause was made. If, moreover, without detracting from their appearance, curtains and other highly inflammable materials can be made practically incombustible, are not the owners of houses which rank as transmitted treasures bound to take the same precautions which are, sometimes, taken by the managers of theatres? The use of tungstate of soda would at least diminish the risks of conflagration. Meanwhile, as regards certain public buildings, a constant inspection and watchfulness, altogether outside the red-tape ideas which prevail in such institutions and in high quarters generally, is imperatively demanded.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1883.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A SIDE CURRENT.

That bore of bores—a tedious male cousin!—*Old Play.*

LOITERING slowly onward from stile to stile, from field to field, and from pasture to pasture, the two ladies at last reached a country road leading right through the heart of Olney-in-the-Fens, and commanding from time to time a view of the distant sea. They found Olney, as usual, fast asleep, basking in the mist of its own breath; the red-tiled houses dormant, the population invisible, save in the square or market-place opposite the tavern, where a drowsy cart-horse was blinking into a water trough, and a somnambulistic ostler was vacantly looking on. Even in the open shops, such as Radford the linendraper's and Summerhayes the grocer's, nothing seemed doing. But just as they left the village behind them, and saw in front of them the spire of the village church peeping through the trees, they suddenly came face to face with a human being who was walking towards them in great haste and with some indications of ill-temper.

"Ah, here you are!" ejaculated this individual. "I have been hunting for you up and down."

He was a man under thirty, and looking very little over twenty, though his face showed little of the brightness and candour of early manhood. His hair was cropped close and he was clean shaven; his eyes were yellowish and large, of an expression so fixed and peculiar as to have been compared by irreverent friends to "hard-boiled eggs;"

his forehead was low, his jaw coarse and determined. With regard to his dress it was of the description known as horsey ; short coat and tight-fitting trousers of light tweed, a low-crowned hat of the same material, white neckcloth fastened by a horseshoe pin.

This was George Craik, son of Sir George Craik, Bart., of Craik Castle, in the neighbourhood, and Alma's cousin on her father's side.

Alma greeted him with a nod, while he shook hands with her companion.

"Did you ride over, George?" she inquired.

"Yes; I put my nag up at the 'George,' and walked up to the 'Larches.' Not finding you at home, I strolled down to the vicarage, thinking to find you *there*. But old Bradley is not at home; so I suppose there was no attraction to take you."

The young lady's cheek flushed, and she looked at her relation, not too amicably.

"Old Bradley, as you call him (though he is about your own age, I suppose), is away in London. Did you want to see him?"

George shrugged his shoulders, and struck at his boots irritably with his riding-whip.

"I wanted to see *you*, as I told you. By the way, though, what's this they're telling me about Bradley and the Bishop? He's come to the length of his tether at last, I suppose? Well, I always said he was no better than an atheist, and a confounded Radical into the bargain."

"An atheist, I presume," returned the young lady superciliously, "is a person who does not believe in a Supreme Being. When you describe Mr. Bradley as one, you forget he is a minister of the Church of Christ."

George Craik scowled, and then laughed contemptuously.

"Of course *you* defend him!" he cried. "You will tell me next, I dare say, that you share his opinions."

"When you explain to me what they are, I will inform you," responded Alma, moving slowly on, while George lounged after her, and Miss Combe listened in amused amazement.

"It's a scandal," proceeded the young man, "that a fellow like that should retain a living in the Church. Cripps tells me that his sermon last Sunday went slap in the face of the Bible. I myself have heard him say that some German fellow had proved the Gospels to be a tissue of falsehoods."

Without directly answering this invective, Alma looked coldly round at her cousin over her shoulder. Her expression was not encouraging, and her manner showed a very natural irritation.

“How amiable we are this morning!” she exclaimed. “Pray, did you come all the way from Craik to give me a discussion on the whole duty of a Christian clergyman? Really, George, such attempts at edification have a curious effect, coming from *you*.”

The young man flushed scarlet, and winced nervously under his cousin’s too ardent contempt.

“I don’t pretend to be a saint,” he said, “but I know what I’m talking about. I call Bradley a renegade! It’s a mean thing, in my opinion, to take money for preaching opinions in which a man does not believe.”

“Only just now you said that he preached heresy—or atheism—whatever you like to call it.”

“Yes; and is paid for preaching the very reverse.”

Alma could no longer conceal her irritation.

“Why should we discuss a topic you do not understand? Mr. Bradley is a gentleman whose aims are too high for the ordinary comprehension, that is all.”

“Of course you think me a fool, and are polite enough to say so!” persisted George. “Well, I should not mind so much if Bradley had not succeeded in infecting *you* with his pernicious opinions. He *has* done so, though you may deny it! Since he came to the neighbourhood, you have not been like the same girl. The fellow ought to be horsewhipped if he had his deserts.”

Alma stopped short, and looked the speaker in the face.

“Be good enough to leave me,—and come back when you are in a better temper.”

George gave a disagreeable laugh.

“No; I’m coming to lunch with you.”

“That you shall not, unless you promise to conduct yourself like a gentleman.”

“Well, hang the parson,—since you can’t bear him to be discussed. I didn’t come over to quarrel.”

“You generally succeed in doing so, however.”

“No fault of mine; you snap a fellow’s head off, when he wants to give you a bit of good advice. There, there,” he added, laughing again, but not cordially, “let us drop the subject. I want something to eat.”

Alma echoed the laugh, with about an equal amount of cordiality.

“Now you are talking of what you do understand. Lunch will be served at two.”

As she spoke they were passing by the church gate, and saw;

across the churchyard, with its long rank grass and tombstones stained with mossy slime, the old parish church of Olney:—a quaint time-worn structure, with an arched and gargoyled entrance, Gothic windows, and a belfry of strange device. High up in the belfry, and on the boughs of the great ash trees surrounding the burial acre, jackdaws were gathered, sleepily discussing the weather and their family affairs. A footpath, much overgrown with grass, crossed from the church porch to a door in the weather-beaten wall communicating with the adjacent vicarage,—a large, dismal, old-fashioned residence, buried in gloomy foliage.

Miss Combe glanced at church and churchyard with the air of superior enlightenment which a Christian missionary might assume on approaching some temple of Buddha or Brahma. George, glancing over the wall, uttered an exclamation.

“What’s the matter now !” demanded Alma.

“Brown’s blind mare grazing among the graves,” said young Craik with righteous indignation. He was about to enlarge further on the delinquencies of the vicar, and the shameful condition of the parish, of which he had just discovered a fresh illustration, but remembering his recent experience, he controlled himself and contented himself with throwing a stone at the animal, which was leisurely cropping the grass surrounding an ancient headstone. They walked on, and passed the front of the vicarage, which looked out through sombre ash trees on the road. The place seemed dreary and desolate enough, despite a few flower beds and a green lawn. The windows were mantled in dark ivy, which drooped in heavy clusters over the gloomy door.

Leaving the vicarage behind him, the three followed the country road for about a mile, when, passing through the gate of a pretty lodge, they entered an avenue of larch trees, leading up to the mansion to which they gave their name. Here all was bright and well kept, the grass swards cleanly swept and variegated with flower beds, and leading on to shrubberies full of flowering trees. The house itself, an elegant modern structure, stood upon a slight eminence, and was reached by two marble terraces commanding a sunny view of the open fields and distant sea.

It may be well to explain here that the “Larches,” with a large extent of the surrounding property, belonged to Miss Alma Craik in her own right, the lady being an orphan and an only child. Her father, a rich railway contractor, had bought the property and built the house just before she was born. During her infancy her mother had died, and before she was of age her father too had joined

the great majority ; so that she found herself, at a very early age, the heiress to a large property, and with no relations in the world save her uncle, Sir George Craik, and his son. Sir George, who had been knighted on the completion of a great railway bridge considered a triumph of engineering skill, had bought an adjacent property at about the time when his brother purchased the lands of Olney.

The same contrast which was noticeable between the cousins had existed between the brothers, Thomas and George Craik. They were both Scotchmen, and had begun life as common working engineers, but there the resemblance ceased. Thomas had been a comparative recluse, thoughtful, melancholy, of advanced opinions, fond of books and abstruse speculation ; and his daughter's liberal education had been the consequence of his culture, and in a measure of his radicalism. George was a man of the world, quick, fond of money, a Conservative in politics, and a courtier by disposition, whose ambition was to found a "family," and who disapproved of all social changes unconnected with the spread of the railway system and the success of his own commercial speculations. Young George was his only son, and had acquired, at a very early age, all the instincts (not to speak of many of the vices) of the born aristocrat. He was particularly sensitive on the score of his lowly origin, and his great grudge against society was that it had not provided him with an old-fashioned ancestry. Failing the fact, he assumed all the fiction, of an hereditary heir of the soil, but would have given half his heirloom to anyone who could have produced for him an authentic "family tree," and convinced him that, despite his father's beginnings, his blood had in it a dash of "blue."

George Craik lunched with his cousin and her companion in a spacious chamber, communicating with the terrace by French windows opening to the ground. He was not a conversationalist, and the meal passed in comparative silence. Alma could not fail to perceive, however, that the young man was unusually preoccupied and taciturn.

At last he rose without ceremony, strolled out on the terrace, and lit a cigar. He paced up and down for some minutes, then, with the air of one whose mind is made up, he looked in and beckoned to his cousin.

"Come out here," he said. "Never mind your hat—there is no sun to speak of."

After a moment's hesitation, she stepped out and joined him.

"Do you want me?" she asked carelessly. "I would rather leave you to your smoke, and go to the library with Miss Combe. We're

studying Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles' together, and she reads a portion aloud every afternoon."

She knew that something was coming by the fixed gaze with which he regarded her, and the peculiar expression in his eyes. His manner was far less like that of a lover than that of a somewhat sulky and tyrannical elder brother,—and indeed they had been so much together from childhood upward, that she felt the relation between them to be quite a fraternal one. Nevertheless, his mind just then was occupied with a warmer sentiment,—the one, indeed, which often leads the way to wedlock.

He began abruptly enough.

"I say, Alma, how long is this to last?" he demanded, not without asperity.

"What, pray?"

"Our perpetual misunderstandings. I declare if I did not know what a queer girl you are, I should think you detested me!"

"I like you well enough, George,—when you are agreeable, which is not so often as I could wish."

Thus she answered, with a somewhat weary laugh.

"But you know I like *you* better than anything in the world!" he cried eagerly. "You know I have set my heart on making you my wife."

"Don't talk nonsense, George!" replied Alma. "Love between cousins is an absurdity."

She would have added an "enormity," having during her vagrant studies imbibed strong views on the subject of consanguinity, but advanced as she was, she was not quite advanced enough to discuss a physiological and social problem with the man who wanted to marry her. In simple truth, she had the strongest personal objection to her cousin, in his present character of lover.

"I don't see the absurdity of it," answered the young man, "nor does my father. His heart is set upon this match, as you know; and besides, he does not at all approve of your living the life you do—alone, without a protector, and all that sort of thing."

By this time Alma had quite recovered herself, and was able to reassume the air of sweet superiority which is at once so bewitching in a pretty woman, or so irritating. It did not bewitch George Craik; it irritated him beyond measure. A not inconsiderable experience of vulgar amours in the country, not to speak of the business known as "sowing wild oats" in Paris and London, had familiarised him with a different type of woman. In his cousin's presence he felt, not abashed, but at a disadvantage. She had a

manner, too, of talking down to him, as to a younger brother, which he disliked exceedingly; and more than once, when he had talked to her in the language of love, he had smarted under her ridicule.

So now, instead of taking the matter too seriously, she smiled frankly in his face, and quietly took his arm.

“You must not talk like that, George,” she said, walking up and down with him. “When you do, I feel as if you were a very little boy, and I quite an old woman. Even if I cared for you in that way—and I don’t, and never shall—we are not at all suited to each other. Our thoughts and aims in life are altogether different. I like you very much as a cousin, of course, and that is just the reason why I can never think of you as a husband. Don’t talk of it again, please!—and forgive me for being quite frank—I should not like you to have any misconception on the subject.”

“I know what it is,” he cried angrily. “It is that clergyman fellow! He has come between us.”

“Nothing of the sort,” answered Alma with heightened colour. “If there was not another man in the world, it would be all the same so far as you and I are concerned.”

“I don’t believe a word of it. Bradley is your choice. A pretty choice! A fellow who is almost a beggar, and in a very short time will be kicked out of the Church as a heretic.”

She released his arm, and drew away from him in deep exasperation; but her feeling towards him was still that of an elder sister annoyed at the *gaucherie* of a privileged brother.

“If you continue to talk like that of Mr. Bradley, we shall quarrel, George. I think you had better go home now, and think it over. In any case, you will do no good by abusing an innocent man who is vastly your superior.”

All the bad blood of George Craik’s heart now mounted to his face, and his frame shook with rage.

“Bradley will have to reckon with me,” he exclaimed furiously. “What right has he to raise his eyes towards you? Until he came down here, we were the best of friends; but he has poisoned your heart against me, and against all your friends. Never mind! I’ll have it out with him, before many days are done!”

Without deigning to reply, Alma walked from him into the house.

An hour later, George Craik mounted his horse at the inn, and rode furiously homeward. An observer of human nature, noticing the expression of his countenance, and taking count of his

square-set jaw and savage mouth, would have concluded perhaps that Alma estimated his opposition, and perhaps his whole character, somewhat too lightly. He had a bulldog's tenacity, when he had once made up his mind to a course of action.

But when he was gone, the high-spirited lady of his affections dismissed him completely from her thoughts. She joined Miss Combe in the library, and was soon busy with the problem of the Unknowable, as presented in the pages of the clearest-headed philosopher of our time.

CHAPTER VIII.

MYSTIFICATIONS.

"What God hath joined, no man shall put asunder,"
 Even so I heard the preacher cry—and blunder !
 Alas, the sweet old text applied could be
 Only in Eden, or in Arcady.
 This text, methinks, is apter, more in season—
 "What man joins, God shall sunder—when there's reason !"

Mayfair: a Satire.

AMBROSE BRADLEY came back from London a miserable man. Alighting late in the evening at the nearest railway station, nearly ten miles distant, he left his bag to be sent on by the carrier, and walked home through the darkness on foot. It was late when he knocked at the vicarage door, and was admitted by his housekeeper, a melancholy village woman, whose husband combined the offices of gardener and sexton. The house was dark and desolate, like his thoughts. He shut himself up in his study, and at once occupied himself in writing his sermon for the next day, which was Sunday. This task occupied him until the early summer dawn crept coldly into the room.

The Sunday came, dull and rainy ; and Bradley went forth to face his congregation with a deepening sense of guilt and shame. A glance showed him that Alma occupied her usual place, close under the pulpit, but he was careful not to meet her eyes. Not far from her sat Sir George Craik and his son, both looking the very reverse of pious-minded.

It was a very old church, with low Gothic arches and narrow painted windows, through which little sunlight ever came. In the centre of the nave was the tomb of the old knight of Olney, who had owned the surrounding lands, but whose race had been

extinct for nearly a century ; he was depicted, life-size, in crusader's costume, with long two-handed sword by his side, and hands crossed lying on his breast. On the time-stained walls around were other tombstones, with quaint Latin inscriptions, some almost illegible ; but one of brand new marble recorded the virtues of Thomas Craik, deceased, the civil engineer.

Alma noticed in a moment that Bradley was ghastly pale, and that he faced his congregation with scarcely a remnant of his old assurance, or rather enthusiasm. His voice, however, was clear and resonant as ever, and under perfect command.

He preached a dreary sermon, orthodox enough to please the most exacting, and on an old familiar text referring to those sins which are said, sooner or later, to "find us out." All those members of the flock who had signed the letter to the Bishop were there in force, eager to detect new heresy, or confirmation of the old backsliding. They were disappointed, and exchanged puzzled looks with one another. Sir George Craik, who had been warned by his son to expect something scandalous, listened with a puzzled scowl.

The service over, Alma lingered in the graveyard, expecting the clergyman to come and seek her, as he was accustomed to do. He did not appear ; but in his stead came her uncle and cousin, the former affectionately effusive, the latter with an air of respectful injury. They went home with her and spent the afternoon. When they had driven away, she announced her intention, in spite of showery weather and slushy roads, of going to evening service. Miss Combe expressed her desire of accompanying her, but meeting with no encouragement, decided to remain at home.

There were very few people at the church that evening, and the service was very short. Again Alma noticed the vicar's death-pale face and always averted eyes, and she instinctively felt that something terrible had wrought a change in him. When the service was done, she waited for him, but he did not come.

Half an hour afterwards, when it was quite dark, she knocked at the vicarage door. It was answered by the melancholy housekeeper.

"Is Mr. Bradley at home? I wish to speak to him."

The woman looked confused and uncomfortable.

"He be in, miss, but I think he be gone to bed wi' a headache. He said he were not to be disturbed, unless it were a sick call."

Utterly amazed and deeply troubled Alma turned from the door.

"Tell him that I asked for him," she said coldly.

"I will, miss," was the reply ; and the door was closed.

With a heavy heart, Alma walked away. Had she yielded to her first impulse, she would have returned and insisted on an interview ; but she was too ashamed. Knowing as she did the closeness of the relationship between them, knowing that the man was her accepted lover, she was utterly at a loss to account for his extraordinary conduct. Could anything have turned his heart against her, or have aroused his displeasure ? He had always been so different ; so eager to meet her gaze and to seek her company. *Now*, it was clear, he was completely changed, and had carefully avoided her ; nay, she had no doubt whatever, from the housekeeper's manner, that he had instructed her to deny him.

She walked on, half pained, half indignant. The night was dark, the road desolate.

All at once she heard footsteps behind her, as of one rapidly running. Presently someone came up breathless, and she heard a voice calling her name.

"Is it *you*, Alma ?" called the voice, which she recognised at once as that of Bradley.

"Yes, it is I," she answered coldly.

The next moment he was by her side.

"I came after you. I could not let you go home without speaking a word to you."

The voice was strangely agitated, and its agitation communicated itself to the hearer. She turned to him trembling violently, with an impulsive cry.

"O Ambrose, what has happened ?"

"Do not ask me to-night," was the reply. "When I have thought it all over, I shall be able to explain, but not *now*. My darling, you must forgive me if I seem unkind and rude, but I have been in great, great trouble, and even now I can scarcely realise it all."

"You have seen the Bishop ?" she asked, thinking to touch the quick of his trouble, and lead him to confession.

"I have seen him, and, as I expected, I shall have to resign or suffer a long persecution. Do not ask me to tell you more yet ! Only forgive me for having seemed cold and unkind—I would cut off my right hand rather than cause you pain."

They were walking on side by side in the direction of the "Larches." Not once did Bradley attempt to embrace the woman he loved, or even to take her hand. For a time she retained her

self-possession, but at last, yielding to the sharp strain upon her heart, she stopped short, and with a sob, threw her arms around his neck.

“Ambrose, why are you so strange? Have we not sworn to be all in all to one another? Have I not said that your people shall be my people, your God my God? Do not speak as if there was any change. Whatever persecution you suffer I have a right to share.”

He seemed to shrink from her in terror, and tried to disengage himself from her embrace.

“Don’t, my darling! I can’t bear it! I need all my strength, and you make me weak as a child. All *that* is over now. I have no right to love you.”

“No right?”

“None. I thought it might have been, but now I know it is impossible. And I am not worthy of you; I was never worthy.”

“Ambrose! has your heart then changed?”

“It will never change. I shall love you till I die. But now you must see that all is different, that our love is without hope and without blessing. There, there; don’t weep!”

“You will always be the same to me,” she cried. “Whatever happens, or has happened, nothing can part you and me, if your heart is still the same.”

“You do not understand!” he returned, and as he spoke he gently put her aside. “All must be as if we had never met. God help me, I am not so lost, so selfish, as to involve you in my ruin, or to preserve your love with a living lie. Have compassion on me! I will see you again, or better still, I will write to you—and then, you will understand.”

Before she could say another word to him he was gone. She stood alone on the dark road, not far from the lights of the lodge. She called after him, but he gave no answer, made no sign. Terror-stricken, appalled, and ashamed, she walked on homeward, and entering the house, passed up to her room, locked the door, and had her dark hour alone.

The next day Alma arose early after a sleepless night. She found awaiting her on the breakfast table a letter which had been brought by hand. She opened it, and read as follows:

MY DARLING,—Yes, I shall call you so for the last time, though it means almost blasphemy. You would gather from my wild wor

last night that what has happened for ever puts out of sight and hope my dream of making you my wife. You shall not share my degradation. You shall not bear the burthen of my unfortunate opinions as a clergyman, now that my social and religious plans and aims have fallen like a house of cards. It is not that I have ceased to regard you as the one human being who could make martyrdom happy for me, or existence endurable. As long as life lasts I shall know that its only consecration would have come from you, the best and noblest woman I have ever met, or can hope to meet. But the very ground has opened under my feet. Instead of being a free agent, as I believed, I am a slave, to whom love is a forbidden thing. Even to think of it (as I have done once or twice, God help me, in my horror and despair) is an outrage upon *you*. I shall soon be far from here. I could not bear to dwell in the same place with one so dear, and to know that she was lost to me for ever. Grant me your forgiveness, and if you can, forget that I ever came to darken your life. My darling! my darling! I cry again for the last time from the depths of my broken heart, that God may bless you! For the little time that remains to me I shall have this one comfort—the memory of your goodness, and that you once loved me!

AMBROSE BRADLEY.

Alma read this letter again and again in the solitude of her own chamber, and the more she read it the more utterly inscrutable it seemed.

That night Bradley sat alone in his study, a broken and despairing man. Before him on his desk lay a letter just written, in which he formally communicated to the Bishop his resignation of his living, and begged to be superseded as soon as possible. His eyes were red with weeping, his whole aspect was indescribably weary and forlorn. So lost was he in his own miserable thoughts, that he failed to notice a ring at the outer door, and a momentary whispering which followed the opening of the door. In another instant the chamber door opened, and a woman, cloaked and veiled, appeared upon the threshold.

“Alma!” he cried, recognizing the figure in a moment, and rising to his feet in overmastering agitation.

Without a word she closed the door, and then, lifting her veil to show a face as white as marble, gazed at him with eyes of infinite sorrow and compassion. Meeting the gaze, and trembling before it, he sank again into his chair, and hid his face in his hands,

“Yes, I have come!” she said in a low voice; then, without another word, she crossed the room and laid her hand softly upon his shoulder.

Feeling the tender touch, he shivered and sobbed aloud.

“O, why did you come?” he cried. “You—you—have read my letter?”

“Yes, Ambrose,” she answered in the same low, far-away, despairing voice. “That is why I came—to comfort you if I could. Look up! speak to me! I can bear everything if I can only be still certain of your love.”

He uncovered his face, and gazed at her in astonishment.

“What! can you forgive me?”

“I have nothing to forgive,” she replied mournfully. “Can you think that my esteem for you is so slight a thing, so light a straw, that even this cruel wind of evil fortune can blow it away? I know that you have been honourable in word or deed; I know that you are the noblest and the best of men. It is no fault of yours, dear, if God is so hard upon us; no, no, *you* are not to blame.”

“But you do not understand! I am a broken man. I must leave this place, and——”

“Listen to me,” she said, interrupting him with that air of gentle mastery which had ever exercised so great a spell upon him, and which gave to her passionate beauty a certain splendour of command. “Do you think you are quite just to *me* when you speak—as you *have* spoken—of leaving Fensea, and bidding me an eternal farewell? Since this trouble in the church, you have acted as if I had no part and parcel in your life, save that which might come if we were merely married people; you have thought of me as of a woman to whom you were betrothed, not as of a living friend whom you might trust till death. Do you think that my faith in you is so slight a thing that it cannot survive even the loss of you as a lover, if that must be? Do you not know that I am all yours, to the deepest fibre of my being, that your sorrow is my sorrow, your God my God—even as I said? I am your sister still, even if I am not to be your wife, and whither you go, be sure I shall follow.”

He listened to her in wonder; for in proportion as he was troubled, she was strangely calm, and her voice had a holy fervour before which he bent in reverent humiliation. When she ceased, with her soft hand still upon his shoulder, he raised his eyes to her, and they were dim with tears.

“You are too good!” he said. “I am the dust beneath your feet.”

“ You are my hero and my master. As Heloise was to Abelard, so would I be to you. So why should you grieve? I shall be to you as before, a loving friend, perhaps a comforter, till death separates us in this world, to meet in a better and a fairer.”

He took her hands in his own, and kissed them, his tears still falling.

“ Thank God you are so true! But how shall I look you in the face after what has happened? You must despise me so much—yes, yes, you *must!* ”

She would have answered him with fresh words of sweet assurance, but he continued passionately :

“ Think of the world, Alma! Think of your own future, your own happiness! Your life would be blighted, your love wasted, if you continued to care for me. Better to forget me! better to say farewell!”

“ Do *you* say that, Ambrose? ” she replied ; “ *you* who first taught me that love once born is imperishable, and that those He has once united—not through the body merely, but through a sacrament of souls—can never be sundered? Nay, you have still your work to do in the world, and I—shall I not help you still? You will not go away?”

“ I have written my resignation to the Bishop. I shall quit this place and the Church's ministry for ever.”

“ Do not decide in haste,” she said. “ Is *this* the letter?”

And as she spoke she went to the desk and took the letter in her hand.

“ Yes.”

“ Let me *burn* the letter.”

“ Alma!”

“ Give yourself another week to think it over, for my sake. All this has been so strange and so sudden that you have not had time to think it out. For my sake, reflect.”

She held the letter over the lamp and looked at him for his answer ; he hung down his head in silence, and, taking the attitude for acquiescence, she suffered the paper to reach the flame, and in a few seconds it was consumed.

“ Good night ! ” she said. “ I must go now.”

“ Good night and God bless you, Alma ! ”

They parted without one kiss or embrace, but, holding each other's hands, they looked long and tenderly into each other's faces. Then Alma went as she came, slipping quietly away into the night. But no sooner had she left the vicarage than all her self-

command forsook her, and she wept hysterically under cover of the darkness.

“Yes, his God is my God,” she murmured to herself. “May He give me strength to bear this sorrow, and keep us together till the end!”

CHAPTER IX.

FAREWELL TO FENSEA.

I am sick of timeserving. I was born in the land of Mother-Nakedness; she who bare me was a true woman, and my father was sworn vassal to King Candour, ere he died of a sunstroke; but villains robbed me of my birthright, and I was sent to serve as a mercenary in the army of old Hypocrisy, whom all men now hail Emperor and Pope. Now my armour is rotten, my sword is broken, and I shall never fight more. Heigho! I would I were sleeping under a green tree, in the land where the light shines, and there is no lying!—*The Comedy of Counterfeits.*

AFTER that night's parting the lovers did not meet for several days. Bradley went gloomily about his parochial duties, and when he was not so engaged, he was shut up in his study, engaged in correspondence or gloomy contemplation. Alma did not seek him out again, for the very simple reason that the nervous shock she had received had seriously affected her generally robust health, and brought on a sort of feverish hysteria complicated with sleeplessness, so that she kept her room for some days, finding a homely nurse in Miss Combe. When Sunday came she was too unwell to go to church.

In the afternoon she received the following letter:

DEAREST ALMA,—For so I must still call you, since my spirit shrinks from addressing you under any more formal name. I have heard that you are ill, and I know the cause is not far to seek, since it must lie at the door of him whose friendship has brought you so much misery. Pray God it is only a passing shadow in your sunny life! An eternity of punishment would not adequately meet my guilt if it should seriously imperil your happiness or your health! Write to me, since I dare not, must not, come to you—just one word to tell me you are better, and that my fears on your account are without foundation. In the pulpit to-day, when I missed your dear face, I felt terror-stricken and utterly abandoned. Hell itself seemed opening under my feet, and every word I uttered seemed miserable blasphemy. I knew then, if I did not know it before, that my faith, my religion, my eternal happiness or misery, still depend on *you.*

A. F

Two hours later Bradley received this reply :

“Do not distress yourself, dearest. I shall soon be quite well again. I have been thinking it all over in solitude, and I feel quite sure that if we are patient God will help us. Try to forget your great sorrow, and think rather of what is more solemn and urgent—your position in the Church, and the justification of your faith before the world.”

Ambrose Bradley read the above, and thought it strangely cold and calm ; he was himself too distracted to read between the lines and perceive the bitter anguish of the writer. He still lacked the moral courage to make a clean breast of the truth, and confess to Alma that his change had come through that sad discovery in London. He dreaded her sorrow more than her anger ; for he knew, or feared, that the one unpardonable sin in her eyes would be—to have loved another woman. She had no suspicion of the truth. An entanglement of a disgraceful kind, involving the life of a person of her own sex, was the last thing to occur to her mind in connection with her lover. She attributed everything, his change of manner, his strange passion, his unreasoning despair, to the exquisite sensitiveness of a proudly intellectual nature. How deluded she was by her own idolatry of his character the reader knows. What cared he for the Church's inquisition *now*? What cared he for dogmatic niceties, or spiritual difficulties, or philosophic problems? He was sick of the whole business. The great problem troubled him no longer, save that he felt more and more in revolt against any kind of authority, more and more tired of the sins and follies and blind fatalities of the world. Even her tender appeals to his vanity seemed trivial and beside the question. His ambition was dead.

Again and again he tried to summon up courage enough to make a complete explanation ; but his heart failed him, and so he temporised. He *could* not say the word which, in all probability, would sunder them for ever. He would wait ; perhaps Heaven, in its mercy, might relieve him and justify him. In his own mind he felt himself a martyr ; yet he could escape the sense of contamination consequent on the possession of so guilty a secret. The pure currents of his life seemed poisoned,—as indeed they were.

The situation was a perilous one. Behind all Alma's assumption of tender acquiescence, she was deeply wounded by her lover's want of confidence in her devotion. His manner had shocked her inexpressibly, more even than she yet knew, yet it only drew her more eagerly towards him. In her despair and anger, she turned

to the topic which, from the first moment of their acquaintance, had been constantly upon his tongue, and she tried to persuade herself that her strongest feeling towards him was religious and intellectual. In reality, she was hungering towards him with all the suppressed and suffocating passion of an unusually passionate nature. Had he been a reckless man, unrestrained by moral sanctions, she would have been at his mercy. So implicit was her faith in the veracity of his perception, and so strong at the same time was his personal attraction for her, that she might have been ready, for his sake, had he told her the whole truth, to accept as right any course of conduct, however questionable, which he might sanctify as right and just.

From all this it will be gathered that Miss Alma Craik was in a position of no inconsiderable peril. She had long been dwelling far too much in the sphere of ideas, not to say crotchets, for a young lady without protectors. Her one safeguard was her natural purity of disposition, coupled with her strength of will. She was not the sort of woman to be seduced into wrong-doing, as weak women are seduced, against her conscience. Any mistake she might make in life was certain to be the result of her own intellectual acquiescence,—of a wilful deception, which indeed was imminent.

So the days passed on, in deepening gloom ; for the situation was a wretched one. Many other letters were interchanged, but the two seldom met and when they did, it was only briefly and in the presence of other people.

It was a life of torture, and could not last.

Meantime the Bishop of the diocese had not been idle. He had consulted with the powers of the Church, and all had come to one conclusion—that, under any circumstances, a public scandal must be avoided. Pending any action on the part of his superiors, Bradley gave no fresh occasion for offence. His sermons became old-fashioned, not to say infantine. For the rest, he was ready to resign at a moment's notice ; and he wrote to the Bishop to that effect, inviting him to choose a successor.

“After thinking the matter well over,” he wrote, “I have concluded that your lordship is right, and that my opinions are at present out of harmony with the principles of the Establishment. A little while ago I might have been inclined to stand my ground, or at any rate not to yield without a protest ; but my mind has changed, and I shall resign without a murmur. Nor shall I seek another living in the English Church as at present constituted. Even if I were likely to succeed in my search, I should not try. Let me depart in peace, and rely on my uttering no syllable which can be construed in resistance.”

The Bishop answered him eagerly, in the following words :

MY DEAR SIR,—I think you have decided wisely, and I am grateful to you for the temper in which you have accepted the situation. You have the spirit of a true Christian, though your ideas are errant from the great principles of Christianity. What I would suggest is this, and I hope it will meet with your approval:—that under the plea of ill-health, or some similar pretext, you offer your resignation, and withdraw *temporarily* from your ministry. I say temporarily, because I believe that a brief period of reflection will bring you back to us, with all your original enthusiasm, with all the fresh faith and fervour of your first days. When that time comes, the Church (I need not say) will remember your self-sacrifice, and receive you back in due season like the Prodigal Son. Until then, believe me, now as ever, your faithful friend and well-wisher,

J. B., DARKDALE AND DELLS.

The result of this correspondence was speedily seen in a paragraph which appeared in the *Guardian* :

“We understand that the Rev. Ambrose Bradley, M.A., vicar of Fensea, has resigned his living on account of continued ill-health. The living is in the gift of the Bishop of the diocese, who has not yet appointed a successor.”

This paragraph was copied into the local paper, and when they read it, the Craiks (father and son) were exultant. Alma saw it also, but as Bradley had privately intimated his decision to her, it caused her no surprise. But an affair of so much importance was not destined to be passed over so quietly. A few days later, a paragraph appeared in some of the more secular journals to the effect that the Vicar of Fensea had “seceded” from the Christian Church, on account of his inability to accept its dogmas, more particularly the Miracles and the Incarnation. The announcement fell like a thunderbolt, and no one was more startled by it than the clergyman himself.

He at once sat down and wrote the following letter to the *Guardian* :

SIR,—I have seen with much pain a paragraph in several journals to the effect that my reason for resigning the living of Fensea is because I have ceased to believe in the essential truths of Christianity. Permit me, with indignation, to protest against this unwarrantable imputation, both upon myself and upon a religion for which I shall always have the deepest reverence. My reasons for

ceasing to hold office are known to the Church authorities alone. It is enough to say that they are partly connected with physical indisposition, partly with private matters with which the public has nothing to do. I believe now, as I have always believed, that the Church of England possesses within herself the secret which may yet win back an errant world into the fold of Christian faith. In ceasing to hold office as a Christian clergyman, I do not cease in my allegiance to Jesus Christ or to the Church He founded; and all assertions to the contrary are quite without foundation.

I am, Sir, &c.,

AMBROSE BRADLEY.

It will be seen that this epistle was couched in the most ambiguous terms; it was perfectly true, yet thoroughly misleading, as indeed it was meant to be. When he had written and posted it, Bradley felt that he had reached the depth of moral humiliation. Still, he had not the heart just then to say anything which might do injury, directly or indirectly, to the Establishment in which he had been born and bred.

(To be continued.)

A GREAT SUN-SPOT.

LAST November an enormous sun-spot, or rather a great group of spots enclosed within one penumbral region, appeared on the northern hemisphere of the sun. It was so large as to be very easily discernible by the unaided eye, a circumstance not, indeed, very unusual, but still not happening so frequently but that the occurrence of such a spot is worthy of attention. The appearance of this great region of disturbance was also most remarkable. Large streaks and masses of the most brilliant white were intermixed with the spots, four large ones, and several small ones, which were enclosed within the penumbral (or dark but not black) region of disturbance. These bright or faculous masses and streaks, as well as the spots themselves, changed from day to day, almost from hour to hour, in shape and position. Remembering the enormous scale on which these changes were taking place, and the intense heat of the masses thus rushing hither and thither with velocities compared with which those recognised in the most tremendous of our hurricanes are almost as rest, we see that a most stupendous disturbance was at work on the sun's surface, a disturbance such as would have sufficed to destroy in a few hours, perhaps minutes, the whole frame of this earth. Placed in the midst of that perturbed region, the vast globe on which we live would have first been tossed hither and thither like a leaf before the wind, but presently melting and then turning into vapour, her whole mass would have been driven through the solar atmosphere as but the breath of a hurricane there, and lost amidst myriads of other such windrushes in that mighty furnace.

There are few questions more perplexing to astronomers than those relating to the solar spots. We have, indeed, learned much respecting these remarkable phenomena ; but all who have followed the progress of discovery, know that the mystery of their origin, growth, and development, is much greater than it seemed when as yet little was known.

Take, for instance, Schwabe's important discovery that sun-spots wax and wane in size and number in the great spot period of—how shall we say? it seemed clear, there were about ten, till

Wolff showed the period was longer, and Broun disputed his result ; but roughly we may say—ten or eleven years. It is certain, whatever the true length of the period, that there is a systematic increase and diminution in the number of sun-spots, in a period sometimes running up to fifteen or sixteen years, at others lasting about eight or nine years, but averaging between ten and eleven years.

Now, is it not clear that this peculiarity, so far from helping us to understand the sun-spots, is in reality a new difficulty to be explained ? Of course, like all other difficulties, it is in one way an assistance. It enables us to reject certain theories which otherwise might occupy our attention. But the first effect produced by the addition of a new phenomenon such as this to those we have to interpret, is that of increased perplexity, a perplexity not to deter us from further inquiry, but rather to encourage us to persevere.

Again, when it was supposed that the sun-spot period was about as long as the period in which Jupiter circuits round his orbit, it was natural to suppose that that giant planet, whose mass exceeds twice and a half the entire mass of the rest of the solar family, produced these changes in the sun's condition. It had always struck me as a very remarkable circumstance (if this view were accepted) that the mere slight change of distance from the sun which Jupiter undergoes, a change in the proportion only of ten to eleven, should produce so marked a change in the sun's condition. Let us suppose the change to be akin to tidal action, which will give the most favourable results for the theory that Jupiter produces the change : then we must take the cubes of the numbers just mentioned, or the proportion 1,000 to 1,331 ; but when the real numbers are taken (which is desirable where we are going to raise them to so high a power as the cube), we find the proportion to be 1,000,000 to 1,335,974, or nearly as three to four. This proportion seems to show that whatever effect was exerted when Jupiter was farthest from the sun, an effect almost exactly one-third greater should be produced when Jupiter was nearest to the sun. This is, doubtless, a considerable difference, but not sufficient to account for what we seem to recognise, namely a great number of spots at the time of maximum, and no spots at all at the time of minimum, disturbance. A very much greater difference ought to arise from the mere combination of the tide waves due to Jupiter and Venus and the antagonism of these tide waves, in other words, ought to be manifest at intervals of one-fourth the times of successive conjunction of Jupiter and Venus ; but this would be roughly a period of some fifty-seven days, or less than two months. Assuredly, no such period of marked variation has yet been discovered.

But we need not further discuss this theory of planetary influence, when we note that, now the sun-spot period has come to be better understood, it is seen to have no correspondence whatever with the movements of Jupiter. The sun has been most marked by spots when Jupiter has been at his farthest from the sun, at his nearest to that orb, at his mean distance, either when moving from farthest to nearest or when moving from nearest to farthest ; while the mean duration of the sun-spot period is now known to be many months shorter than the year of Jupiter. It would be contrary to all sound principles to hold on to the planetary theory of the origin of the sun-spots after this practically decisive evidence against it. Those who do still hold on to it ought to present the theory in some such words as this,—The planets seem to generate the solar spots in some way, though we know no reason why they should, and can discover no connection whatever between the numbers of sun-spots and the positions of the planets.

I may quote here a remark of Professor Young's, in his excellent treatise on the sun, which exactly agrees with my own views on this subject. "It is very difficult," he says, "to conceive in what manner the planets, so small and remote, can possibly produce such profound and extensive disturbances on the sun. It is hardly possible that their gravitation can be the agent, since the tide-raising power of Venus upon the solar surface would be only about one-750th of that which the sun exerts upon the earth ; and in the case of Mercury and Jupiter the effect would be still less, or about one-thousandth of the sun's influence on the earth. The sun (apart from the moon) raises a tide, on the deep waters of the earth's equator, something less than a foot in elevation, so that making all allowances for the rarity of the materials which compose the photosphere, it is quite evident that no planet-lifted tides can directly account for the phenomena. If the sun-spots are due in any way to planetary action, this action must be that of some different and far more subtile influence."

It would not indeed have helped us very much towards the interpretation of sun-spots, if it had been shown that they are in some way produced by planetary influences, instead of all the evidence lying the other way. As matters actually are, however, we may set the planets altogether on one side in this matter,—or at least admit that whatever influence they exert can be but indirect.

Another possible interpretation of the sun-spots has been suggested, which may here occupy our attention, as having at least some degree of evidence in its favour.

It is known that the whole of inter-planetary space is occupied

by meteor streams. Our earth in her circuit around the sun traverses several hundreds of known systems,—or rather she traverses the orbit-regions belonging to them. Meteors may not be always present in the particular parts of these orbital rings through which the earth passes. But when the earth chances to cross one of them at the time when the meteor flight belonging to the region is at or near the place of passage, there occurs a shower of shooting-stars, due in reality to the encounter of the earth with certain members of the meteor stream, which are there and then reduced to the form of vapour and as it were absorbed by the earth. Now, if the earth, traversing a mere thread of space compared with the wide domain of the sun, thus traverses hundreds of meteor systems, it is obvious that were they spread with tolerable uniformity throughout the solar domain, we must estimate their numbers by hundreds of millions,—*not* hundreds of millions of meteors, be it observed, but hundreds of millions of meteor systems, each containing countless millions of individual meteoric masses.

But this is far from being all. The meteoric systems are not distributed with anything like uniformity throughout the solar domain. So far as we can judge from the arrangement of cometic orbits, and the known connection between comets and meteor systems, we must infer that there is a great increase in meteoric wealth in the sun's neighbourhood. The number of meteor systems having orbits passing no nearer to the sun than our earth's track, must be small indeed compared with the number whose orbits at their nearest to the sun lie between the distances of the earth and Venus; this number must be small compared with the number of meteor systems whose points of nearest approach to the sun lie between the distances of Venus and Mercury; and lastly, this number, and indeed the total number of meteoric systems thus considered, must be *very* small compared with the number of those whose orbits at their nearest to the sun lie within the orbit of Mercury. Of all this we have no direct proof. But it is true of comets, and we know that meteor systems follow in the track of comets, while we have every reason to believe that there is no comet which has not its train of meteoric attendants, no meteor system which is not thus associated with some comet, either now or formerly existing (for astronomy has witnessed the dissipation of one comet, in whose train meteors travelled before its destruction, and on whose quondam orbit meteor streams still travel in countless millions).

This being so, it is natural that some astronomers should have

been led to regard meteor systems, circuiting close around the sun, as affording the true explanation of the solar spots. The late Professor Benj. Peirce, in America, and earlier, our great astronomer Sir John Herschel, propounded the idea that spots are caused by meteors falling upon the sun. "According to this view," says Professor Young (we prefer to quote the authority of others respecting a theory which we have already abundantly advocated in our own words), "the periodicity of the spots would be simply accounted for by supposing the meteors to move in a very elongated orbit, with a period of 11.1 years, adding the additional hypothesis that at one part of the orbit they form a flock of great density, while elsewhere they are sparsely distributed."

Now, here the question arises what sort of approach the meteoric orbit should make to the sun's surface,—if that can be called a surface which constitutes the visible globe of the sun. Do the meteors of this supposed system pass simply very near to the sun's surface, the outskirting bodies only being captured at each return of the main flight? Or do they actually rush through the surface which astronomers call the solar photosphere? In one case we find it difficult to understand how so great a disturbance as the period of great sun-spots indicates can be produced by bodies so small and presumably so few; in the other case the difficulty is to understand how there can be more than one circuit of the meteoric stream, seeing that the passage of the whole flight through the sun's actual vaporous substance within the photosphere, should end, one would imagine, in the destruction of every meteor in the system.

Then another difficulty arises. The sun-spots, as all by this time know, appear along two zones of the sun's surface corresponding to the temperate and subtropical zones on the surface of the earth. None are ever seen on the sun's equator; none are ever seen at the solar poles. The zones along which spots may be seen, in greater or less frequency, have a tolerably wide range upon the sun's surface; and spots appear at the time of maximum sun-spot frequency, over nearly the whole of these zones, and on the northern as well as on the southern solar hemisphere.

Now, if we imagine a meteoric mass travelling on some orbit or other whose point of nearest approach to the sun lies close to the sun's surface, it is manifest that, supposing the sun-spot disturbance produced by that mass takes place when the meteor is at that point of nearest approach, the spot must appear in a certain definite place, which will be the same for every meteor travelling in the same path. Suppose, for instance, the point of nearest approach of the

meteoric orbit to the sun were in solar latitude 30° north, a sun-spot caused by any meteor travelling along that orbit would be in that solar latitude and no other. If the meteor orbit just touched the sun's surface, the same would hold. If the meteor orbit intersected the sun's surface, the point where a meteor went in would be in a different latitude from the point where the meteor would come out—if it came out. But how could it possibly come out? It would reach the surface in the form of vapour, and in that form would be most thoroughly absorbed by the sun, assuredly never finding its way again to the surface, except in its future movements as part and parcel of the sun's vaporous and gaseous globe.

So that a single meteor stream could not under any conceivable conditions account for the occurrence of sun-spots at the time of maximum disturbance in both solar hemispheres, and over wide zones of the sun's surface. Professor Young, apparently (though not quite obviously) referring to this point, says, "The meteoric orbit would have to lie nearly in the plane of the sun's equator." But this would not do. Any system of meteors having its perihelion close to the sun's surface, must at the time of the perihelion passage of the flight gather up its members very close together (measuring their distance square to their plane of travel). Some might be a long way ahead of others along the orbit, and the points of nearest approach to the sun might be, some a little nearer, some a little farther from his centre (though even this range of distance must be very small); but the range on one side or the other of the mean plane of the meteoric system, would be exceedingly small at perihelion. For consider,—this nearest point is, let us say, half a million miles from the sun's centre, while the farthest point, exactly opposite, would lie, in the case of a system with an eleven-year period, some 900 millions of miles away (or 1,800 times as far); if then two meteors travelling side by side so as to reach perihelion at the same moment, and both at the same distance from the sun, were a thousand miles apart *there*, they would be 1,800,000 miles apart when simultaneously passing their aphelia. Now, 1,000 miles would be a mere nothing at the sun's distance. His diameter is, roughly, 850,000 miles, and the $\frac{1}{850}$ th part of that would be a distance undiscernible by the naked eye,—less than the 30th part of the diameter Venus shows when in transit across the sun's disc.¹ Any distance corresponding

¹ Putting Venus's diameter at 7,500 miles, the circle on the sun's surface hidden by her has a diameter exceeding this as the sun's distance exceeds Venus's, or as twenty-five exceeds seven (roughly): dividing 7,500 thus increased by 850, we get rather more than thirty.

to the actual range of sun-spots in latitude on the sun's surface would correspond to an impossible range of the meteor flight near aphelion: for instance 400,000 miles, corresponding to less than the range from 30° north on the sun to 30° south, would correspond to 720,000,000 miles, in range square to the plane of the orbit, which is, of course, perfectly inconsistent with the idea that the meteors could belong to the same system.

To these difficulties may be added one noted by Professor Young, who points out that it is difficult to make the meteor theory explain the enormous dimensions and persistence of many sun-spot groups, while the irregularity in the epochs of maxima and minima is much greater than would have been expected on this hypothesis.

Yet there are some points in this meteoric and cometic theory of sun-spots which seem so strongly to suggest that we are at least in the track of truth here, that we must not dismiss it hastily because, as presented in one particular way, it seems inconsistent with the observed facts.

And first, be it noticed that the theory of a single meteor system being the cause of the sun-spots was antecedently most unlikely to be true. When we take into account the enormous number of such systems which (as we have shown) must exist in the sun's neighbourhood, the idea that one system of any particular period should have more than others to do with the sun-spot variations, seems altogether incredible at the outset. Even if the eleven-year period were marked with the most perfect regularity this would be so. But as that period is very far indeed from being regularly followed, as the sun-spots wax and wane in number and in size, we might with equal reason reject the single-meteor system theory, from *à posteriori* considerations. We must admit the probable existence of many sun-disturbing meteor systems, if we adopt the meteoric explanation of the sun-spots at all.

Now, it certainly seems a noteworthy circumstance in this connection, that while there are many known comets whose aphelia (or the points of their orbits farthest from the sun) lie near the orbit of Saturn, comets and meteor systems so situated would have about the period which we recognise in the recurrence of solar spots. Putting the greater axis of a comet's elliptic path extending to or a little beyond the orbit of Saturn at ten times the earth's, for convenience of reckoning (it might be somewhat more or less, but ten is a fair estimate enough), we determine the period in which such a comet would circulate around the sun, by Kepler's third law, very readily. Its mean distance is five, and according to that law we have simply

to cube this number (getting 125), and take the square root of the result, getting about eleven and one-fifth, showing that the period of circulation would be eleven and one-fifth years or thereabouts. So that if it so chanced that there were several of these Saturnian meteor systems, whose richest portion reached the sun's neighbourhood at about the same time, there would be something akin to the recurrence of sun-spot maxima; there would also be such variations as are actually observed; and we might readily interpret nearly all the most marked peculiarities of sun-spots so far as the place and time of their appearance on the sun's disc are concerned.

Nay more, it is a noteworthy circumstance that cometic orbits show a tendency to precisely that degree of inclination to the mean plane of the solar system (in or near which all the planets move), corresponding to the observed position of the sun-spot zones. No comets travel in or near this mean plane, very few travel nearly at right angles to it; the greater number travel on paths inclined between twenty and sixty degrees to that plane. So that their tracks, while near the sun, would be near one or other of the zones where sun-spots chiefly appear.

If, however, we regarded the principal sun-disturbing meteor systems as thus related to the orbit of Saturn, and, adopting a view thrown out long since by myself (without any thought of the theory we are upon), that the Saturnian, Jovian, and going farther from the sun, the Uranian and Neptunian comets and meteor systems were originally expelled from the planet with which they seem thus to be associated, we might find some difficulty in explaining why Saturn rather than Jupiter should seem thus associated with the production of sun-spots. There is no sun-spot period corresponding with the movement of meteor systems to and fro between the sun and Jupiter's orbit, although many comets (and therefore many meteoric systems) exist which have their remotest parts near the orbit of Jupiter. One would be led to expect that as Jupiter is much the larger planet (in fact he surpasses Saturn in mass threefold, and Saturn and all the other planets taken together two and a half times) there would be clear evidence of a sun-spot period of about four and one-third years, the time corresponding to the motion of matter in an orbit having its remotest point near the orbit of Jupiter, and its perihelion close to the sun. But there is no trace of the existence of any such period.

One might perhaps find an explanation of this in the circumstance that Saturn presents all the appearance of being a younger and more active member of the solar system than his brother giant Jupiter.

That ring system of Saturn's, which distinguishes him from all the other planets, is an evidence of extreme planetary youth. He has not yet in fact completed the fashioning of his system. Unlike Jupiter, whose satellite system is complete and symmetrical, Saturn has a system partly incomplete—eight satellites already formed and a system of rings from which other satellites are hereafter to be fashioned. It may well be that while nearly all the comets associated with Jupiter have already done their work, and are now practically eliminated (such of them at least as could effectively disturb the sun), those formed much later by the younger planet still exert a potent influence, and thus still communicate their mean periodic time to the most marked of all the sun-spot periods.

Be this as it may, it certainly is a noteworthy circumstance that the chief sun-spot period should be that which would belong to the Saturnian comets, so to designate those whose orbits have their points of greatest recession from the sun close to the orbit of the distant planet Saturn, the sole member of the solar system which has not yet assumed the form and aspect of an ordinary world, but remains still girt about by a ring system such as science recognises as belonging to the youthful (if one ought not rather to say the embryonic) stages of a planet's existence.

Professor Young, after treating of the meteoric theory of sun-spot formation as one well deserving of careful consideration, says that he shall recur to it; but he does not. Earlier he touches on a meteoric explanation of a certain solar phenomenon well worth considering, though as yet among the mysteries of mysteries which astronomy brings within our ken.

The sun, judged by his photosphere, a visible light-emitting surface, does not rotate all in one, but some parts of him rotate faster than others. His equatorial regions travel fastest, his mid-latitudes come next, and the higher latitudes (at least of his cloud envelope) rotate slowest of all. It is easy to take this statement, as presented in the books, without more interest than we should give, perhaps, to the statement that Jupiter rotates in less than ten hours, while the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn once upon his axis. But in reality, this varying rotation rate is a most remarkable phenomenon. Consider what it means. The equatorial parts of the solar surface move round once in about twenty-four days. The surface near the highest solar latitudes where spots have yet been observed, goes round once in about twenty-eight days. Thus, speaking without nice reference to details, the equatorial regions complete seven circuits in 168 days, while in the same time the

zones corresponding to the temperate zones on the earth, complete only six circuits. Two complete circuits are gained by the equatorial regions in one of our years. Now, we do not know what the density may be of the regions within the photosphere. Quite possibly, the greater part of the sun's mass may be so concentrated towards the centre, that for thousands of miles below the photosphere the mean density may be very small indeed. It may be that instead of only one-eighth part of the sun's mass lying within half the visible diameter, as it would do if the sun's density were uniform to the centre, half, or much more possibly very nearly all, may so lie. In that case of course the gain along the equatorial regions would only correspond to the swift motion of cloud-masses in the solar atmosphere. But were this so, it would still be worth while to notice how strangely the observed movements of the solar photosphere had modified our conceptions of the sun's condition. If, however, we were to suppose the sun of uniform density throughout his visible globe,—that density being one-fourth of the earth's,—we should then find that at the most moderate computation a portion of his mass equal to many million times the whole mass of the earth, was gaining in this way a whole circuit in less than six months, on portions of at least equal amount in the higher solar latitudes. Surely so stupendous a relative displacement of the sun's mass *within itself*, would be worthy of most careful investigation. It would indicate a freedom of motion of the various parts of the sun's globe, *inter se*, which could not but be regarded as exceedingly significant.

Sir John Herschel advanced as the interpretation of this noteworthy phenomenon, the theory that the onrush of the sun's equatorial regions is due to the impact of meteoric matter on the sun's surface. He considered that such matter would fall chiefly in the neighbourhood of the equator, and would thus "continually accelerate its rotation, as a boy's pegtop is whipped up by the skilfully applied lash." But he appears to have overlooked the circumstance that if the motion of the sun's equatorial regions were thus maintained only by meteoric downfall, this part of the solar rotation requires an enormous expenditure of energy from without to retain it at this greater velocity; and all the evidence we have is against the existence of a sufficient number of meteors drifting against the sun's equatorial regions to account for the observed excess of motion there. But it is worthy of notice that the meteor impact theory should have suggested itself in so sensational a form (so to speak) to a man of such cautious and soundly scientific mind as Herschel unquestionably possessed.

But now we may note what seems to us a singular piece of evidence as to the influence of comets, or rather, perhaps, of their meteoric attendants, on the solar photosphere.

Our solar system has recently been visited by a comet of very striking appearance, and remarkable as having, in the first place, passed very close to the sun's surface, and as travelling, in the second place, very nearly, if not exactly, in the course of the remarkable comet of the year 1843. On September 17th the comet of the present year made its nearest approach to the sun's surface, being then within much less than a third of the sun's own diameter from his surface. If we suppose the whole region around the comet's nucleus, as far as the visible limits of the coma, to have been occupied by meteoric matter, it would follow that the sun's surface had been actually brushed by the outskirting meteoric masses. One might fairly expect that, whether this happened or not, the close approach of the comet to the sun's surface would have produced a marked effect on the glowing cloud-laden atmosphere of the sun which, as seen by us, astronomers call the photosphere. Let it be noted that this would presumably be the case without actual contact of the comet and the sun, simply because the proximity of the comet, leading as it manifestly would (and as it observably did) to intense action by the sun on the comet, would we must assume have led also to a corresponding solar reaction. If, as Leslie long since showed, and as Wells explained, the passage of a cloud through the upper parts of an otherwise clear sky at night causes the thermometer under that sky immediately to rise, we may fairly expect that the passage of the gigantic head of the great comet close past the sun's surface, and right through his coronal streamers, would produce a marked effect on that portion of the surface to which the comet made its nearest approach.

It is a fact, be the explanation what it may, that the part of the sun where the great spot of last November appeared, was that part, or close to that part, of the surface where the comet made its nearest approach. I do not mean that the spot appeared where the comet *seemed* to graze the sun's surface, but that the very portion of the sun's surface over which the comet passed at the time of its nearest approach was that in which a few weeks later the great spot was formed.

Now, this being a time of sun-spot disturbance, it may not seem very remarkable that a spot should have appeared upon or within region approached by the nucleus of the great comet. The occurrence might easily enough be regarded as a mere coincidence, but it is not so, being one, at a time when many spots are forming

and growing all the time. -All that might be said, were this all the evidence we have, would be that it was worthy of notice how close the place where the spot appeared had been to the place where the comet had grazed the sun's surface.

But the case is different when we consider another comet, which made a similar near approach to the sun, and whose passage past his surface was followed by the appearance of a similar spot, at a time when sun-spots were not to be expected.

In February 1843, the great comet of that year rushed close by the sun in its perihelion swoop, so close that it was supposed by many astronomers to have actually grazed the sun's surface. "It proved," said Sir John Herschel, "to have just missed by an interval of not more than 80,000 miles, about a third of the distance of the moon from the earth, which in such a matter is a very close shave indeed to get clear off." Now this comet, whose resemblance to the comet of last year was a few months ago the theme of general notice, passed close to the sun's surface at a time when very few spots were to be expected. That this is so will be seen if we trace the progress of sun-spot development for a few years before and for a few years after that time. In 1836, astronomers counted 272 spots; in 1837, 333; in 1838, 282; in 1839, 162; in 1840, 152; in 1841, 102; in 1842, 68; in 1843, 34; in 1844, 52; in 1845, 114; in 1846, 157; in 1847, 257; in 1848, 330; and in 1849, 238. In other words, the years 1837 and 1848 were years of maximum, and the year 1843 was the year of absolute minimum between those epochs. If, then, a sun-spot appeared soon after the comet of 1843 had passed close by the sun, the event would give countenance to the theory that the approach of a large comet to the sun produces disturbing influences. And this would be especially the case if the sun-spot were a large one; for large sun-spots are scarcely ever seen at a time of minimum spot frequency. If a large spot were so seen in 1843, the occurrence would harmonise so well with what was seen last November, as to justify the belief that in that case also the comet was associated with the sun-spot.

But just here we may pause a moment to note that when a plausible theory has occurred to the mind, one is but too apt to be a little too keen to find evidence in its favour, a little too short-sighted in examining evidence against it. It would be well if we could get an account of this spot, written before the event of last November, so as to be free from the influence of any bias in its favour.

How, then, does the case really stand? In June 1843, little more than three months after the comet of 1843 had swept over the sun's

surface, a spot was seen which, according to Schwabe, was no less than 74,000 miles in diameter, so that its area was many times greater than the entire surface of the earth, which, as we know, if spread out into a circle, would have a diameter of less than 16,000 miles. This great spot, like the spot of last November, was visible to the naked eye for seven or eight days. "It would seem," says Professor Kirkwood, speaking of the spot of 1843, "that the formation of this extraordinary spot was an anomaly, and that its origin ought not to be looked for in the *general* cause of the spots of Schwabe's cycle." *His* evidence on the subject is not so free from possibility of bias as Schwabe's, who had no thought of comets or of meteors in his head. Still, it will be well to note what Professor Kirkwood wrote long before the comets of 1880 and 1882 were thought of. Speaking of the great solar disturbance witnessed by Carrington and Hodgson in 1859, he says, "The opinion has been expressed by more than one astronomer, that this phenomenon was produced by the fall of meteoric matter upon the sun's surface. Now, the fact may be worthy of note that the comet of 1843 actually grazed the sun's atmosphere about three months before the appearance of the great sun-spot of the same year. Had it approached but little nearer, the resistance of the atmosphere would probably have brought its entire mass to the solar surface. Even at its actual distance it must have produced considerable atmospheric disturbance. But the recent discovery that a number of comets are associated with meteoric matter, travelling in nearly the same orbits as comets, suggests the inquiry whether an enormous meteorite following in the comet's train, and having a somewhat less perihelion distance, may not have been precipitated upon the sun, thus producing the great disturbance observed so shortly after the comet's perihelion passage."

This may be the interpretation, or, as for our own part we deem more probable, the mere approach of a cometic and meteoric mass to the sun may excite disturbance, competent after a few weeks to produce a sun-spot of the largest kind—that is, to generate one of the most tremendous of those fierce cyclonic storms, which from time to time rage over the fiery surface of the sun, driving hither and thither his glowing clouds, and finally sweeping them on one side, till the eye of the astronomer can penetrate deep down towards the interior of the great central mass of the solar system.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

A CRY FOR HELP.

MUCH national sympathy has of late been, most deservedly, bestowed on the famine-stricken Icelanders, but it is certain that few of the charitable public can have realised how sore is the distress, from the same terrible cause, amongst twenty-five thousand of our own fellow-countrymen—the hardy, much-enduring people of the Lewis and other isles in the Hebrides, known to most of us only as the pleasant scenes of delightful summer cruises, or of most popular novels.

There are multitudes of busy men and women who can never hope to visit the Hebrides in person, to whom, nevertheless, they and their simple inhabitants have become realities, thanks to pleasant hours spent in company with “The Princess of Thule,” and other delightful characters traced for us by the same artistic pen.

A moment has now arrived when the sympathy thus implanted should bear some practical fruit, in the form of helping to send such food-supplies as are now most urgently required to relieve the actual starvation which those hardy, patient people are now enduring so silently and so despairingly.

This is no story of want resulting from improvidence, for the people are careful, frugal, and hard-working: “a patient, industrious, God-fearing people” is the description given of them by those who know them best; and their life in most prosperous times would seem to us to be one of exceeding hardship, a life in which luxury is an altogether unknown term, and a bare subsistence is hardly wrung from the unfertile land and stormy waves by ceaseless toil. Even in what is called a “good year,” when the fishing has been successful, and the grain and potato crops have been safely garnered—when the harvest of the sea and of the land have alike been above the average—the islanders can barely make a living and pay their rents; yet, being generous and warm-hearted, they contrive so to divide their pittance as to provide meal and potatoes for the widows and orphans, and such other members of the community as have none to work for them. No light undertaking when we consider that in one parish alone, out of a

population of 5,000 persons, 1,400 may be classed as poor relations living by sufferance on the land lots of their friends. Not that the sterile soil ever yields a sufficiency of grain for the requirements of the people, who are always obliged to buy meal, and are dependent on the sale of their fish to enable them to obtain their simple fare of oat-cake and porridge.

It is evident that any failure in these supplies must at once result in positive distress. There is no cutting down of luxuries; it is the necessaries of life that fail; and it would be difficult to picture a condition of more utter wretchedness than that in which the islanders are now plunged, utterly worsted in the strife with adverse forces of nature.

Even when seen in the bright summer sunshine, the impression left by a visit to these isles is generally somewhat depressing, though a sort of wild charm attaches to the lonely green hills and the wide tracts of desolate moorland, especially when seen under the glamour of exquisite effects of sunrise and sunset, nowhere so beautiful as in those moist skies. But when the sunlight is replaced by prolonged spells of dreary grey rain, and the mossy peaty soil is transformed into swampy bog, hideous in its dull monotony, then, indeed, the mere visitor rejoices that his own lot is cast in drier brighter regions, and he hastens to quit those dreary levels of dark peat moss and sodden morass, and returns to the mainland all the more ready to appreciate the comforts of his own bright home.

But for the poor islanders there is no such escape; indeed, so patriotic are they, and so deeply attached to their own loved shores, that if they can only obtain the food actually necessary to support life, they ask no more. To them, home is indeed home, albeit in its most homely form; the poorest turf hut (probably without even a square hole to represent a window, and with but one door to admit the cattle to their byre, and the human beings and fowls to their quarters, beneath the same well-browned thatch—a thatch that tells of the volumes of stinging peat-smoke which float at will among the rafters) is the dear bourne to which the heart of many a brave emigrant turns from his far more prosperous home in some new country.

So poor are the harvests of the land that they can at best only supplement those of the sea, and these vary greatly from year to year. A very large proportion of the whole population is engaged the various works connected with the fisheries; perhaps as many fifteen hundred boats may assemble at one of the great fishing towns, which are established at various points along the Lews, Barra, and Barra, and at which the treasures of the deep

are landed, to be cured and packed for the market. Stornoway is one of the chief stations in the Outer Hebrides, where boats congregate for the early herring fishery. Some come from the mainland, others from the Inner Hebrides, and they assemble at points where they know the shoals will first appear.

Each of these boats averages a crew of six men and a boy, making a total of about ten thousand fishers; while the fish-curers, gutters, and labourers, are estimated at fully twenty thousand more. In a good season these "toilers of the sea" are well remunerated, but the herring are fickle masters, and sometimes lead the fishers on a weary chase. For, as the shoals move onward to the East Coast, the boats must follow wherever they lead—probably as far as Aberdeen, where, in general, they are at once hired by the fish-curers.

But the trade is affected by many chances, and chances such as we should never dream of. For instance, during the French and Prussian war, the usual immense export of herrings to the Baltic was impossible, so the majority of the boats found, on reaching their destination, that they could get no engagements at all. Others, already at work, could find no market for their silvery ware, and had to throw them back into the sea. And so, in the height of the fishing season, the boats returned home poorer than they started, many of those passing through the Caledonian Canal, on their return to the Isles, being unable even to pay the lock dues.

Last year the herring fishery was very poor—many crews made little or nothing; and, returning from the East Coast absolutely penniless, had to borrow money to pay their return passage. Later in the season, the ling fishery (to which they look for the recovery of some of their loss) proved an absolute blank. And now, alas! the haddock fishing, which last winter was prosecuted with considerable success, appears to be a total failure. Thus the islanders have been left entirely dependent on the return of their scanty crops. But here, again, they found that all their toil had been in vain, and that adverse nature was too powerful for them.

First, the potato crop proved an utter failure. Last July, the blackening shaws grievously suggested the approach of the too-familiar blight. Even where the best seed had been planted in the best soil, the result was alike disheartening. In place of large mealy potatoes, the luckless planters gathered a small crop of worthless watery roots, smaller than walnuts. One man tells how he has only raised five barrels from the very same ground which generally yields thirty barrels. Another planted $8\frac{1}{2}$ barrels of seed potatoes and only raised $2\frac{1}{2}$. Others have proved their crops so

hopeless, that it was literally not worth the exertion of turning the ground to seek for the few half-diseased roots that might have been obtained. A few who found their crop not quite so bad, selected the best and put them into pits for seed—but these have too good reason to fear that, in their anxiety to save *something*, they lifted the roots too soon, and they greatly fear that they will all decay, and so leave them literally without any seed potatoes for next year.

Mr. Mackay, Chamberlain for Lewis, states that in one parish he set two men to dig, in order to raise as many potatoes as possible, and all they were able to get, after working from ten in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon, was about a basketful.

The Rev. Hector Cameron, writing in January, states that in his whole congregation of four hundred families, in a district which is usually one of the most prosperous, he does not believe that there is one family which, for some weeks past, had been able *to afford even one meal of potatoes in the day!* Indeed, from other districts the clergy report that there are few houses in which this—the usual staple food of the people—*is to be found at all.*

And it is not as if there were a good grain crop to take the place of the potatoes thus lost. On the contrary, the grain crops and the hay were both almost entirely destroyed by the terrible gale which swept over the isles on the 1st of October, 1882, while the lately gathered harvest still stood ungarnered in the fields. The small stooks were all ready for stacking when the tremendous storm burst upon the flat unsheltered shores, and carried them away as though they had been so many feathers. Some were carried miles inland, and scattered over the hillsides; some were scattered along the sea-beach, others carried far out to sea. When the fury of the gale subsided, all that remained of this—the last resource of the people—the produce of their year's toil—was some widely-scattered damaged straw, with all the grain beaten out of it. One man reports that on the morning of the gale he owned three hundred stooks of barley; of these, he was only able to save thirty. Another, who is generally able to make seven bolls of barley-meal, has this year failed to make one pound.

This last is a fair representative of many. They are left absolutely without grain, without potatoes, without fish. Those who possessed sheep or cattle have been compelled to sell them to save their families from the horrors of immediate starvation. Such as possessed the solitary luxury of milk have been compelled to sell their one cow.

To take the statistics of only one township in the parish of

Duirinish. Here are thirty-seven houses, with a population of 189 persons. From this village about sixty men went to the herring fishing on the east coast, but the whole result was only twenty-one barrels, worth about £60, to be divided among the whole community—a poor reward for the long and arduous toil involved.

As regards crops, the crofters on these poor lands never look for a return exceeding three times the quantity planted (whereas on good soil the farmer may garner twelve times the amount of seed sown). This year, however, even this poor return is minimised. The crofters of this township planted 171 bolls of potatoes, but in the autumn they lifted only 215 bolls. In seed time they sowed 156 bolls of oats, but in the harvest they garnered only 136! So all their toil resulted only in dead loss.

The township owns twenty-three cows. These are at present yielding only eleven quarts of milk a day—not a very abundant supply for 189 porridge-consuming men, women, and children.

Their sole remaining source of revenue is from their hens, which yield an average of sixty-two eggs per diem.

Now these poor folk have exhausted their little store of money and credit, and are compelled to consume the grain on which alone they depend for a further harvest. Day by day they beat out the amount necessary for the day's consumption, with the primitive hand flail, and grind it, in the equally old-fashioned quern, or hand-mill, still common in the Isles, where all are alike poor, and miller's dues are an unnecessary item of expenditure.

The testimony of the clergy writing from the neighbourhood of Stornoway, and from the district of Barvas, is heart-rending. They tell of the sick and suffering, of feeble women and aged men who, in the extremity of illness, possess *only a handful of small diseased potatoes*. They tell of houses in which parents watch tenderly by dying children, but their bitter lamentations are not for the dying, but for the living children who are actually starving, and *absolutely nothing in the house* wherewith to fill those hungry mouths. The teachers in the schools state that a large proportion of children in attendance, many of whom have travelled long distances from their homes, have actually done so *without a morning meal of any sort*. And they themselves have little or nothing to give. The parish ministers say truly that these are people who are not inclined to cry out for a small matter—nothing short of extreme need would have induced them to apply for aid. But what can men do in the face of starvation? In one district in Lewis it is stated that ninety per cent. of the population are totally destitute.

Here is a typical case. A man with a wife and eight children, all under sixteen years of age. During last year's fishing he only earned £1, and all his worldly possessions consisted of one stirk,¹ and barely enough indifferent potatoes for seed.

Another crofter, with a wife and six children, earned £4 at the fishing, and this represented his year's income. He had no meat in the house ; only a little corn for seed, and four pails of potatoes, which were likewise being carefully stored for seed.

In former years of distress the merchants and fish-curers have supplied the people with meal on credit, and even now they have done so to a very considerable extent. But their own creditors press for payment, and they see small prospect of recovering these advances, so they are now compelled to refuse to make any further loans.

Here is one secret of the distress of the Islesmen, and of the serious disadvantages under which they labour. They are so very poor that they have no capital with which to commence their lives as fishermen, so instead of starting fair with their own fishing-boats and tackle, they are obliged to labour under a load of debt to the fish-curers, who advance them money to provide the means of fishing—and these fish-curers often themselves suffer serious loss.

It is evident that in these barren isles the harvest of the sea must always be the mainstay of the inhabitants, who are a born race of hardy fishermen, but owing to the dangerous nature of the rocky coasts and wild seas, the fishing industry has never been fully developed. Thus, for forty miles south of Portness (near the Butt of Lewis) there is not a single creek or bay to which boats could run in a gale.

There seems little doubt that if the Lewis men had harbours of refuge and were well provided with fishing gear, their chances of earning an independent livelihood would be vastly increased. It has, therefore, been proposed that a harbour of refuge should now be constructed at Port Ness, by the labour of the able-bodied men (the majority are now weak from starvation), who, in return, shall receive a weekly dole of meal for themselves and their families. Such an undertaking would provide work for a very large number of stray men, and the Fishery Board is inclined to sanction it, and to promise some £6,000 towards the outlay.

This would have the double advantage, not only of tiding over the present emergency, but of permanently benefiting the people.

Meanwhile, a relief committee at Stornoway has been appointed to

¹ One bullock.

dispense the fund raised by a local subscription, well headed by Sir James and Lady Matheson. But the sum now in hand is altogether inadequate to meet even the present misery of a whole population already more than half starved. And they have to face long months during which no alleviation can be hoped for from any internal resources. They stand in absolute need of everything. Not only must they be provided with actual daily bread, but also with seed-corn and seed-potatoes for the coming year; and further, they require aid in repairing the damage done by the gale to boats and fishing tackle—in short, they must be enabled to live till next autumn brings the ever hoped-for good crop.

On three days a week, from ten in the morning till ten at night, the relief committee are now occupied in the distribution of meal. A labour test is applied, and all who can work are employed in trenching and making roads. It is calculated that at least £6,000 will be required during the months of February, March, and April, exclusive of the sum required for potatoes, which will be at least £2,000 more. In order to supply each crofter with one barrow of potatoes, three thousand barrows will be required, and that will only allow for a very small sowing.

To add to the wretchedness of their destitution, the weather continues bitterly cold, and these sorely-tried folk are even short of firing, for the long summer rains which reduced the hay to a sodden pulp, did much the same by the peats, which were first destroyed by wet, and then, in some districts, were caught up by the gale and whirled back into the peat-bogs whence they had been cut and carried.

Such details as these invariably suggest to on-lookers the one grand remedy of emigration—the solution which appears so simple to those who do not realise how deeply the love of their own isles is engraven on the innermost hearts of the people. That the measure might be largely beneficial to the individuals, is beyond all question, and one suggestion which appears worthy of all consideration is the possibility of transferring whole families to the new lands of promise, instead of (as has heretofore been too often done) enabling only the strong and energetic members to emigrate, and leaving the aged and infirm to a lot of deeper sorrow, bereft of the dear ones who would fain have been their bread-winners, and left wholly dependent on the charity of strangers—an increased burden on the ratepayers in the old country.

Undoubtedly much of the present destitution *is* caused by the excessive number of the people compared with the possible harvest

which they can hope to extract from the land ; and also by the fact that they have no seasons good enough to make up for one really bad one. There are no "fat kine" to be swallowed by the "lean kine" ; no rich ears of wheat to feed the poor empty ears.

And the past and present years have not merely been bad, but the very worst on record, far worse than the year of the great destitution in the Islands and Highlands (1837), when the landlords had entirely to support the people for so long a period as to leave many who had previously been wealthy men permanently impoverished.

Now it is not Lewis alone which has been stricken. From North and South Uist, from Barra and Benbecula, from Tiree—from every isle in the Inner and Outer Hebrides comes the same tale of utter destitution. From Ardnamurchan to Cape Wrath, from Barra to the Butt of Lewis, there is the same necessity for extraordinary measures of relief.

Even in great districts of the mainland the state of matters is nearly as bad, for though in some places the crops escaped the October hurricane, the potatoes failed everywhere in Ross-shire, Sutherland, and the west of Inverness, and the crofters must beg or borrow potatoes for their next planting. As yet, the industrious poor on the mainland have suffered in silence. "Our people," says one, writing from Kintail, "are not over-ready to complain," yet they are pressed by anxiety. The fishing in Loch Duich has been a failure, and already poverty is making itself felt.

It is evident that large help will be required—it is certain that large sympathy must be evoked by the mere hearing of such pitiful details. "How much dost thou sympathise?" was the question once asked by a Quaker of one whose feelings bore no fruit save words.

An old proverb tells us that "Pity without relief is like mustard without beef."

The beef, meal, or a pecuniary equivalent, in aid of the Relief Fund, will be gladly received at any of the Edinburgh banks, or by Mr. Robert Adam, City Chamberlain, City Chambers, Edinburgh.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

MONKEYS.

PART I.

THERE is little doubt that our "quadrumanous" neighbours are by no means viewed with favour, or held in high esteem, by the vast majority of mankind. Probably with the exception of interested zoologists, possessed of an inherent weakness for the study of man's nearest allies, or of certain Eastern-sects whose veneration of the monkey-race forms an obligatory part of their creeds, the genus *homo* regards his "poor relations" in a zoological sense, with the same disfavour with which, in his most civilised aspect, he looks upon the same relatives in a social sense. Curiosity and disgust are, in fact, the ruling ideas of ordinary mankind, when it surveys the monkey-tribes "from China to Peru" as literally represented in our collections of living animals, or when respectably preserved for national instruction in our museums. Why this should be so, is perhaps more difficult to trace than most of us would imagine. There are more unlikely theories than those which attribute the proverbial hostility of near relatives as the cause of the common repudiation by mankind, of the "chattering ape" and "mischievous monkey." Poetry, ever the earliest teacher of mankind, has never viewed the Simian race with favour; and popular culture has been largely content to travel in the poet's wake. Too much the reflex of humanity itself, on the one hand, to be readily accepted as a desirable acquaintance, and too little human—in the best sense of that term—in some of its ways, on the other, to expedite a close alliance with mankind, the ape-type has been ostracised, whilst the rat and mouse have been petted, the hare domesticated, the pig fondled, and even the cruel octopus itself lionised. There exist German legends which picture rats and mice under the guise of human souls. He would have been a bold man, who would have dared to have placed the ape or monkey in the position of the familiar rodents. Myth and tradition, tender to the birds on the whole, and even treating the insects with loving kindness, have been worse than brutal to the nearest allies of man which living nature knows. Even the Laureate himself, with no prepossessed views of the base in nature, cannot avoid the

employment of the "ape" idea as a simile for a something in humanity without which mankind would be both nobler and wiser.

Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die,

is a sentiment entirely in accord with popular ideas. It finds a re-echo in hearts that love nature wisely and well; but, all the same, it is the echo of a false note, in so far at least as the ape is concerned. Contrast with the poetic declamation against the *Quadrumana*, Mr. Darwin's recital of the heroic monkey who defended his keeper against the attack of a baboon. "Several years ago," says Mr. Darwin, "a keeper at the Zoological Gardens showed me some deep and scarcely healed wounds on the nape of his own neck, inflicted on him, whilst kneeling on the floor, by a fierce baboon. The little American monkey, who was a warm friend of this keeper, lived in the same large compartment, and was dreadfully afraid of the great baboon. Nevertheless, as soon as he saw his friend in peril, he rushed to the rescue, and by screams and bites so distracted the baboon that the man was able to escape, after, as the surgeon thought, running great risk of his life." Such an account of what the ape-character may exhibit in the way of gratitude and recognition of past kindness, may serve to show that there may be depths of philosophy existent in the Monkey-house at the Zoo' undreamt of in the experience of the humanity that streams through the dwelling-place of the ape tribes.

The terms "monkey" and "ape" are often applied indiscriminately to indicate any member of the great order of mammals which ranks next to man's group in point of structure and function. The name "*Quadrumana*," applied by naturalists to this group, is also tolerably well known to depend for its application on the fact that monkeys appear to be "four-handed" animals. Scientifically employed, the term "ape" is limited to the highest members of the monkey-order, which, it may be noted, includes within its limits animals of very varied ranks, when their organisation, physical and mental, is taken into account. The name "*Quadrumana*," given to the group by Cuvier, it may be noted, is by no means correctly descriptive of the monkey-race. They are "four-handed," it is true, in the sense that whilst their hands essentially resemble our own in their grasping powers, their feet are also endowed with hand-like functions. But they are not "quadrumanous," if by that term is implied, what is often popularly believed, that a monkey's lower or hind limbs end each in a veritable hand. At the most, the foot of the monkey

becomes hand-like in function through the adaptation of the toes to form a "hand." The essential feature of any hand is, of course, the power of throwing the thumb off the plane of the other fingers, and the adaptation of its muscular arrangements to bring it into opposition to the fingers so that objects of very varied sizes may be grasped between them. Regarded in this aspect, the hand of man is undoubtedly the most perfect instrument of its kind we know. The human thumb can "oppose" the other fingers either singly or when they are combined; and the perfection of its muscular arrangements assists the digits in the work of grasping large or small objects with precision, and also expedites the performance of the most delicate manipulations which mankind can undertake. Now, the hand of the monkey is constructed on a type essentially similar in all respects to that seen in the hand of man. There are certain monkeys, it is true—the genus *Ateles* or that of the "Spider Monkeys" of the New World, and the African genus *Colobus*—in which the thumb is imperfect and rudimentary; but in ordinary monkeys, the hand is as truly a "hand," of wrist and fingers, as is the "manus" of man. Conversely, the foot of a monkey possesses all the structures which we find in our own pedal extremities. The anatomist finds ankle-bones, instep-bones, and toe-bones in the foot of the ape, exhibiting the closest similarity to those of man. In function alone, is the foot of the ape removed from that of mankind. For in the monkey-tribes, whilst the animals rest upon their feet, these extremities become also utilised for grasping, as we have seen.

That the hand of the monkey is applied to purposes allied to those for which man uses his hands is, of course, a well-known fact. Whoever has watched a monkey, such as the Bonnet Monkey (*Macacus radiatus*), carefully separate the diseased parts of an apple from the eatable parts, or pick out the kernel of a nut from the shell piece by piece, with care and dexterity, must have been struck by the close approximation to the human means of effecting like tasks. Some writers have denied that the hand of the monkey is, in any way, utilised as is that of man. It has been stated that a monkey will not seize a nut with the forefinger and thumb as we do. But from close and long continued personal observation of such a monkey as the "Bonnet" species, I can certainly affirm that a nut or object of small size is seized in quite a natural fashion—judged, that is, by human standards—by the forefinger and thumb. The truth is, there are as amongst men, very varied degrees of intelligence; and it is always unsafe to lay down

general rules concerning the habits of one or a few species as if these rules represented exact axioms applying to the class at large. Of the intelligence of the ape-tribe the same remark holds good ; and I may add that I have seen enough in my personal study of the monkey-race to convince me that the variations noticeable between the mental traits and powers of different species of monkeys, are as great as any which exist between different races of men, or between ignorant and cultivated individuals of the same race.

With regard to the assumption of the erect posture, it may be said that the familiar and typical human attitude is seldom assumed by monkeys, and then only temporarily, or by the aid of fictitious supports. There seems little doubt that the habitual attitude of the ape is on "all-fours." A monkey will often raise itself on its hind legs when prompted by curiosity and for the convenience of looking at any object ; but the position is a constrained one, and the animal soon returns to its "all-fours," or to its sitting posture. The conformation of the monkey's body, and the muscular arrangements of its haunch, loins, and hind limbs, are not adapted for the maintenance of the erect posture. Indeed, if we consider for a moment the adaptation of the animal's foot to the uses of a hand, we may readily enough conceive why the erect posture is one for which the monkey-race is absolutely unfitted. Probably any cause which lessened the use of the foot for grasping, would tend towards the development of the powers and faculties through which the erect posture could be assumed. But the entire organisation of the ape militates against the idea that this posture can be readily or easily assumed by the quadrumanous tribes: since not only muscles, but bones also, and indeed the entire framework of the animal, would require to undergo very considerable modification before the human posture could be readily or without effort maintained.

The order of monkeys was included by Linnæus along with the human group under the common designation of *Primates*. To this arrangement, as expressive of real and natural affinities between the two orders, modern zoology has returned. The structural gaps between man and apes may seem wide and yawning to those who do not realise that one and the same type of structure runs unbrokenly through the Vertebrate races, from fish, through frog, reptile, and bird, up to quadruped and man. As the same general type characterises all the Vertebrate animals, so that mere special modification of it which marks the whole quadruped-class is again reflected with equal clearness in forms so divergent as the whale, dog, horse, bat, ape, and man. And as, lastly, the quadruped-form exhibits its own rise and

advance as we proceed from its lower to its higher forms, so again we must note that the same high development is reflected not singly in human structure, but conjointly in the quadrumana and in man. In other words, ape-structure is an advance upon that seen in other quadrupeds, but it is an advance in which humanity has shared and beyond which human development has, in turn, proceeded. Only some such ideas as these, which bargain for the idea of an unbroken and continuous development of quadruped-life, and, indeed, of life of every grade likewise, can satisfy the modern scientific aspiration after a true cause at once of life's likenesses and of living variety.

Natural historians have divided the monkey-tribe into three well-known groups. These subdivisions are characterised each by highly distinct variations in structure, and in habits as well. The lowest of the three groups includes animals which are only doubtfully classified with the monkeys, and which in revised arrangements of the quadruped group will probably receive a different position in that group, and be ranked with lower forms than their present associates. These democrats of the monkey-tribe thus alluded to, are popularly known as "Lemurs" or "Half-Apes," whilst the African species are often named "Madagascar Cats"—so feline is the aspect of their forms. A glance at the lemur-cages in the monkey-house will show that the latter cognomen has not been misapplied. The lemurs constitute the section of the monkey-group, known to naturalists as the *Strepsirhina*—a name readily enough translated into the exact English equivalent of "twisted nostrils." Each of the three main groups of monkeys possesses a well-marked geographical range. The lemurs are thus limited to the Old World, and are limited in their distribution to Madagascar (as their headquarters), Southern Africa, and Eastern Asia. As they exist to-day, the naturalist notes that they merely represent the detached survivals of a once widely-distributed race of animals. In their structure there are to be found very clear traces of affinity with the mole, shrew, and hedgehog order (*Insectivora*), and with the rat order (*Rodentia*) as well. The lemurs walk habitually on their four legs, and their skin is furry or woolly; the body-covering, in this respect, exhibiting a decided variation from that seen in the typical monkeys. No lemur has the "cheek-pouches," seen so familiarly in many monkeys such as the "Bonnet monkey," in which food can be stored. The aspect of a greedy "Bonnet," with its stuffed "cheek-pouches," forcibly reminds the spectator of an unfortunate patient suffering from toothache in each jaw, and presenting the usual swollen addenda of that distressing malady. Again, the lemurs do not exhibit any of those curious bare patches of skin, named

“callosities,” or “seat-pads,” and which are so frequently seen in the Old World monkeys. Their fore-limbs exceed the hind-limbs in length, and the great toes are always “opposable” to their neighbour digits; that is, can be utilised for hand-like functions. The second toe has a claw-like nail; and the fourth digit, both in hand and foot, is longer than its neighbours. In none of the lemurs do we find the cavities known as “air-sacs,” so well developed in many of the monkeys, and by means of which the resonance of the voice is so largely increased. The bones of the face are also prolonged to a greater extent than in other monkeys. A distinctively human characteristic is that seen in the fact that the brain overshadows the face, which is in turn shortened, and not prolonged outwards as in the lower animals. We see the tendency towards face-prolongation in the lower races of mankind, when we compare their skull-conformation with that seen in the higher races. And in the ape-tribe this distinction is also apparent; the higher monkeys possessing shortened facial bones as compared with the lower forms. In the lemurs, the muzzle also is distinctly pointed, and the face is covered with hair, unlike that of the more typical apes. The tail varies in length. Whilst disappearance and modification of the tail is witnessed in the highest apes, and in the highest life we know, that of man himself, this feature may also be seen exemplified amongst these lowest of the monkey-group. Thus, whilst the lemurs proper, such as the “Ruffed lemur” and “White-fronted” species, possess a long woolly tail, the Loris possesses a short tail, whilst the genus *Nycticebus* is tailless.

Certain peculiarities of structure mark the lemurs in addition to the general characteristics just mentioned. Prominent ears and large eyes, are amongst their characteristic possessions. Their teeth vary greatly from the human standard, which is represented in the typical Old World monkeys. But it is at the same time a peculiar fact that in one little lemur (*Tarsius*) found in Celebes and Borneo, a distinctly human character is seen in the want of any interruption or interval between the teeth of each jaw. Such intervals are common enough in quadrupeds, but save the Tarsier just mentioned, and an extinct form—*Anoplotherium*—there is no other known quadruped which exhibits this peculiarity. The Tarsier and certain other lemurs also show a marked peculiarity of structure in that their ankle-bones are much elongated, after the fashion seen in the hind limbs of frogs and their neighbours. If the foot of a quadruped is lengthened, it is usually the instep-bones which become modified so as to increase the structure. In a few lemurs, as in the frog-group, however, the ankle-bones themselves undergo the process of alteration. It is thus a

curious fact that for a parallel to this peculiarity of lemur life we must go backwards to the amphibian class. Such a step, however, it should be noted, by no means implies relationship between quadrupeds and frogs. It merely presents the naturalist with another example of those coincidences in structure which research is continually bringing under our notice, and which have probably arisen entirely independently of each other, through possible similarities in the laws or tendencies which have directed the development of living beings in the past.

One of the most curious forms included amongst the Lemurs, demands a special notice. This is the Aye-Aye or *Chiromys* of Madagascar, which was described in 1780 by Sonnerat. In 1844 it was practically re-described, and in the latter year was brought to Paris. Its anatomy has been specially investigated by Professor Owen. The chief peculiarities of the Aye-Aye are found in its teeth, which differ from those of all other lemurs and all other monkeys indeed, and resemble those of the *Rodents* or "Gnawers." Only one pair of front or cutting teeth exist in each jaw, but these teeth, like the front teeth of Rodents, and the tusks of the elephant, spring from "permanent" pulps. They thus grow throughout life ; such a method of increase making ample provision for their use as gnawing instruments. Like the front teeth of the Rodents, those of the Aye-Aye are covered on their front surfaces with enamel, which being harder than the hinder ivory of which the bulk of the tooth is composed, provides for a sharp edge being continuously kept up on these teeth. As in the Rodents also, no "eye-teeth" are found in the Aye-Aye. The thumb is scarcely opposable to the other fingers, and it has a claw-like nail. The middle is the longest finger, and appears to be specially adapted for picking insect food from beneath the bark of trees. The ears are prominent, and the tail is bushy ; the Aye-Aye thus resembling a squirrel in appearance. In its entire structure, we witness a series of modifications adapting it for a life amongst trees, and for an insect-dietary. Its affinities relate it decidedly to the Rodents or rat-tribe and separate it from the lemurs ; and the mere existence of this curious form serves to show how the work of modification may proceed apace when the surroundings of an animal favour its departure from the type of its race.

The second great subdivision of the monkey-order is known as that of the *Platyrrhini*, or "broad-nosed" monkeys, which, without a single exception, inhabit the New World. In the dense forests of South America these monkeys are thoroughly at home. They are

eminently fitted for an arboreal life, and their whole organisation indicates that the modifications to which their race has been subjected have been chiefly directed towards their adaptation for a habitation among the trees. Included within the limits of the "broad-nosed" tribe we find such monkeys as the well-known Marmosets, the Spider Monkeys, the Howlers, and the little Capuchins, whose tricks and gentle ways endear them to all lovers of animals. In many respects the marmosets stand alone amongst the New World forms. Their fur is thick and woolly ; they are typically "four-legged" as regards their walking movements ; and their tail is long and not adapted for grasping. No cheek-pouches exist, nor are any "callosities" developed. The ears are very prominent and are covered with hairs, whilst the nostrils, as in all American monkeys, are broad and possess a wide "septum," or partition, from the presence of which conformation their "Platyrrhine" cognomen is derived. The marmosets possess short front limbs when these members are compared with the hind limbs ; but their thumbs are not "opposable" to the other digits, and the essential character of a "hand" is therefore hardly represented in these animals. The thumb, in fact, cannot be separated from the other fingers, and to the great toe much the same remark applies. The sole of the foot in the marmosets is disproportionately long ; and the great toe is small and provided with a flat nail, whilst the nails of the other toes are curved. The marmosets, as has been remarked, are not "quadrumanous" in any sense. A curious fact, however, remains to be noted. Although the thumb is "unopposable" to the other fingers, the muscles which, in the typical "hand," give to the thumb its well-known powers of movement, are represented in the fore-limb of the marmosets. Such a fact would seem to indicate either extensive modification of a once-useful hand, or the beginnings and possibilities, under suitable conditions, of hand-like functions being assumed by these animals. In respect of their teeth, whilst the marmosets possess the same number of teeth as man and the Old World apes—namely, thirty-two—these organs are differently arranged from those of their higher neighbours. The marmosets possess four front teeth, two eye teeth, six premolars, and four molars or grinders in each jaw ; whereas in man and higher apes four premolars and six molars are found in the jaw-armature above and below. Squirrel-like in appearance, the marmosets resemble these familiar quadrupeds in their habits. They are fruit-eaters, but do not disdain an insect-diet, and they appear to live in families in the trees. Whilst monkeys produce, as a rule, but one young at a birth, the marmosets may produce as many as three.

A singular fact of their anatomy is found in the large size of their true brain (or *cerebrum*), the halves of which overlap the lesser brain (or *cerebellum*) so as to cover the latter, when the brain is viewed from above. Such a conformation is usually associated with a high type of brain, but its occurrence in the marmosets does not appear to be accompanied by any special development of intelligence.

The remaining representatives of the *Platyrrhine*, or New World monkeys, agree in possessing for the most part "prehensile" tails; that is, a tail, the extremity of which can be utilised to grasp such objects as the boughs of trees. The tail may lose this power, as in the Sakis and squirrel monkeys (*Callithrix*, &c.); and it may be short, as in the *Brachyuri*; but no New World monkey absolutely wants the tail—a condition typically seen in certain of the Old World apes. In such monkeys as the *Ateles*, one of the spider monkeys, and the howlers (*Myctes*), the tail attains its highest development as a prehensile organ. It is less powerful in the little Sapajous or Capuchins. So powerful is the tail in the *Ateles*, that its designation of a "fifth hand" is seen at once to be well merited. By its aid, this monkey can suspend itself from the bough of a tree, with hands and feet free to grasp any object and useful for the performance of any function. It is naked beneath at the tip in the *Ateles*, and thus serves the more efficiently as an organ of seizure; whilst in the Capuchins the tail is hairy at the extremity. The adaptation to a life amongst trees, is well seen in such a conformation as that found in the tail of these Platyrrhine monkeys. That such adaptation has been of general and universal character is proved by the fact that other quadrupeds of the continent exhibit similar or analogous structures assisting the free exercise of an arboreal life. The sloths illustrate forms which have been thus modified, and the American porcupines also possess prehensile tails which are unknown in their Old World neighbours.

No New World monkey possesses either cheek-pouches or callosities, and the ears are bare in the typical forms now under consideration. In most of these monkeys, the hind limbs are longer than the fore limbs; but in the spider monkeys the latter exceed the hind limbs in length. As regards the hands and feet, the thumb on the whole is less specialised and distinct from the other fingers than in the Old World apes. The great toe is large and possesses very free powers of movement, but the thumb can hardly be said to be "opposable." In the spider monkeys, the perfection of tail appears to be counterbalanced by the rudimentary condition of the thumb. A well-known form, the Coaita, has no thumb at all; and the

Chameck possesses the merest vestige of this digit. But, strange to say, whilst the thumb in these cases is rudimentary, all the characteristic muscles which move it in other forms are represented. Such a fact would appear to point to the degradation of the thumb, and to its functional abrogation and probable disappearance from the hand of the spider monkeys. In due time the thumb-muscles now represented, may also be expected to disappear. It would seem, indeed, as if the "balance of power," which forms a ruling principle in the world political, was also an important factor in the world of life. The extreme development of the tail to serve the functions of a hand may, perhaps, legitimately enough, be credited with having played a part in the modification of the thumb of these apes.

In the New World monkeys, the teeth differ in number from those of man and of the Old World apes. Thus, whilst the latter possess thirty-two teeth, the Platyrrhines are provided with thirty-six—the presence of an additional premolar tooth on each side of each jaw accounting for the increase in number. In respect of their diet, the American monkeys are, for the most part, fruit-eaters, although some species appear to eat insects as a regular part of their dietary. In form, size, and appearance, as well as in many details of their internal anatomy, the New World monkeys exhibit immense variations. Thus, for example, the brain varies greatly in different members of this group, both in respect of absolute size and of relative development. Some are smooth-brained (*e.g.* squirrel monkeys); whilst others (*e.g.* Sapajous) possess convoluted brains. If the doctrine that complexity of brain-convolutions bears a direct relation to the intelligence of the animal be true, we may possibly on this ground account for the remarkable intelligence of the Sapajous, as on the same ground we may account for the increased and special mental calibre of man himself.

The special features of the Platyrrhine apes are so numerous, that the most superficial notice of the more prominent forms can alone be attempted here. The howlers (*Mycetes*), for example, derive their popular name from their loud voice, which resounds for immense distances through the South American forests. These monkeys are the largest of the New World apes, and their special peculiarity consists in the possession of a bony "drum" connected with the *larynx* or organ of voice. Through this drum, which acts like a sound-chamber, the voice of the *Mycetes* is rendered trebly powerful, and resounds through the Amazonian forests for miles. The agile spider monkeys of America remind us of the gibbons of the Eastern Archipelago in their agility and in the possession of

long slender limbs. It is the spider monkeys which are credited with linking themselves from the bough of a tree by the fore limbs and tails so as to form one animated chain. This chain is then set swinging until the individual which represents the end of the chain is enabled in the course of the oscillations to grasp the branch of a tree on the opposite side of the river or ravine which the tribe desires to cross. Amongst the Sakis certain very curious features in the hairy covering of the body are to be noticed. One form, the Couxió, possesses a well-developed beard, which, being of a deep black hue, gives to the monkey a most singular appearance. The Yarké presents a still more curious feature in that the head of the females alone is covered with hair. Another form is bald-headed, and possesses a ruff of white hair, whilst the body is covered with white hair. The night monkeys (*Nyctipithecæ*) possess the face surrounded by a ruff of hair, and their eyes, as is usual in animals of nocturnal habits, are of very

Turning now to the last group of the monkey-order, we find the apes of the Old World (except the lemurs already noticed) to be included in the division known as that of the *Catarhina*. This latter name has reference to the oblique or slanting conformation of the nostrils in these apes. The nostrils, as one may readily see on looking at a baboon, a bonnet monkey, or a common macaque, slope from the brow to the lips. They are placed close together, and the broad partition seen in the New World apes is replaced by a narrow one. We enter the domain of the "anthropoid," or man-like apes, when we commence the investigation of the Catarhine monkeys. It is in this group that we certainly discover the nearest approach to human structure as a whole; although it should not be forgotten that this division includes forms of widely varying degrees of organisation, and by no means exhibits a uniformly high structure throughout its extent. The characters of the group are readily discoverable. In addition to the oblique nostrils, we find that Old World monkeys possess the arrangement and number of teeth seen in man himself. The tail may be long, short, or rudimentary, but in no case is it "prehensile"; and the Old World apes are thus seen to want one of the chief characters of their New World neighbours. In this group also, cheek-pouches are common, and the bare patches, "seat-pads" or "callosities," already alluded to, are frequently developed.

The Catarhine apes fall into two natural divisions, of which the first includes far the vast majority of these animals; whilst the second division contains the aristocracy of the ape-group in the

shape of the four highest forms—namely, the Gorilla, Chimpanzee, Orang, and Gibbons. The first or lower division is represented by the great race of the Macaques, of which the common Macaque or Jew Monkey (*Macacus cynomologus*) and the Bonnet Monkey (*M. radiatus*) are the most familiar forms. Also included in this group are the Semnopithecini, the long-tailed Indian monkeys, of which the *Semnopithecus entellus*, or the Sacred Monkey of the Hindoos, is a familiar example. Africa possesses many representatives of the lower Catarhine apes. The genus *Colobus* is a notable African group, distinguished as the only Catarhine tribe in which the thumb is rudimentary. The Gibraltar ape is a species of Macaque (*M. Inuus*), and an allied form (*M. speciosus*) is found in Japan. The curious Proboscis Monkey (*Presbytis nasalis*), known by its elongated nose, and found in Borneo, belongs to the group under review; as also does the *Cercopithecus* genus, including long-tailed African monkeys. Indeed, all the smaller monkeys of the Old World are zoologically located in this subdivision of the Catarhine group. The Macaques are limited in their distribution to Asia, and possess both “cheek-pouches,” well-developed thumbs, and “seat-pads.” Their tails vary in length, being long in some species, but short and rudimentary in others. These monkeys naturally walk on all-fours, and present in this respect a marked variation from their higher neighbours. The baboons may also be regarded as belonging to the present group, although they possess certain special characters, which, in the opinion of some zoologists, serve to separate them from the smaller monkeys of the Old World. The name *Cynocephali*, or “dog-headed,” applied to the Baboon-group, indicates that their skull is more “brutal” in its characters than that of their neighbour apes. Their jaws project to an extent unknown in the smaller forms, and the dog-like aspect of the head forms indeed one of their most readily-recognised features. The tail is short, and may be rudimentary. The “eye-teeth” are specially prominent, and remind the observer of the similar teeth in carnivorous animals. The “seat-pads” are, as a rule, brilliantly coloured, and the cheek-pouches are large. Whilst the baboons possess well-developed thumbs, and whilst the legs are nearly of equal length, they seem to walk on all-fours more persistently perhaps than any other apes. In habits they are fierce and predatory, and are said to associate themselves together in bands, which make common cause in the case of attack upon or defence from an enemy.

The second and higher division of the Catarhine Apes introduces us to four forms, ranked by naturalists under three genera. These

forms are the Gorilla and Chimpanzee (*Troglodytes*), the Orang (*Pithecius*), and the Gibbon (*Hylobates*). The two former inhabit Western Africa, whilst the orang is found only in Borneo and Sumatra, and the gibbons in Eastern Asia and the Malay Archipelago. Of the three groups, the gibbons are those most nearly related to the other monkeys of the Old World. They alone possess seat-pads, and only the nails of the great toes and thumbs are broad. The orang, gorilla, and chimpanzee do not possess "seat-pads," and all the fingers and toes possess flat nails. Regarding the higher apes, including the gibbons, as a whole, we see in these animals a tendency towards the semi-erect posture which is not habitual in other monkeys. When an orang or gorilla assumes the posture in question, it supports the weight of its body upon the knuckles of the fingers; and it is in the higher apes alone that this highly characteristic position is assumed. No tail is developed in these apes, and it is important to note that the muscles of the tail are of rudimentary nature; this latter fact indicating that the modification of the caudal appendage has been by no means a recent event in the history of these apes. The thigh and leg are shorter than the arm and forearm respectively. The teeth do not merely resemble those of man in number and arrangement, but even present a close likeness in the special development and proportions of the human teeth above and below. The gibbons themselves are most notable for the extraordinary length of their arms. The tips of the fingers touch the ground when the animal stands erect. These apes not merely stand erect with ease, but run swiftly and without effort. Like the spider and howler monkeys of the New World, the gibbons spend their existence amongst the forests of Eastern Asia and the adjacent Archipelago. Their long arms enable them to swing from one branch to another with the greatest possible ease; and we may thus observe how nature adapts different creatures by varied means for a similar or allied life. It is chiefly to the prehensile tail that the New World monkeys owe their dexterity in their forest flights; whilst the equally agile gibbons, possessing no tail, find in their elongated limbs the necessary adjuncts for an existence amongst the trees.

The orang is perhaps one of the most celebrated of apes. The average height is about four feet and a half. The arms are relatively long, but the legs are by no means disproportionately developed. The thumb and great toe are shortened, and the foot cannot be placed flat on the ground. The orang is a vegetable feeder, and appears to be of quiet and peaceful disposition, although, when driven to bay, as in incidents related by Mr. A. R. Wallace, this ape may prove itself to be a

most formidable opponent. The chimpanzee and gorilla are included in one genus (*Troglodytes*), and inhabit the same region, namely, the intertropical parts of Western Africa. The gorilla (*Troglodytes gorilla*) is by far the largest of the man-like apes; the average height being about five feet, or even more. The erect posture is readily assumed by the gorilla, the foot being broad, and capable of supporting the weight of the body. The aspect of the gorilla is both terrifying and repulsive. The great shaggy head; the overarching eyebrows and their ridges; the full glaring eyes; the prominent and widely separated nostrils, and the implied muscularity of jaws and body, justly serve to render this great ape a formidable antagonist to his higher neighbour, man himself. The two living specimens of the gorilla which I have had the opportunity of inspecting were both young forms. One of these was the famous "Pongo," which was exhibited in London some years ago. The other specimen was a still younger gorilla, whose acquaintance I made in Liverpool in 1881. Both specimens were tame, "Pongo" being particularly playful and demonstrative. But even in the young condition, there was no mistaking the air of latent ferocity which these apes possessed; and the uncertain tempers of each specimen bore testimony to the strongly and purely animal nature which a few additional years would doubtless have developed in all its typical strength. The chimpanzee (*Troglodytes niger*) attains an average height of four and a half feet, and is usually larger than the orang. In many respects, and especially in its mental aspect, this ape is the most man-like of the anthropoid species. The erect posture is readily assumed either in standing or in walking; and the habitual attitude of these apes, namely, that of resting on the knuckles, is perhaps most typically seen in the chimpanzee. The thumb and great toe exhibit a full development.

Summing up the characters of these man-like apes in which they respectively approach the human type of structure, comparative anatomy declares firstly, that the gibbons, of the three genera, are furthest removed from man's order. The orang exhibits the nearest approach to man in the shape of the *cerebrum* or brain proper, and in the number of ribs. The gorilla most resembles the human subject in the shape and curves of its spine, and in the form of the pelvis or haunch. The actual size of the brain-case in the gorilla, also comes nearest of all the apes to that of man; and in the size of the heel, as well as in the proportions which its leg bears to its body, and its foot to its hand, this great ape is most human. The gorilla and chimpanzee possess each 13 pairs of ribs; the gibbons may have 14 pairs; whilst man and the orang possess but

12 pairs. Occasionally a thirteenth pair of ribs, however, is found to be developed in the human subject. The chimpanzee, lastly, most closely approaches to man in three points ; namely, in the general characters of the teeth, in the characters of its skull, and in the relative size of its fore limbs. All three groups of apes agree with man in possessing a flat and broad breast-bone, whence is derived the name of "latisternal" apes, often applied to them. It is also an interesting fact that, when young, the head of the orang closely resembles that of the average European infant. As adult life is attained, however, the bones of the face in this ape assume their characteristic shape. They become prolonged forwards, beyond the brain-case ; whilst in the human subject the face does not undergo any marked elongation, and, as already noted, is overshadowed by the brain.

ANDREW WILSON.

(To be concluded.)

*JONAS HANWAY, THE
PHILANTHROPIST.*

IF it be true that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," still more true it would seem to be that it knows little or nothing of its greatest benefactors. Admirals and generals, who have gained battles by sea and land, and who have slain their thousands and tens of thousands ; great lawyers and statesmen, and leaders of political parties ; for these, as it seems to me, the world has always open and retentive eyes and ears ; but for those who

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,

society cares but little ; at all events, no sooner are they laid in their graves than it coolly forgets them.

It was as nearly as possible a century ago that a public funeral, headed by the City Marshal, the chief officials of the Marine Society, and a drum-and-fife band of forty boys who had benefited by his foresight and charity, accompanied the remains of Jonas Hanway, from his house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, then a fashionable, or, at all events, a highly respectable, quarter of the town, to his grave in the rural churchyard of Hanwell, on the road to Uxbridge. There were, doubtless, many eyes wet with tears on that day ; for the poor boys felt that they had lost a friend ; and the crowd, we may imagine, were not unconcerned at seeing the benefactor of so many of their fellows borne on a hearse, drawn by six horses with waving plumes, to his last resting-place.

The life of Jonas Hanway was very uneventful. He was born in 1712, at Portsmouth, where his father was in trade as a local merchant. He was a Russian merchant, and through his Russian connections he opened up a trade with Persia. Business affairs having led him to pay a visit to Persia, a country not very accessible to travellers in the reign of the Second George, he gained some note, by the publication, in 1753, of an 'Historical Account of the British Trade over the Caspian Sea, with a Journal of Travels from London through Russia into Persia,' This work filled no less than four large

quarto volumes ; and, though it has few pretensions to high literary merit, yet it contains much valuable information on the manners, customs, and trade of the East.

Returning to England, he devoted his active energies to schemes of philanthropy, and soon showed that he had the highest capabilities of a social reformer.

He was one of the founders, along with the excellent Captain Coram, of the Foundling Hospital, into the management of which he introduced some practical reforms. Furthermore, it was through his influence that some radical improvements were brought about both in our prisons and in our police system.

But it is as the founder and organiser of the Marine Society of London that I desire now more particularly to record his services to the community.

According to a "Report" published by authority, the Marine Society "owes its origin to the sentiments of humanity and benevolence exerted on behalf of a number of poor boys who, at the suggestion of an individual nobleman, were in the spring of 1756 collected together by that active magistrate Sir John Fielding, clothed at the expense of the Duke of Bolton, and sent to serve on board His Majesty's ship *Barfleur*, then under his Grace's command. The utility of this humane design in rescuing and reclaiming as many as possible of this class of neglected youths from the paths of idleness, and too probably of infamy and ruin, was so obvious that the plan was immediately followed up with the most active steps by a private gentleman, a Mr. Walker, of Lincoln's Inn, who had accidentally met with those lads on their way to join the *Barfleur*. By a subscription which he promoted, from 300 to 400 boys were in a short time clothed and provided for, in a profession most likely to make them useful and creditable members of the community."

At a subsequent meeting of London merchants and shipowners in June, 1756, Jonas Hanway, whose name was already well known in commercial and philanthropic circles, proposed that this effort should be made permanent, by the establishment of a society for the purpose of clothing boys for the maritime service of the country. The idea was warmly supported by several leading merchants, the Thorntons, Marshams, Disraelis, and others ; the upshot was that the Marine Society was instituted, and that before twenty years were past by, its founder had the gratification of seeing it formally incorporated by Act of Parliament.

"Various plans," continues the Report, "were at different times brought under the contemplation of the Society for a more beneficial

arrangement as to some receptacle for the objects of this charity, in which they could be taken care of, and receive the benefit of instruction, both religious and professional, until such time as they could be properly provided for. In the year 1786 (the year of Jonas Hanway's death), a proposition, originating with Alderman Brook Watson, M.P., was adopted by the Society. A merchant vessel, named the *Beatty*, was purchased and fitted up as a training ship. This vessel having become decayed and worn out in 1799, application was made to the Admiralty for the loan of a Government ship. The request was complied with, and from that time the Lords of the Admiralty, in order to promote the objects of the Marine Society, have constantly accommodated them with one of Her Majesty's ships as a training vessel for boys. The *Warspite*, a noble two-decker, formerly the *Conqueror*, is the ship now lent to the Society."

This vessel is still open for the reception of poor boys. None are eligible except those whose parents are not able to fit them out for sea at their own charge ; and the most destitute have the first claim for admission. From its first foundation to the close of the war in 1763, the governors clothed and fitted for sea upwards of 5,000 lads ; and now in 1883 they can boast that since 1756 they have taken in hand nearly 60,000 destitute boys, of whom more than 27,000 have passed into the Royal Navy, and upwards of 23,000 into the merchant service ; whilst the rest have been drafted into the Indian Navy. Besides these, about 40,000 landsmen have received bounties of sea clothing, on condition of their entering the Royal Navy and serving on board ship. And for nearly all these results it is to Jonas Hanway that the thanks of our country, no less than of these men and boys, are due. It is only fair to add that in both services the *Warspite* lads are most heartily welcomed, and prove the best of seamen.¹

There is also another matter to be mentioned for which both present and future ages have good reason to bless the name of Jonas Hanway. He was the first person who had the courage to hold an umbrella over his head in walking along the streets of London. "The eighteenth century," writes Chambers, "was half elapsed

¹ It would surely have rejoiced the heart of good Jonas Hanway could he have read the following extract from the *Daily Telegraph* of November 10, 1882 : "No part of the Lord Mayor's procession seemed to awake heartier interest than the lads of the *Exmouth* and the *Warspite*. The diminutive blue-jackets, with their miniature carbines—future material for the navy and the mercantile marine—elicited, as they stepped airily along, the cheeriest applause." Verily, the "bread" that he "cast on the waters" was "found" (and bore rich fruit) "after many days"!

before the umbrella had even begun to be used in England. General Wolfe, writing from Paris in 1752, remarks : 'The people here use umbrellas in hot weather to defend them from the sun, and something of the same kind to save them from the snow and the rain. I wonder that a practice so useful is not introduced in England.' Just about that time, however, a gentleman *did* exercise the moral courage to use an umbrella in the streets of London. He was the noted Jonas Hanway, then newly returned from Persia, and in delicate health, by which of course his using such a convenience was justified both to himself and to the public. 'A *parapluie*,' we are told, defended Mr. Hanway's face and wig. For a time no other than the dainty beings, then called 'Macaronies,' ventured to carry an umbrella ; and anyone doing so was sure to be hailed by the mob as 'a mincing Frenchman.' One John Macdonald, a footman, who has favoured the public with his memoirs, found as late as 1770 that on appearing with a fine silk umbrella which he had brought from Spain, he was saluted with the cry of 'Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?'" And yet it appears that umbrellas were occasionally kept, and lent on loan, at some of the coffee-houses—at Wills's for instance—for the use of customers on a wet night. It would almost seem as if the umbrella, even in its infancy, was not strictly confined to the rich or "dainty beings," for both "Gay's pleasant *Trivia*" and Swift's masterly description of a "City Shower," commemorate the earlier use of the umbrella by *poor* women ; by "tucked-up seamstresses," and "walking maids."

Much of the clamour raised against the general use of umbrellas doubtless arose, as Mr. Chambers suggests, with the chairmen and hackney coachmen, who, of course, regarded rainy weather as a thing especially designed for their advantage, and from which the long-suffering British public were entitled to no other protection than what their vehicles could afford.

"In many of the large towns of the Empire," observes Mr. Chambers, "a memory is preserved of the courageous citizen who first carried an umbrella. In Edinburgh it was a popular physician named Spens." In the *Statistical Account of Glasgow*, by Dr. Cleland, it is related that about 1781 or 1782, Mr. John Jameson, a surgeon, brought with him on returning from Paris the first umbrella ever seen in that city ; it was made of heavy waxed cloth, with cane ribs. It must have been a ponderous article. As Cowper twice mentions the umbrella in his "Task," published in 1784, it is probable that the new importation from abroad had come into general use even in remote towns and country villages. Mr. Chambers confirms this

supposition by quoting the advertisement of an umbrella maker in Cheapside in 1787.

Jonas Hanway's name, however, is connected with other amiable eccentricities. For instance, he was one of the most violent opponents of the introduction of tea into this country, ascribing to it the most serious social consequences, no less than the destruction of the bodily vigour of Englishmen and of the beauty of the fairer portion of creation. Indeed, he published in 1756 an "Essay upon Tea and its pernicious Consequences," in which he expresses a strong belief that most feminine disorders are to be set down to the indulgence of Englishwomen in this noxious herb ! and is horrified beyond conception at the fact that no less than *six* ships and some five hundred English seamen were employed in the trade between the shores of China and our own.

This essay, though almost forgotten by the public at large, has been immortalised by Dr. Johnson, who reviewed it soon after its appearance in the *Literary Magazine*, and, as might be expected from so inveterate a worshipper "of the cups that cheer but not inebriate," without very much mercy. Indeed the burly doctor prefaces his critique with the candid avowal that the author can expect but little justice from "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker" like himself, who has "for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant ; whose kettle has hardly ever had time to cool ; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning." And yet, in spite of this lofty beginning, Dr. Johnson is very tame in his defence of tea as a beverage, confessing that it is scarcely fit for the lower orders, that it does not yield nourishment though it gratifies the taste, and that it is best suited to the amusement of the idle, who like to while away an hour in pleasant conversation, and who cannot use exercise and will not practise abstinence.

It may be added that Dr. Johnson estimates the importation of tea into this country at about four million pounds annually, "a quantity sufficient to alarm us." What would the doctor have said had he lived in these days in which, as the evening closes in, almost every English household, poor or rich, gathers round the tea-table ; when every poor old woman in the workhouse or union has her daily draught of it ; when the rich drink it of an afternoon in my lady's drawing-room ; and when the quantity imported is more than twenty-fold of what it was "before George the Third was king"?

Boswell tells us in his "Life of Johnson" (chapter ix) that "Hanway wrote an angry answer to Johnson's review of his 'Essay

on Tea,' and Johnson, after a full and deliberate pause, made a reply to it; the only instance, I believe (adds Boswell), in the whole course of his life when he condescended to oppose anything that was written against him. . . . But, indeed, the good Mr. Hanway laid himself so open to ridicule that Johnson's animadversions upon his attack were chiefly to make sport."

Jonas Hanway also took a lively interest in the promotion of religious and thrifty habits among the poorer classes, for whose welfare he wrote and published many small treatises.¹ Among these may be mentioned: "Advice to a Daughter going to Service"; "Observations on the Causes of the Dissoluteness of the Lower Classes of the People"; "Mercy for Children of the Poor"; "Virtue in Humble Life"; "Reflections on Reciprocal Duties of the Wealthy and Indigent,"² and many others too numerous to chronicle here.

He was, besides, one of the very earliest promoters of Sunday Schools, long before the days of Mr. Robert Raikes, who is generally regarded as their deviser. He was also particularly instrumental in the establishment of the Magdalen and Foundling Charities, and warmly espoused the cause of the chimney sweepers' apprentices, and succeeded in getting an Act passed for their protection.

It is said that it was mainly owing to the perusal of Hanway's book on "The State of Chimney Sweepers' Young Apprentices, showing their wretched condition," that the philanthropist Joseph Glass took up their cause so warmly, and invented the sweeping machine which is in present use. *En passant*, we may say that this Mr. Glass has often been confounded with Jonas Hanway's old friend Dr. Glasse, the rector of Hanwell, who died in 1809, when Joseph Glass was a mere youth. There is an interesting tombstone erected in Norwood Cemetery to the memory of Joseph Glass. On the top of the stone is a carved figure of a diminutive sweep, sitting in a dejected attitude on a sack of soot. Below is the following inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF

JOSEPH GLASS.

BORN DECEMBER 9TH 1792.

DIED DECEMBER 29TH 1867.

For many years he advocated the claims of the suffering climbing-

¹ See Pugh's *Life of Hanway*; Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*; McCulloch's *Lit. of Polit. Economy*; Watts' *Bibl. Brit.*; *Gent. Mag.*, vol. lxxv.

² The first edition of this popular work was published in 1774, the second in 1777, and a third, a translation into the German language by Jonas Hanway himself, in the following year.

boys of Great Britain, and accomplished their emancipation by inventing the chimney-sweeping machine, and proving its practicability. He was also one of the originators of the Temperance, and afterwards of the Total Abstinence Societies in London. His life was singularly pure and unobtrusively useful."

It has been already mentioned that Jonas Hanway was an author ; it may be added that the number of his publications amounted to almost seventy. But the work by which he is best known is his "Historical Account of the British Trade over the Caspian Sea." This work is regarded as of considerable value, being based on Hanway's own observation and experience.

But unfortunately he would not be content with scoring a single success. It is wittily said in Boswell's Johnson, that "he acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, and lost it all by travelling at home ;" his second effort being a Journal of an Eight Days' Tour in the South of England, which he weighted heavily by an essay devoted to a stupid attack on tea, which at that time was coming into use as a beverage among educated and refined circles.

It is only fair to remark here that this criticism, which Pugh speaks of as "not a witticism, but a sober truth," was made *only* of his "Journal of Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston-upon-Thames." Speaking of his writings generally, one biographer says : "The great characteristic of them was a strong masculine spirit of good sense, combined with a very chaste simplicity." Another one says : "His knowledge was extensive ; his writings were all useful, though they do not rank high as literary compositions."

In 1783 he wrote a book which was very well received, entitled : "Proposal for County Naval Free Schools to be built on Wastelands, giving such effectual instruction to poor boys as may nurse them for the sea service, teaching them also to cultivate the earth, that in due time they may furnish their own food, and to spin, knit, weave, make shoes, &c., with a view to provide their own raiment, while good regulations and discipline diffuse a moral and religious economy through the land." It had on its title-page a spirited figure of Britannia, dressed as a marine goddess, under which ran the following lines :

Thy prowess, Britain, is thy naval pride,
This may the empire of the world divide ;
Bid rustic labour on old Ocean smile,
Thy sons will bravely fight for what they toil.
On this firm base thy genuine glory lies,
Observe this rule, 'twill make thee truly wise.

This work bears no imprint, though its Preface is dated 1783, and it is evidently intended *ad clerum*. It is illustrated with elaborate pictures of ships and of the various processes of agriculture. Hanway was the real author also of a pamphlet on "Motives for the Establishment of a Marine Society, by a Merchant, London. Printed in the year 1757." The frontispiece is a steel plate representing Britannia in the act of receiving squalid and destitute boys, whom she is pointing to the "Marine Society's Warehouse," and to a ship in the middle distance.

Jonas Hanway had a shrewd notion how to manage an estate. He owned an estate at Lavington, on the edge of the Sussex Downs, near Midhurst and Petworth, which seems to have come to him from a distant cousin, and to have descended through his stepson, a Mr. Orme, to the Gartons, and from them to the Sargents and the Wilberforces—the same estate which ultimately centred in the well-known Bishop of Oxford and Winchester. He appears to have kept this estate "in hand," and, to judge from his correspondence with his relatives, he seems to have looked well to his rents, and to the fencing, manuring, and improving of each field. Nothing is too minute for him to give his instructions about, whether Hodge is to mow the nettles round the orchard, or to gather the walnut crop, or to see that the cows are sent at the most fitting time to Chichester Market.

We are told that when Jonas Hanway went first to Russia, at the age of 30, his face was full and comely, and his person altogether such as obtained for him the appellation of the "handsome Englishman." Allowing for the ravages of time, Hanway's portrait, in the office of the Marine Society in Bishopsgate Street, fully confirms this opinion. He is there represented with a benevolent face, broad forehead, intelligent eyes, and gray hair. He is dressed in the costume of the period—navy blue suit, bright buttons, ruffles, &c.—and is seated at a table, in the same chair, and with the inkstand in front of him, that are even now in use in the Board Room of that Society.

Sweeter, far sweeter, to th' ETERNAL'S ear
Than hymns of angels is the generous sigh ;
More pleasing far one sympathising tear,
Than all heaven's glories, to his sacred eye !
Her HANWAY'S loss philanthropy shall mourn,
And strew, till time expires, her roses o'er his urn !

EDWARD WALFORD.

DUST: A NOVEL.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ONE morning Lady Flanders, enveloped in a dressing-gown bought at a bazaar in Damascus, which made her look like the Grand Vizier in the "Arabian Nights," knocked at the room which her guest, Mrs. Lancaster, was occupying. Marion, who had not yet finished her toilet, opened the door, and Lady Flanders stalked in. She merely nodded a good morning, and did not at once explain the reason of this early visitation. With her hands behind her, she began to pace slowly up and down the room, her head bent and her shaggy brows drawn together: altogether rather an appalling spectacle. At length she halted, felt in the pocket of her caftan for her snuff-box, and not finding it there, sniffed, rubbed her nose, and went up to Marion, who had resumed the combing of her hair which the entrance of her ladyship had interrupted.

"How is your health this morning, my dear?" she demanded, scowling down upon her.

"I thank you; much as usual," replied Marion, apathetically.

"Nonsense! You are not well at all: you're as pale and peaked as a charity-schoolgirl!" returned the old lady, testily. "You haven't improved at all since you came to my house, Mrs. Lancaster: and yet I've paid you every attention. I'm displeased at it!"

"You have been most kind to me, and I——" began Marion; but the other interrupted her with a peremptory gesture.

"You are altogether in the wrong, Mrs. Lancaster," she exclaimed, "and you should have discernment enough to be aware of it. I have shown you no kindness whatever; 'tis a thing I never do anyone; I have simply pleased myself, as I always do; and 'tis as likely as not I have got you and your husband into a precious scrape, only for the gratification of my own antipathies. I have always abominated that little devil of a Marquise Desmoines, and I was

determined to let her know it! That is the whole secret of the matter!"

"I shall not alter my opinion, madam," returned Marion, with a smile, "and I can never forget the sympathy and protection you have given me. But I am unhappy; and I feel, now, that I did wrong to come here. I should have stayed at home with my mother."

"This is assurance, upon my honour! Where are your manners, ma'am? Pray, is my house not good enough for you?" But, having made these inquiries in a haughty and fierce way, the great lady suddenly took Marion in her arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"I am an old fool, my dear," said she, sitting down with a disconsolate air, and crossing one leg over the other. "I'm not fit to be trusted alone any more. My likings and my dislikings both get me into trouble. I fell in love with you the minute I set eyes on you. For fifty years, at least, I have been ashamed of being a woman, and tried all I could to act as if I were a man—doing as men do, and thinking men's thoughts—or, at any rate, talking as if I thought them. And now, since I met you, I only wish I were more a woman than I am! My dear, you are the finest creature that ever stood in petticoats, and nobody is good enough for you. And when I fancied that that Philip of yours didn't appreciate the prize he had won—which, if he were the best man alive, he couldn't deserve—it made me so angry that I could have cut that handsome white throat of his from one ear to the other. And, as if that wasn't enough, he must accuse you of improper behaviour——"

"It was my own fault, Lady Flanders," said Marion, interrupting. "I'm sure I behaved very badly, and when I wouldn't tell him what I had been doing, I think he did quite right to be angry. I would ask him to forgive me, if he were here."

"Don't cry, my dear, it doesn't suit your character, and you only do it because you're weak and worn out, and, God knows, I don't wonder at it! As to asking him to forgive you, you would do no such thing—don't tell me!—until you were convinced he had done nothing to be forgiven for. And now," continued her ladyship, again diving into her pocket after the absent snuff-box, "I've come to tell you that I've begun to think he may not have been quite so bad as I thought. Mind—I know nothing more yet: I only make an inference. You know I pounced down upon that clever little wretch, the Marquise; and from her manner, and some things she said, my suspicions about her and that husband of yours were rather

confirmed than disconcerted. So, rather than have you left alone in your house for people to snigger at, I persuaded you to come to me for a few days, until we could know exactly how matters stood. Poor child ! You were in a state of mind not to care what became of you ; and when I met your husband, that same afternoon, I had half a——”

“ You met him, Lady Flanders ? You never told me that ! ” exclaimed Marion, looking up and flushing.

“ I know I didn't : why should I ? I had no doubt he was on the way to that Marquise ; and it was the next day, as I tell you, that I pounced down on her. Well, then . . . you shouldn't interrupt me, my dear ; and—I wish you'd touch that bell : I think I must have left my snuff-box on my dressing-table.”

The box was brought, and her ladyship took a copious pinch and proceeded. “ Last night I heard something that disturbed and surprised me a good deal, and the source it came from was unimpeachable. I saw Mr. Merton Fillmore, and he told me that Madame Desmoines is going to bring an action against Mr. Lancaster to recover the money Mr. Grantley left him. At first I didn't believe it, but he was quite serious, and said that he was her solicitor in the matter. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself—but 'tis no use scolding men like him, they only bow and grin, and that's an end of it ! I asked him why she hadn't claimed it before, and he tried to make up some nonsense about her having only just received proof that she was entitled to it. I told him it was a scandalous piece of business, and that he ought to have known better than to let himself be mixed up in it ; and that I didn't believe the case had a leg to stand on. But, between you and me, my dear, I shouldn't wonder if that particular kind of thieving that they call legal justice was on her side ; and I fear there may be danger. But what I was going to say is, that if she is actually setting to work to ruin your husband, it doesn't look much as if they were in love with each other, does it ? ”

Marion clasped her hands together softly in her lap, and her eyes shone. A long sigh breathed from her lips, which smiled tremulously.

“ Ay, ay,” said Lady Flanders, sighing also and scowling, “ I know how it is ! You are feeling happier than if I'd just told you you'd been made heiress of all the money in the Bank of England ; and, by-and-by, as soon as you're able to think of anything else but Philip, you'll turn round and fly into a terrible passion with me because I misled you about him. But, upon my honour, my dear,

it was only your dignity and welfare I was thinking of. And, mind you, this may be nothing but a blind, after all."

"No," said Marion, in a tender, preoccupied tone; "it is true; I am sure of it. I have been the wicked one. If he will only forgive me!"

"Never tell a person of my age and character that you are wicked," said Lady Flanders, dryly; "it is not in good taste, for it makes 'em wonder what the Recording Angel will call them. As to forgiving you, if he were here and didn't——"

"Do you know where he is?" exclaimed Marion, springing up. "Is he in the house? Oh, Lady Flanders, is he——"

"My dear, I don't know where he is any more than you do; but there's no doubt he will be found soon enough, and I hope the lesson he's had will have done him good. Meantime, there's another matter to attend to. Your good mother, Mrs. Lockhart, you know—we arranged that she should be told nothing of all this trouble; and I gave her to understand, when I took you away, that you and your husband were going into the country to visit the Earl, and 'twas uncertain when you'd be back. Now, I got a letter from her this morning, saying that this was the anniversary of her wedding-day, and she wanted to spend it in the old house at Hammersmith. She was going to set out this forenoon, and it occurred to me it might be a good thing if you went with her. As your husband will probably turn up during the next few days, you would probably prefer to meet him in her company rather than in mine."

"Yes, yes," murmured Marion, who had already begun hurriedly to complete her toilet; "I will be ready in a few minutes. Yes, that will be best. . . . Oh, I thank God! I could not have gone on living—but now, even if he doesn't forgive me, I am happy."

"I shall contrive so as to see him before you do," said her ladyship; "and, after I've done with him, the only person he won't be ready to forgive will be me! Oh, 'tis just as well you both should have somebody to abuse, and I shall answer the purpose as well as anybody else. 'Tis about all an old hag like me is good for. Well, if you are going, I shall go with you and deliver you safe into your mother's hands; and probably there'll have to be some lying done, when she asks where Philip is; and I'm a better hand at that than you are. You've no idea what experience I have had!"

Here the old lady chuckled rather cynically, and wrapping her *caftan* around her, stalked out of the room. Marion, left to herself, quickly went about her preparations, singing to herself at intervals, and moving with a lighter step and heart than she had known for

many days. The old house at Hammersmith! It seemed like going home for the first time since the honeymoon. It was there that her first happiness had come to her; and if Heaven ever permitted her to be happy again, it ought to happen there. All this fever of wealth and fashionable society was as a dream that is past: freshness and sanity had returned with the morning.

Lady Flanders, with the promptness of an old campaigner who knows how to concentrate hours into minutes when there is need for it, was ready almost as soon as Marion, and the two immediately set forth for the Lancasters' house in her ladyship's big carriage, with the coachman in front and the footman behind in pigtails and silk stockings. They arrived just as Mrs. Lockhart was about to depart. She greeted them with her usual gentle serenity.

"My dear daughter," she said, embracing Marion, "your trip to the country has done you good. She has a fine colour, has she not, Lady Flanders? though I think she is a little thin. This city life is very trying; I used to find it so before I married your dear father. But no doubt 'tis different when you have your husband to go into society with you. A happy marriage is the best health-preserver in the world. Has Philip come back too? Will he come out with us?"

"Your son-in-law, madam," said Lady Flanders, before Marion could command her voice or open her mouth, "is detained, I believe, but very probably he may join you before you return. Madam, that gown suits you admirably; and I can scarce believe, when I look at you, that so many years have passed since you were the toast of Bath."

Hereupon the lovely Fanny Pell of the last century flushed with innocent pleasure, and the colour showed through the cheeks of the gentle widow of Major Lockhart; and the difficulty about Philip was evaded for the present. After a little more conversation, Mrs. Lockhart proposed that, as the day was fine, Lady Flanders should accompany them as far as Hammersmith, and perhaps lunch with them there; and in the afternoon she might drive back in time to keep her engagement to dine at Lord Croftus'. Marion added her entreaties to those of her mother; and her ladyship—doubtless believing that her presence would be a protection for Marion against the guileless inquisition of Mrs. Lockhart, who was as likely to pry into Philip and the delights of a happy marriage as about anything else—consented; and the whole party got into the carriage and away on gently-swaying springs. The brief winter sun shone along the streets, throwing the shadow of the tall vehicle

behind them ; and the pedestrians on the sidewalks stepped out briskly, for the air was crisp and bright. Christmas was not far off, and its jovial influence was already felt. The long year, with all its happiness and its misery, its failure and its success, was drawing to a close ; and for the bulk of mankind the cheerfuller side of life seemed, on the whole, to have come uppermost. Marion, as she gazed out of the window of the carriage (while her mother and Lady Flanders chatted about the London of forty years ago), meditated over all which this year had brought her of good and evil, and tried to determine with herself whether, taking the good and the evil together, she would have wished this year omitted from her life. At first, with the remembrance of recent pain and suffering still fresh within her and the future still so uncertain and clouded, she thought that it would have been better for her if she had died that day that she saw Philip and Mr. Grant enter the gate of the old house in Hammersmith and knock at the door. But when she began to recall more in detail all the events that had happened, she thought that, for so much happiness, all the pain was not too dear a price to pay. There was the picture in her memory of Philip telling them how he had cared for Major Lockhart on the field of Waterloo : his voice had been tremulous as he told it, and his eyes had met hers with a sympathy so manly and so honest that her heart went out to meet it. Then had ensued that period when she withdrew herself from him, as it were, and was harsh and cold, from the untamed maidenhood that had divined its danger, and blindly sought to preserve itself at any cost. But oh ! how sweet it had been to feel, day by day, that the struggle was in vain ! What fear, what joy, what self-distrust, what hope, what secret tears ! And then, that summer ride to Richmond with Philip at her side ; the banter, the laughter, the betraying tones and looks, the swelling tenderness that drowned resistance ; and at last, the touch of hands and the few words that meant so much ! Surely, to have lived through such a day might compensate for many a day of pain !

Besides, the season of outward coldness and suspended confidence that had followed this had been founded on nothing real, and had vanished at the first touch of reality. On that black night when she and Philip groped their way through midnight ways to avert, if it might be, the peril so mysteriously foreshadowed, their spirits touched and recognised each other, and the terror of the crisis had only made the recognition more deep and firm. On that tragic night love had avouched himself greater than all tragedy and sorrow ; more true than they, and, unlike them, eternal. The flower of this

love had she and Philip plucked, and had breathed its immortal fragrance. So much the year had brought her.

But then Marion fell to thinking about the months that had since elapsed, and the significance of their story. And the more she meditated, the more clearly did it appear to her that she, and not Philip, had been to blame. For, why had she refused the legacy? From jealousy of Philip. But, was her jealousy just? It had been a fancy merely, a vague suspicion, founded upon hints half understood and whimsically exaggerated. A woman who is loved has no right to say, "Because another woman is more beautiful or brilliant than I, therefore my husband will care more for her than he does for me." For love is the divine Philosopher's Stone, which transfigures that which it touches; and, for the lover, there is a beauty in his mistress before which the splendour of Helen of Troy or of the Egyptian Cleopatra seems but as dust. And let her beware lest she so far vulgarise the dignity of love as to make it one with her own estimate of herself. As justly might the Song that Solomon sang rate its worth at that of the material forms and substances whereby it was conveyed from his mind to ours. As regarded Philip, moreover, how could he, being innocent of that which she suspected, have done otherwise than he did? For him to have yielded would have been to acknowledge himself vulnerable. And again, what justification could she plead for the dissipated and reckless life she had led since the difference of opinion between Philip and herself? None, none! It had been the ungenerous revenge which, to requite open defeat, goes about to rob the victor of the comfort of his victory. Still less defensible was this last act of hers, to which the present disastrous state of things was immediately due. To gain an end which she had ostensibly given up, she had put herself in a predicament fairly open to the worst interpretation; and then, when her husband had demanded the explanation which was his right, she had defiantly refused to give it. When a woman like Marion begins to be repentant and forgiving, she allows herself no limits; and by the time the carriage had reached Hammersmith, Marion was disposed to consider herself the most reckless and culpable of wives, and Philip the most injured and long-suffering of husbands. But where, alas! was Philip, that she might tell him so?

They turned down the well-remembered little side street, and in another minute the carriage had drawn up before the iron gate, to which, so long ago and yet so recently, Marion had fastened the card with "To Let" written on it, which had been the means of bringing her and Philip together. The footman jumped down, opened the

carriage door, and let down the steps ; he assisted Mrs. Lockhart to alight, and gave her his arm up the walk. Marion followed with Lady Flanders. The old house looked forlorn, though a care-taker had been left in charge of it ; the windows were dull and bare ; the cedar of Lebanon had scattered its dry needles over the path and grass-plot ; the knocker was tarnished, the footscraper red with rust. The footman lifted the knocker to rap ; but before the stroke sounded, the door was opened from within.

Marion heard her mother give a little exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and then say something in words she did not distinguish. She raised her eyes languidly ; but the broad back of the liveried footman intercepted her view. Lady Flanders, however, whose vision was not thus obstructed, gave a start, and cried out, "Why, confound him, there he is !"

The footman's back disappeared, and in its place Marion's gaze absorbed the vision of a tall dark figure, a white face, black, exploring eyes, dishevelled hair—all suddenly kindled up and vivified by a flash of poignant delight. She remained standing erect on the lower step, and, without moving her wide, breathless gaze, she slowly raised her hands, and clasped them together against her heart.

"Mr. Lancaster," said Lady Flanders, in a high, sharp tone, "help your wife into the house, can't you ! she's feeling faint. You ought to be more careful how you play off your surprises on a woman in her condition. Why didn't you let us know you were going to be here ? Come, Mrs. Lockhart," she added, seizing the latter by the arm and drawing her indoors, "let us get upstairs and take off our bonnets. That's the way with these young married people ! They can't meet after a separation of twelve hours without going into such heroics and ecstasies as would make one think they had been dead and returned to life again, at least ! Leave 'em to themselves, and perhaps in half an hour they'll be able to recognise our existence."

In this way the wise old woman of the world, who had comprehended the situation at a glance, at once parried whatever inconvenient inquiries Mrs. Lockhart might have made, and afforded an opportunity to Philip and Marion to enjoy their explanation and reconciliation in private, away from the inspection of footmen and other ignorant and inquisitive persons. When she got upstairs, and before she removed her bonnet, she took out a large silk pocket-handkerchief and blew her nose ; and for some time made no articulate rejoinder to the serene little observations which Mrs. Lockhart kept offering.

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“How did you happen to be here, my dearest?” said Marion in the course of the interview. “Did you know we were coming?”

“I have been here for several days, I believe,” answered Philip; “I hardly know how long, or when the days began or ended. I did not know where to look for you, darling, and it seemed most natural to come here, where we loved each other first.”

“Oh, my Philip! and were you thinking I was wicked all that time?”

“No, thank God! I don't think I ever seriously believed that. But one day, before I came here, I saw Tom Moore; he came up to me, and said he wanted to say something to me in private. So we walked across the park, and pretty soon I found that he was talking about you. From that moment I remember every word he uttered. ‘Mr. Lancaster,’ he said, ‘you'll do me the credit to believe that I'm a man of honour and a gentleman, and the good name of a lady is sacred to me. I have admired and revered Mrs. Lancaster since first I had the honour to be in her presence; and though, to be sure, 'twas mighty small notice she ever took of me, my nature is not so petty that a slight to my vanity can obscure my judgment or dim my perception.’ Then he went on to tell me all about meeting you at Vauxhall, and what a state of excitement you were in, and how he hurried you out of sight, and put you into a carriage, and then went and got Sir Francis; and how you all drove to the inn in Pimlico, and afterwards how he saw you safe home with your maid. Then he said that tortures would never have unsealed his lips on the subject; but he had learned that, in some way, a rumour had got abroad that you were seen there. Whereupon he had deemed it due to his honour as a gentleman, as well as to his consciousness of integrity and innocence, to come to me at once, in a frank and manly way, and give me to know at first hand all there was to be known of the matter. It was very eloquent and chivalrous,” added Philip, “and at any other time I might have laughed: as it was, I just thanked him, and we bowed to each other and parted; and I came here.”

“It seems like coming up out of the grave,” said Marion, musingly. “And now, my poor Philip, after all our quarrelling and trouble, what do you think has happened? The Marquise is going to sue for your money; and Lady Flanders says she's afraid the law may give it to her.”

“Will the Marquise do that?” said Philip, arching his eyebrows.

“So Merton Fillmore says: and he is to conduct her case.”

“Well,” said Philip, beginning to smile, “she could not have done anything that pleases me better; for I have gained much

wisdom since I saw you last, and am as anxious to be rid of that burden as ever you were. So, if you agree, my darling, we'll give her the twenty thousand pounds, without putting her to the trouble to sue for it ; for there's only one kind of wealth worth having, and that is what I have been enjoying ever since I caught sight of you on the doorsteps."

"But, Philip, you know we have spent ever so much money on that miserable house in town. What are we to do about that? for the money from 'Iduna' will not be enough to pay it."

"Why, that is all right, too," said Philip, laughing: "for though I had forgotten it till this moment, Lord Seabridge, who is not expected to live more than a week, said when I saw him the other day that he had put five thousand pounds in his will for me, 'just to buy my wife a present.' We can pay our debts with that, and still have a few hundreds left to begin life again in this old house." He put his arm round her waist, and added, looking down at her, "You won't object to my receiving that legacy, will you?"

"Oh, Philip!" said Marion, with a long sigh, hiding her face on his shoulder; "I wish I think I hear my mother and Lady Flanders coming downstairs!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHEN the Marquise Desmoines received from Fillmore a letter announcing that the defendants in the case of Desmoines *v.* Lancaster declined to defend, she uttered a sharp cry, and dropped the letter as if it had been poisonous. That strange sense of justice—of what is fairly due to one as a human being—which is perhaps the last thing to die out of even the least deserving of God's creatures, told her heart that she had been outraged. All things had slipped away from her. Despite all her powers, and her desperate yearning to exercise them, she was powerless. There could scarcely be, for her, a keener suffering. With some natures, the very intensity of anguish is its own partial antidote; the faculties are so far stunned as to be unable, for a time, to gauge the poignancy of the disaster. But Perdita's clear and vigorous intellect would not permit her such an escape. She immediately saw her position in all its bearings and prospects. Her mind shed a pitiless light upon every aspect of her defeat and humiliation. Something vital within her seemed to gasp and die.

After a long, breathless pause, she took up the letter again, and read it to the end. It contained a request on the part of the writer to be allowed to call on her at a certain hour that evening. It was not difficult to see what that meant. She had made the surrender of herself to Fillmore contingent upon his recovery of the legacy ; and he was coming to claim the fulfilment of her promise. She would be called on to play the part of a complaisant *fiancée*. At this picture Perdita laughed ; and then, setting her teeth with rage, tore the paper into fragments. Such rage is deadly. Had Fillmore been present, his *fiancée* would have attempted his life. And yet it was not he that could enrage her : nothing that he could have done could have affected one pulsation of her heart. She had passed into a region of emotion almost infinitely more intense than any with which he could be connected. But, as sometimes a woman will kiss a child or a dog, thinking "this kiss is for my lover!" so might Perdita have driven a dagger to Fillmore's heart, and said, "Be Philip and die!"

She looked at her hands : how white and fine they were !—how beautifully formed ! She rose and walked to and fro in the room ; every movement was grace and elasticity,—the harmonious play of parts exquisitely fashioned and proportioned. She paused before the looking-glass, and contemplated the form and features imaged there. She drew out her comb, and shook down on her shoulders a soft depth of bright-hued hair. She loosened the front of her dress, and exposed a bosom white as milk and curved like the bowl of Ganymede, save for the slight indentation of a scar on the right breast. She gazed into the sparkling reflection of her eyes, as if some mystery were hidden there. "I have seen no woman more beautiful than you," she said aloud. "What is the use of beauty ? Why was I born?"

She returned to her chair, and threw herself in it sidewise, as a child might do, with her cheek resting against the back, one knee drawn up, her hands folded, her eyelids closed. As she lay thus she looked like a type of lovely and innocent weariness. "Why was I born?" she repeated in a whisper. Her thoughts strayed back along the vista of her seven-and-twenty years : from the distance she saw the figure of a little girl, with bright hair and laughing eyes, come tripping onwards, inquisitive, observant, quick-witted, stout-hearted ; fond of her own way, and ready to take her own part ; but good-humoured always and tolerant of others. Onward comes the child, growing taller as it advances, beginning now to realise its loneliness in the world, sometimes meditating gravely thereon, but never losing

courage ; beginning also to realise its own superior gifts, and exercising them experimentally, for the pleasure of the use, and not always with too much heed for the effect on others. Still forward she comes, with a step somewhat less frolicsome, with eyes that look more penetratingly ; a mind that harbours ambitious thoughts ; a face that can conceal as well as express ; a confidence in herself and in her fortune : worldly wisdom already, at seventeen years. That great broad book of the world—of human life and character—with its profundity, its insanity, its pathos, its absurdity, its veins of good, its masses of evil,—the girl Perdita has studied it all ; and no mother, no loving friend, has been beside her, to direct her studies, to interpret her discoveries, to correct her errors. . . . Who is this antique figure who now walks beside her, to whose formal and laborious gait she endeavours to accommodate her own : this grey-haired man of more than thrice her age, with his habits, his prejudices, his limitations, his ailments? Is this her husband?—the lord and master of that brilliant, buoyant creature? Ah, Perdita, are you his wife? Do you love him, honour him, obey him? Are he and his possessions the final embodiment and satisfaction of your ambitious dreams? Can you do without love—you, who have never tried what love is? It is ill being prudent before experience, and wise before instruction. Why are your lips so persuasive, your eyes so winning, your touch so caressing? Why are you so lovely, Perdita? . . . Why were you born?

But still the young wife passes onward, with little misgiving and less regret. There is a great deal of splendour and luxury around her, and she easily makes herself their nucleus and culmination. Famous men pay court to her ; wise men listen to her conversation ; women criticise and try to imitate her. In the brilliant society of her day and place she is a figure and a topic. Musicians dedicate their compositions to her ; poets immortalise her in their rhymes of a season. She is the heroine of a hundred anecdotes, but of not a single romance : very intrepid and adventurous, but with the coldness as well as the sparkle of ice. “Can’t make her out,” said Lord Fitz Hardinge, who was said to have come to Paris especially to be presented to her. “Don’t see how she keeps it up—a woman of her complexion, too. Egad! I have it. The Marquis must be Cupid in disguise!” This *mot* was repeated until it reached Perdita’s ears. “A woman’s complexion changes with her company,” she said ; “and as to the Marquis, my husband, it is better to be a disguised Cupid than a make-believe one.” As his lordship’s excesses had somewhat worn upon his constitution, this shaft struck deep and

resisted all efforts to extract it. People seldom attacked the Marquise Desmoines more than once.

Meanwhile Perdita is still sitting in the same position in her chair, one knee drawn up, her hands clasped, and her eyelids closed. What vision does she behold now? A handsome room, with polished floor, the walls bright with pictured panels bordered with gold; candles set in burnished sconces: the door opens and her husband enters, leaning on the arm of a tall young man. The stranger is plainly dressed, but his form and bearing are noble; and his face, relieved by the black hair around it, prints itself on her mind, never to be forgotten, so intense and vivid does it seem with life and meaning, yet so composed and clear. A new feeling, strange and sweet, creeps in gentle undulations along Perdita's nerves and settles in her heart. He sits beside her, and they converse, easily and with mutual pleasure and comprehension; his voice, grave and genial, makes music in her ears; his dark direct glance meets hers—absorbs and mingles with it. She draws fuller breath; this atmosphere, in which she has never lived before, gives her for the first time real life; she understands what she is, and what is possible for her. The Enchanted Prince has awakened the Sleeping Beauty.

The days that follow are like no other days, before or since. He is a poet, but what poetry ever equalled their companionship? The world with its follies, its emptiness, its formulas, its delusions, seems to stand aside to let them pass. . . . One day they have ridden out with a cavalcade, bound on an expedition of pleasure to some distant château. Riding onward, she and he, and drawn insensibly together, they pass fleetly along woodland paths, through dancing shade and sunlight, leaving the others behind or in advance, perhaps; they have little thought but of each other. Light is Perdita's heart; no shadow has darkened it since that first meeting. The passing moments have filled the capacity of sensation, leaving no room for reflection or forecast; she has never even said to herself, "This is friendship," or "This is love:" enough that it is delight, growth, harmony, beauty; that it lets her know how sweet it is to be a woman. At last, as they ride on, the pinnacles of the château taper upward above the trees; anon, before them opens a sweep of lawn, which they cross, and alight at the broad steps that lead up to the door. They are the first to arrive; for half an hour, perhaps, they will have the house to themselves, save for the servants who are preparing the collation below-stairs.

They stroll through the airy rooms, with merry and gentle talk, until at length they enter a hall where, over the chimney-piece, is

suspended a pair of antique rapiers. Perdita takes down one of these, and putting herself in a posture of offence, bids her companion take the other and defend himself. He complies, and for a few moments laughingly parries and pretends to return her thrusts. All at once, as she presses him, his foot slips on the polished floor, and ere he can recover himself he feels his point touch her breast. . . .

At this point of the vision Perdita slightly changes her position in the chair, and a flush reddens her cheek. She breathes unevenly, and her lips move. Ah, that summer noon, so distant now, when she found herself resting in his arms, her riding-habit stained with red blood—his face, his voice so near, so tender; his touch so gentle! She had looked into his eyes, and laughed softly, in mere joy. Blessed sword! that by drawing her blood had revealed their hearts to each other. But ah! why was the wound not mortal? Was not the wound that it symbolised so? Why had she not died during those few minutes—too few—that had gone by before the sound of voices and horses' hoofs announced the arrival of the party? Had anything that had happened since been worth the trouble of living through it? True, she had hoped; but hope is but the mask of despair, sooner or later to be cast aside. Before her wound was healed, the love which it had discovered had withdrawn itself, never to return. There had been some talk about honour, obligation, duty, prudence—to which she had assented with her lips, while all the rest of her rebelled; for it had not been sin that she contemplated, but only to let her heart love and be loved. 'Then a farewell; and afterward a dreary blankness, amidst which she moved hardened, witty, cynical, unreconciled, until these latter days, which were bitterer and more disastrous than the first. Why was she born?

Enough of visions! Perdita rose to her feet and gazed about her. Luxury and beauty surrounded her, as they had always done; but the darkness and wilderness that were within her turned all to ugliness and mockery. There was a terrible simplicity in her situation, a fatal lack of resources and alternatives. She walked across the room: something seemed to tread behind her; she turned quickly, but nothing was there. The sense of being dogged—pursued—still remained, however. What was it?—fate? She smiled; then shivered nervously, and stood twisting her handkerchief between her fingers. Fate. . . . The idea fascinated her. Was her fate so near? and what was it like? Let it appear and declare itself! After a while she began to walk again, but now meditating

profoundly. Once she stopped before the fire, and gazed fixedly at the burning coals ; then moved away once more, not pacing up and down, but wandering irregularly about the room, knotting and untying her handkerchief ; sometimes, in her preoccupation, almost stumbling against a chair or table. Meanwhile her usually varying expression had assumed a certain fixedness, and there was a vertical wrinkle between her brows, which seemed not to be caused by drawing her brows together, but to have marked itself there by some other means.

At last she stopped, passing her hands across her eyes and over her hair, which she seemed surprised to find hanging about her shoulders. She twisted it up into its place again, adjusted her dress, and after pausing a moment as if to recover the thread of her thoughts, went to a cabinet at the side of the room, and looked attentively at the objects which it contained. They were mostly curiosities and works of art, such as a carved ivory cup, a box of Indian enamel, a vase of Venetian glass, figures in Dresden porcelain, a Chinese idol of silver, an antique locket of wrought gold. From among these objects Perdita selected a small, quaintly-fashioned lamp of pure crystal ; it was of Persian manufacture, and bore some figures or letters of enigmatic purport, perhaps having reference to the tenets of the ancient fire-worshippers. She examined this lamp curiously, wiping away the dust with her handkerchief, and assuring herself that it contained no crack or imperfection. Finally she placed it upon the table near the fire ; and having rung the bell, bade the servant summon Madame Cabot.

“Madame,” said the Marquise when the old lady appeared, “I am expecting some one to call here this evening—Monsieur Fillmore.”

“Yes, Madame la Marquise.”

“I wish you to lay out the black satin gown, and the diamonds—you understand?”

“Yes, Madame la Marquise.”

“I am going out now—alone : I shall not need your company. If any one calls in the mean time, say I shall not return until to-morrow. At no time to-day is any one to be admitted except Monsieur Fillmore : he will arrive about seven o'clock. Will you attend to this?”

“Certainly, Madame la Marquise. Will Madame dine at the usual hour?”

“No ; you will dine by yourself to-day. That is all.”

“*Au revoir*, Madame la Marquise.”

The old lady curtseyed and went out. Perdita sat down at her desk and wrote several letters, which she locked up in a drawer. Her dejection seemed to have been enlightened : her demeanour was grave, but not oppressed or unnatural. Occasionally she would fall into reverie for a few minutes, but the abstraction was not painful, and was easily cast aside. In the course of an hour or so she closed her desk, and going to her room, put on a dark pelisse and veiled bonnet, and went out. The sky was overcast, and the air cold ; but there was neither rain nor wind. The streets were full of people, and the shops were doing a thriving trade in Christmas goods. Perdita mingled with the crowd, and seemed to take pleasure in observing them : in gazing into the shop windows, shoulder to shoulder with them : in listening to the confused noise of voices, tramping feet, and rattling wheels. In the Strand she happened to notice four ragged children flattening their noses against the glass of a sweet-shop. "I choose this," said one little girl. "Oh, I choose this !" said another in the pride of superior discernment. "Don't yer wish yer may git it ?" remarked a boy, the eldest of the party, with gloomy cynicism. "Come in here, youngsters," said Perdita ; "you shall have all the candy you want !" With the matter-of-course acceptance of miracles characteristic of children, they followed her into the shop, and presently came forth again with sweets enough to last them for a week. None of them thanked her, any more than we thank the sun for shining through a break in the clouds—the supposition being that the sun is made for that purpose. But Perdita was not in need of gratitude. She wanted to feel the actual contact of human creatures for a few hours, and that was all. Resuming her walk, she passed through St. Paul's Churchyard, and along Cheapside, where she entered a shop and made one or two purchases on her own account. Thence she turned in a southerly direction, and presently came in sight of London Bridge. It was a quaint, narrow, high-backed structure, with jutting piers, affording spaces for vendors of apples and other cheap merchandise to set up their little stalls. The bridge was roaring with vehicles and crowded with foot-passengers ; there was no noisier or more populous place in London. There was a high balustrade on each side ; but by stepping upon one of the semicircular stone seats over the piers, it was possible to look over at the broad stream beneath. Perdita did this, and remained for a long time, absorbed by the spectacle. The brown river, rushing at the arches of the bridge, fell through them in boiling cataracts, with a sound that was audible over the tumult of the vehicles and the foot-passengers above. On either bank, the wharves

were thronged with shipping—straight masts and cobweb cordage, dense as primeval forests. Black chimneys belched forth blacker smoke, which trailed and brooded over the city; huge ugly buildings of stone or brick looked down into the dark water. Millions of human beings had done all this: millions of human beings had lived and moved here, laboured and hungered, fought and conquered, struggled and succumbed, been born and died. Here was the centre and concentration of the human race, the culmination of the history of five thousand years; and what a gloomy, dirty, toiling, roaring, sordid Babel it was! And yet, what a strong charm and attraction! We battle and shout and hope in the face of death; we know that our hopes are vain, and that death is sure; we know that life is weariness, and that death is rest; we bury our parents, and know that our children shall bury us; and still generation succeeds generation—appears and disappears—and each maintains the turmoil with as much energy and earnestness as if to it alone belonged not the present only, but likewise the future and the past. Earthly life, the oldest of all deceivers, the mightiest of all hypocrites, exposed and condemned at each passing moment of recorded time—by what spell does it still retain its mastery over us? Does it inspire the wish to be cheated that it gratifies? or is there something behind—within it—some reality whereof it is but the symbol, which leads us onward to another goal than that we aimed at—a goal which, were it revealed to us, we never should attain?

Chilled by long contact with the stone parapet, Perdita stepped down from her perch, and returned along the bridge. In one of the narrow streets leading toward Cheapside she noticed a small inn or ordinary, where a card nailed to the doorpost announced that a dinner was to be had inside at a cheap rate. Perdita entered. The place was low and dark, and was tolerably full of customers, most of whom were seated at opposite sides of the little oblong tables projecting at right angles from the walls. A man, seeing Perdita stand there, made room for her beside him. He wore a dirty fur cap and a top-coat of coarse cloth; had a bold, not unhandsome face, and powerful but by no means clean hands. A plate full of some sort of food was put before Perdita, and she began to eat. The man, who had nearly finished his dinner, now called for a pot of ale; and having glanced at Perdita once or twice, he addressed her:

“Say, my dear, you’re a good-looking gal, do you know that?”

“Yes,” said Perdita, “other men have told me so.”

“What’s your name?”

“Perdita.”

“Perdita? Rum name, that! What’s your lay?”

“Nothing, in particular.”

“Flush, eh? Made a haul?”

Perdita nodded.

“Hello, you!” said the man, raising his voice, “fetch ’arf a pint for this lady.”

The ale was brought, and Perdita raised it to her lips, saying, “Here’s your health!”

“Same to you, my dear,” said the man, taking a gulp from his pewter. “By Jove! you’re one of the right sort. Do you know who I am?”

Perdita looked at him. “You’re a stout fellow,” she said; “you look as if you could take your own part. Are you a highway-man?”

“Easy! none of that!” exclaimed the man in a low tone, catching her by the shoulder. Perdita eyed him composedly, and he presently relinquished his grasp, and chuckled. “All right,” he said, “I see you know a thing or two. Now look here. I ain’t got no mort. What do you say—shall we strike hands? You and me together can do good business. What do you say?”

“What do you mean by mort?”

“Come, now! Walker! Well, wife, if you like.”

“Do you mean that you’ll marry me?”

“As sure as my name’s—what it is!” said the man.

“Will you take care of me, and beat any man who insults me?”

“Yes, I will!”

“I have a great mind to let you marry me,” said Perdita after a pause. “You’d be as good as anybody else, and perhaps better. But I’ve been married once, and I don’t think I shall ever marry again. I’m going to do something else.”

“What?”

“That’s no business of yours.”

“Can’t yer marry me and do that too?”

“No.”

“Well, look here! Think it over. I’ve got money, and I can make things easy for you. You’ll find me here to-morrow. I ain’t often met the woman I’d take to as quick as I would to you. Think it over. You ain’t got any other chap in your eye, have yer?”

“I’ll promise you this much,” said Perdita; “if I don’t marry you I’ll marry no one else.”

“And will you be here to-morrow?”

“If I’m alive.”

“From Lady Flanders, eh?” said he, recognising the handwriting. “An invitation to dinner, I suppose.” He read what was written, and silence fell upon him. Marion, though she would gladly have turned her eyes away from him, could not do so. She saw the change that came over his face, and it made her heart faint. He kept his eyes down, gazing at the paper, and it seemed to Marion as if he were never going to raise them. The suspense became more than she could bear, and it gave her the power to use her voice.

“Do you know why she did it, Philip?” was her question.

He looked up, at last, with a slow and heavy movement, as if his eyelids were weighted, and met his wife's gaze gloomily.

“If I do know,” he said, “it was for something very worthless.”

“Have you . . . anything to tell me?” asked Marion, just audibly.

“Perdita was honest and noble: she died pure. There is nothing to tell. A priest would absolve me; I can never absolve myself. Many a man who has sinned is worthier to be your husband than one who has avoided sin as I have.”

There followed a deep silence. Then Marion moved a step nearer to him, and said, “Do you love me, Philip?”

“I used to say ‘yes’ last summer,” he replied; “I thought I could do anything and be anything then. Now it seems to me that I am nothing, and can do nothing. Whether I love you or not, years must tell you, not words. Such men as I are the curse of the earth.”

“You are not a curse to me!” said Marion, putting her arms around him, and looking up in his face. “You are my husband, and I love you; and neither years nor words shall make me believe you do not love your wife!”

(The End.)

“ Good night.”

“ Good night, Madame la Marquise, and much felicity.”

Perdita went into her boudoir and locked the door. The candles were lighted, the fire was burning cheerfully, everything was warm and luxurious. Perdita held in her hands a large vial containing a colourless fluid, and something done up in a piece of paper. These she placed on the table, beside the crystal Persian lamp, which has already been mentioned. She drew a chair to the table, and seating herself in it, unfolded the paper, which proved to contain a small wick. This she inserted in the lamp, and then filled the lamp full of the colourless fluid from the vial. Finally, she lit the wick from one of the candles. It burned with a pale bluish flame, emitting, however, an intense heat.

After contemplating this flame awhile, and testing its ardour by passing her hand over it, Perdita rose up nervously, and glanced around her. She had suddenly grown very pale, and her eyes looked black. Her lips also were white, and for a moment they trembled; but only for a moment. She held herself erect, and raised her head, looking straight before her across the table, as if at some one who stood on the other side. Her expression, at first, was haughty; but gradually it softened, and at last became exquisitely tender and gentle. Her bosom rose and fell with a long sigh.

She raised her hands, and clasped them firmly over her eyes. She stooped quickly down, until her lips almost touched the bluish flame of the lamp, at the same instant drawing in a sharp, deep breath, that made the flame leap far down her throat. She tried to do it a second time, but only partially succeeded. She reeled backward, uttering no sound, and fell, as she had wished to do, on the sofa. A few convulsive movements shook her, and then she lay still, her head thrown back, and her eyes half closed. Her position had not altered by a hair's breadth when, an hour later, the door was broken open, and Fillmore came in.

Perdita's death was known to many persons in London that same night; but the news did not reach Hammersmith until the next morning. It so happened that Marion was the first to receive it, by a messenger from Lady Flanders. She read the few lines, scarcely comprehending their purport; but after waiting a few moments she read them again, and understood them. She returned upstairs with difficulty, for all strength seemed to have gone out of her. She entered the room in which Philip was, but was unable to speak. She held the paper toward him.

to 22° . Now it is shaken and rises to 32° again ; but in so doing less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of the water is frozen (the "latent heat" of water is $142\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$) ; therefore the remaining $\frac{3}{4}$ of the water may repeat this action of giving out heat, and thus thirteen more shakings will be required before the whole is frozen, and the 142 degrees of latent heat, or heat of liquefaction of the water, is exhausted.

For a foot-warmer we have only to substitute a liquid that becomes a crystalline solid at a higher temperature than 32° , say at or about the boiling point of water. Such are very numerous, but they vary greatly in their amounts of latent heat.

Acetate of soda was selected and applied to this purpose by M. Ancelin, who patented the happy idea and is, I hope, reaping the reward he deserves. Last winter the London and North-Western Railway Company obtained from him a license for the use of 3,000 patent foot-warmers, and as I found one in use in the course of a journey made but a few days since, I may safely assume that they are working without any practical hitch.

They are loosely filled with the crystals of acetate, then soldered hermetically, and set a-going by simply heating them in an oven, or in a boiler containing water. At about the boiling point of water the crystals fuse, and thus a liquid is obtained, having this temperature to start with, and which maintains it until it is all solidified ; then it starts level with boiling water and goes on giving out heat until it has cooled down.

Heaters for muffs, beds, poultices, feeding-bottles, and other purposes are made on the same principle, and, of course, imitation patents for real or supposed improvements have followed.

In a recent paper in *La Nature*, M. Ancelin gives a list of Countries on which these foot-warmers are used, and particulars of their application in England.

VALUE OF SKIM-MILK.

usen and J. König have lately been
 and conclude that the price paid for
 than that paid for them in any
 set excepting stock-fish. One
 lb, according to König, cost
 utter, 81.7. Ritthausen states
 quarts) contain as much nitro-

twopence per quart this is far

cheaper than meat, but in country places where it is retailed at one penny per quart the economy is very great.

Buttermilk and skim-milk being nearly alike in composition, these analyses explain the health and vigour of agricultural labourers whose staple food is buttermilk and potatoes, a meal of this mixture, with a liberal allowance of the buttermilk, being equivalent to one on roast beef and potatoes.

My own experience confirms the above. When living at Caergwerle, in Flintshire, where we milked our own cows, our skim-milk was largely consumed by myself and family. It was my daily beverage. I found that new milk when taken daily and freely palled on the palate, and became, in time, repulsive, but I never tired of skim-milk.

The removal of the fat by skimming explains this experience. The skim-milk contains all the nitrogenous nutriment of the whole milk minus only the less digestible fat. To those who carry a redundancy of this material its absence in such food is a desideratum.

Should any of my London readers be induced by these facts to try skim-milk as a beverage, I recommend them to use some vigilance lest the milkman should (to save trouble) supply them with diluted half-and-half, instead of skimmed milk. The genuine article will usually be a little sour in London, as it must stand some time after its journey in order that the cream may rise.

PERVERSION OF HERBIVORA.

THE above will doubtless be regarded as very satisfactory by those "vegetarians" who include milk in their dietary, but not so the result of the researches of another practical German chemist, Findeisen, who tells us that old horses fed upon flesh-meal increased in weight, and that "this food was found to be very satisfactory in cases of illness."

These results are still more disagreeable when the probability of horse-flesh being the staple ingredient of the "flesh-meal" is considered.

I have seen a sheep eat a mutton chop, and was told by the butcher to whom it belonged that this perverted vegetarian preferred mutton to beef. The career of this animal shows the power of education, and confirms what we used to write in our copy-books, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." It was brought to the slaughter as an innocent lamb, saved by a tender-hearted butcher and reared as a pet in his shop in Jermyn Street.

M. Regnard fed lambs upon powdered dried blood from slaughter-houses, and found that "they surpassed their fellows which had been suckled by their dams, both in weight and size, and their coat of wool became doubled in thickness." Experiments have been made on calves with similar results.

In 1881 M. Schrodts and Herr von Peter fed cows with flesh-meal, and found that flesh-meal increased the yield of milk and fat. Compared with oil-cake and other nitrogenous vegetable food employed, there was a saving of 2 per cent a head per diem; the taste of the milk and butter was not affected. In these experiments the different foods were analysed and equivalent quantities of nitrogenous constituents were daily supplied, with the above result in favour of the animal food.

At first sight such facts appear to strike a heavy blow against the vegetarians, but further consideration of the facts suggests the possibility of ourselves having been perverted from our original habits, like the butcher's pet lamb.

The unerring propriety of brute instinct is not very evident in these cases.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND VEGETATION.

AT the 1881 meeting of the British Association, Dr. Siemens read a paper on the Application of Electricity to Horticultural and Agricultural Purposes. It produced quite a sensation at the time, and one of our popular science journals stated that "it is not unlikely that before many years have come and gone the label, 'grown under the electric light,' will be a familiar object in Covent Garden Market, attached not only to grapes, peaches, pineapples, and other kinds of fruit, but also to forced beans, lettuces, tomatoes, and other vegetables."

Similar anticipations were expressed in a leader in the *Times*, and I might easily fill two or three pages with quotations corresponding to the above. The writers were not without justification, seeing that they were told that peas sown at the end of October produced a harvest of pods on the 16th of February; that raspberry canes put into the house in the middle of December yielded ripe fruit on the 1st of March; and strawberries started about the same time were in full bearing by the middle of February.

These hopeful visions have not yet emerged from dreamland, and it appears that there is something wrong somewhere.

M. P. P. Déhérain made a series of experiments in the Palais d'Industrie during the Exhibition of August 1881. They fully con-

firm Dr. Siemens, as in the mischievous effects of the naked electric light. The leaves of the plants blackened, withered, and dropped off, when constantly exposed to the electric light or during the night only.

Further experiments were made with the light enclosed in glass globes as in the successful experiments of Dr. Siemens, but with very different results. The following is quoted from the abstract of Déhérain's paper (*Annales Agronomiques*, vol. vii. pp. 551-575) in the Journal of the Chemical Society of January last :

"A number of fresh and uninjured plants were placed in the greenhouse, and in addition sowings of barley, oats, peas, maize, beans, which had just appeared above the ground. All the seedlings exposed exclusively to the electric light perished sooner or later, the leaves of some of them being blackened as with the naked light. The mature plants, on the other hand, continued to vegetate, but in no case, save a plant of barley, were flowers and seeds produced, the vegetation being purely foliaceous."

These and other experiments showed that the electric light is no substitute for daylight, though plants that have the full advantage of daylight obtain some benefit by nocturnal electric illumination.

M. Déhérain thus sums up his conclusions :

"1. The electric arc-light emits radiations that are injurious to vegetation.

"2. Most of these radiations are arrested by colourless glass.

"3. The electric light emits radiations powerful enough to maintain mature plants in vegetation for two months and a half.

"4. The beneficial radiations are not sufficiently powerful to cause the growth of germinating seeds, or to allow the maturation of fruit in older plants."

These experiments were carefully conducted, and in such a manner as to enable the observers to separate the effects of different agencies—direct sunlight, diffused reflected light, and electric light. The mere fact that certain results were obtained in the presence of the electric light does not prove that they were due to its action.

We are told that in Dr. Siemens's experiments the waste steam from the engine driving his dynamo was used for heating the greenhouse instead of the ordinary boilers.

It is quite possible that this waste steam did a great deal more towards the production of the February peas, the March raspberries, the February strawberries, &c., than the electric light. At any rate, such unseasonable abortions were commonly enough produced by simple heating long before Dr. Siemens made his experiments, and

are still in course of production for the market by the same means, while the magnificent anticipations of early fruit and vegetable results from electric agency have collapsed as completely as the premiums on electric light shares.

A DRAWING-ROOM OPTICAL ILLUSION.

A VERY striking illustration of what may be called "optical reaction" is afforded by the coloured gas glasses that are now rather fashionable. If a room is lighted with the red glasses that have outspreading open tops, all the lower part of the room and everything in it is tinged with red, while the ceiling, which is lighted directly by the gas-flame, is white.

This, however, does not appear to be the case to the spectator who has been a short time in the midst of the red light. The white ceiling appears green, and of the tint which is just complementary to the red light transmitted by the glass. So decided is this green colour that a person unacquainted with the room and the philosophy of this illusion has a difficulty in believing that the ceiling is not painted green.

Blue glass will give a yellow ceiling, yellow glass a blue ceiling, green glass a red ceiling, and so with the complements to all other colours.

On the same principle a lady with a pallid complexion is improved by a green dress, or green upholstery surroundings, while a gentleman with a red nose has his misfortune exaggerated in a greenhouse unless companion blossoms there abound. If this were a lady's magazine I might say a great deal more on similar æsthetic results of optical reaction upon complexions and dress colours.

IRON IN THE TEA-PLANT.

TEN or a dozen years ago the adulteration of tea with iron filings was described as an ordinary practice, and convictions for such adulteration were obtained on the certificates of some of the remarkable chemists, who, in accordance with the commercial law of adaptation of supply to demand, came suddenly into existence when the Adulteration Act supplied salaries for public analysts.

In a communication to *The Chemical News* of November 21, 1873 (reprinted in "Science in Short Chapters"), I calculated the quantity of iron filings that would be required to effect the alleged adulteration, and found that about five millions of pounds of iron

filings per an y in order to thus operate upon only one-fourth of the quantity of tea exported from China. Only *fine* filings could be used, and even these must be carefully rolled up in the leaves, or they would inevitably sift down to the bottom of the chest in the course of transit.

Also, that in China the cost of growing and gathering a ton of tea leaves costs much less than the collecting of the same quantity of iron filings, even if the required thousands of tons were produced there.

The idea that this adulteration is perpetrated in England is refuted by the simple fact that in Sheffield and other places where large quantities of iron filings are produced no market can be obtained for them, beyond the small requirements of pyrotechny. London being the great wholesale tea emporium, truck loads would have to be brought here, and a large trade done in its collection. Nothing of the kind exists.

Some discussion followed my paper in the *Chemical News*, and then the prosecutions of grocers for adulterating tea with iron filings terminated.

But iron does exist in tea, nevertheless, though not in the proportions estimated by the adulteration analysts, nor in the metallic state, but as oxide, which may be magnetic. It has been found in the ash of samples grown and gathered in Kew Gardens.

Professor de Candolle, a Swiss botanist, who has lately been writing on the subject of the tea-plant, notes a curious incompatibility between the tea-plant and the vine, and states that excepting in a few spots such as the Azores, where experiments have been made on a small scale, they are never found together. He seems to be puzzled by this, as climate does not explain it.

An explanation has occurred to me, which I have not the means of verifying, but which I will here state for the consideration of those concerned in tea-growing, or of botanists studying the subject on the spot.

My theory is that the tea-plant requires a ferruginous soil, and that such a soil is unfavourable to the vine. It is well known that the soil of China, where the tea-plant flourishes, is highly ferruginous. The Yellow River, draining about 720,000 square miles, is named from the yellow ochreous or ferruginous mud which it deposits, and the still larger Yang-tse Kiang and the Canton River resemble it. Analysis of the soil of China tea plantations shows them to contain $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of oxide of iron.

If this view is correct, its practical application is obvious, in any

attempts that may be made to acclimatise the tea-plant in India or our colonies.

An interesting experiment might be made at Kew by growing two young tea-plants, under similar conditions, in pots containing portions of the same soil, but to one of which a large dose of oxide of iron had been added.

“THE FORCE OF HABIT” IN PLANTS.

AS most of my readers are probably aware, Darwin and his successors have shown that most of the doings of animals, which have been vaguely attributed to “instinct,” and regarded by some as a sort of Divine inspiration, are simply the result of inherited habits which have been perpetuated by the advantages they afforded to those individuals that have been fortunate enough to acquire them, and thereby survive in the struggle for existence.

The acquisition of such habits and their transmission by inheritance is even observable in plants, as Dr. Brandis, Director of the India Forest Department, has recently shown (*Indian Forester*, July, 1882).

Seeds of the *Acacia dealbata*, imported from Australia, have been sown in India at different periods. Their flowering time in their native land is the spring, but the spring of Australia corresponds to the autumn in India, and it was observed that the seeds sown in 1845 flowered in October, and continued to do this until about 1850. In 1860 they were observed to flower in September; by 1870 they were flowering in August; in 1878 in July; and last year, 1882, in June.

Other plants raised from seed subsequently introduced proceed in like manner, so that there are now in India a series of generations that indicate by their flowering time the periods of their introduction from the Southern hemisphere.

To a plant requiring warmth and time for the maturation of its seeds, it is clearly advantageous that it should put forth its blossoms early; and here we have an example of the requirement inducing the habit, in the course of time, as well as the hereditary transmission of the habit.

Other instances of the same kind, displayed in Kew, are described by Mr. Thiselton Dyer, in a letter to *Nature* of November 2nd last.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

CRUEL SPORTS.

THE power for good that may be exercised by those of exalted rank has seldom been illustrated more forcibly than by a recent action of the Princess of Wales. In setting her face against the practice of pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham, which has long been a disgrace to our civilisation, she has signed the death-warrant of practices against which humanity has cried out in vain. Almost alone at first, and recently with augmenting support, I have pointed out that the amelioration—the regeneration I might almost call it—of society for which all thinking men hope, and towards which they struggle, is impossible whilst our aristocracy continue to set an example of barbarism and cruelty. In the interest of our own future rather than in that of mere mercy to animals—for no nation can with impunity permit the existence of such proceedings as attend and spring from the practice of pigeon-shooting—the removal of this blot is necessary. A single sentence spoken by the gentle lady, whose influence has prolonged in this country the probable lease of royalty, has served the purpose, and the fate of Hurlingham and other similar institutions is now sealed.

SLAVERY AND THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

EVIL things die hard. A century after popular feeling declared itself against the maintenance of slavery in British possessions, and nearly eighty years after the Bill giving freedom to slaves received the royal assent, the traffic in human flesh still rears its hideous head. Those best acquainted with the Straits Settlements tell me that police regulations are there deliberately and habitually evaded, and that youths of both sexes are constantly carried off into slavery under the very nose of English officials. Over a body so large as the English empire it is difficult to exercise a supervision so close and all-searching as shall prevent the existence of notorious abuses. So soon, however, as it is known that an evil of this nature is in existence it is the duty of those in office to see to its eradication.

England has not paid the enormous sums involved in the abolition of the slave trade to connive at or permit any attempt to reimpose it under the shelter of her flag. When it is said that a chief purpose of the abduction of children is to devote them to lives of prostitution, the strongest possible reason for the stringent application of the law is advanced.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN SAVING LIFE.

NOW that education is commencing, as a matter of State policy, to be widely disseminated, it is time to inquire into its limits as well as its character. To the ordinary curriculum of schools there might surely be added some such smattering of scientific knowledge as would fit a child to deal in after life with the kind of experience he is likely to encounter. Long ago Mr. Herbert Spencer pointed out the extraordinary absence of preparation for the duties and responsibilities of married life and the education of children which marked our training. Nothing has been done since that time to remedy a state of affairs which is damaging to our claim to be a practical race. I see no reason why a girl should not obtain such elementary knowledge of the requirements of infancy as would prevent her when a wife from killing her child through mere ignorance and stupidity. Knowledge how to handle an injured man, how to staunch temporarily a wound and the like, should be supplied to all who are intended to be artisans. It would scarcely be going too far if our policemen could be taught to distinguish between apoplexy and drunkenness; but that is a lesson that could scarcely be supplied in youth. It is astonishing how far we yet are, with all our recently-acquired knowledge, from grasping the theory of education as it was grasped by a school of philosophers from Rabelais to Locke.

STORAGE OF PETROLEUM.

THE visitor to any city of Northern Europe is likely, if endowed with habits of observation, to have a lively sense of the dangers of fire. In every vessel in which he embarks the odour of petroleum is apparent. The quantity carried on deck may not be large. It is enough, however, to render certain the destruction of the ship, and exceedingly probable that of the crew and passengers, if ever the blue deadly-looking casks in which it is stored should be staved in by any accidental collision, and should allow their contents to overflow into the furnaces. Not much better is the state of affairs when he lands, since the petroleum stored up to meet the requirements of the long

northern night is seen wherever he turns his eyes. Apart from the ravage of fire, the danger from the gases given off by burning petroleum is sufficient to stimulate the most jaded appetite for danger. In London the evidences of peril are less patent, but the peril itself is scarcely less terrible. The amount of petroleum at present in London is enough to work incalculable mischief. It is surely time that definite precautions were taken with regard to the storing of a substance which is in itself one of the most inflammable in existence, and which, when once it takes fire, water is powerless to extinguish.

BURIAL ALIVE.

AMONG the fears, unreasoning for the most part, by which humanity is afflicted must be counted the dread of being buried alive. Those on whom we are taught to depend for our scientific knowledge deride the notion, and declare that in this country at least such a contingency is inconceivable. From time to time, however, stories which, whatever their falsehood, are well calculated to keep alive the fears of the nervous, reach us, cause a temporary spasm of fear in thousands of breasts, and are forgotten. Such is a narrative which has recently reached us from Russia, of a man, drunken in habits and cataleptic in body, who at the end of a debauch was buried, was found by the gravediggers to be still alive, and lost his life before the formalities necessary before exhuming a corpse could be fulfilled. As my purpose is not to harrow, I spare the terrible details of a story the truth of which I am, of course, in no position to test. I am not prepared to say that all narratives of the kind are not imaginary. I am sure, however, that a feeling of suffering and anxiety would be removed from a large number of timorous natures if some arrangement could be made by which, previous to closing up the coffin, means might be taken to prevent the possibility of a restoration to consciousness, however brief. Fears of the kind indicated may be absolutely visionary, but experience shows me that what are called visionary fears and sentimental grievances are not the easiest to bear.

EAST END POVERTY.

HOW many readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* have ever, I wonder, taken a walk to the very East of London—past Dalston, let me say, and Homerton, and so by London Fields and Victoria Park to Stratford? To a thoughtful man, one or two excursions of this kind are more fruitful in suggestion, and altogether more instructive, than

any amount of pleasant ramblings over Devonshire moors or through Norman towns and villages. Let the traveller begin in a place like Hackney, into which some light of "well-to-do-ness"—if I may use the word—breaks, and let him then proceed into the darkness of absolute poverty. The contrast he will then witness will go far to disturb any comforting reflections as to the general excellence of existing institutions. Quite unlike the kind of poverty to be seen on the skirts of fashion, in the dens of Saint Giles, or the purlieus of Westminster, is that which faces you in these regions. As you advance, all sign of comfort and of beauty disappears. The very children have nothing pretty or attractive. In their faces is little except weariness, transmitted through generations of suffering. The first independent expression that the infant face learns is probably cunning. A spectacle more terrible or more disheartening to those who seek to dwell in a mock paradise cannot easily be imagined. I do not attempt to describe the ignorance and the squalor. Take simply the absolute extinction by suffering of physical grace and beauty, and the lesson I seek to teach is legible.

WHAT IS THE FUTURE OF OUR RACE?

A DIRECT and natural outcome of the extreme poverty to which I have alluded is the juvenile depravity which is now terribly apparent, and concerning which the minds of thinkers and legislators are perpetually exercised. In these pages I may not enter deeply into questions of this kind. One of the worst things about a great city is, however, the security, all but absolute, against detection which is afforded by its size and the number of its inhabitants. I do not wish to pose as a kill-joy, but would, on the contrary, bring, if possible, within reach of the young many more pleasures. I could not, however, shut my eyes to the probable influence of a day like the ninth of November, or that of the recent opening of the new Law Courts, when, after the procession was over, thousands of girls, from ten to fifteen years of age, thronged the streets to see the illuminations. In very few instances was any protector with them, and their sport of attracting the attention of masculine humanity was carried on without interruption. On an occasion like this the majority of parents are simply powerless to keep children at home. Yet the evil amounts to a national curse. I write sadly on a subject well calculated to beget sadness. In no state of society concerning which any record exists, has a state of things been seen so terrible as now exists in London. What can be the future race of Englishmen if the very fountain of their blood is poisoned?

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1883.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

FROM THE POST-BAG.

I.

Ambrose Bradley to Alma Craik.

Versailles, —, 18—.

DEAREST ALMA,—I came here from Rouen this day week, and have more than once sat down to write to you; but my heart was too full, and the words would not come, until to-day. Since we parted—since at your loving intercession I consented to wander abroad for a year, and to write you the record of my doings from time to time—I have been like a man in the Inferno, miserable, despairing, thinking only of the Paradise from which he has fallen; in other words, my sole thought has been of the heavenly days now past, and of you.

Well, I must not talk of that; I must conquer my passionate words, and try to write coldly, dispassionately, according to promise, of the things that I have seen. That I can do so at all, will be a proof to you, my darling, that I am already much better. Another proof is that I am almost able (as you will see when you read on) to resume my old British prerogative of self-satisfied superiority over everything foreign, especially over everything French. It is extraordinary how thoroughly national even a cold-blooded cosmopolite becomes when he finds himself daily confronted by habits of thought he does not understand.

I am staying at a small hotel on the Paris side of Versailles,

within easy reach of the gay city either by train or tram. I have exchanged my white neckcloth for a black necktie, and there is nothing in my dress or manner to make me out for that most disagreeable of fishes out of water—a Parson in Paris! I see my clerical brethren sometimes, white-tied, black-coated, broad-brim'd-hatted, striding along the boulevards defiantly, or creeping down by-streets furtively, or peeping like guilty things into the windows of the photograph shops in the Rue Rivoli. As I pass them by in my rough tourist's suit, they doubtless take me for some bagman out for a holiday; and I—I smile in my sleeve, thinking how out of place they seem, here in Lutetia of the Parisians. But my heart goes out most to those other brethren of mine, who draw their light from Rome. One pities them deeply *now*, in the time of their tribulation, as they crawl, forlorn and despised, about their weary work. The public prints are full of cruel things concerning them, hideous lampoons, unclean caricatures; what the Communist left surviving the journalist daily hacks and stabs. And indeed, the whole of this city presents the peculiar spectacle of a people without religion, without any sort of spiritual aspiration. Even that vague effluence of transcendental liberalism, which is preached by some of their leading poets and thinkers, is pretty generally despised. Talking with a leading bookseller the other day concerning your idol, Victor Hugo, and discussing his recent utterances on religious subjects, I found the good *bourgeois* to be of opinion that the great poet's brain was softening through old age and personal vanity! The true hero of the hour, now all the tinsel of the Empire is rubbed away, is a writer named Zola, originally a printer's devil, who is to modern light literature what Schopenhauer is to philosophy—a dirty, muddy, gutter-searching pessimist, who translates the “anarchy” of the ancients into the bestial *argot* of the Quartier Latin.

It has been very well said by a wit of this nation that if on any fine day the news arrived in Paris that “*God was dead*,” it would not cause the slightest astonishment or interest in a single *salon*; indeed, to all political intents and purposes the Divinity is regarded as extinct. A few old-fashioned people go to church, and here and there in the streets you see little girls in white going to confirmation; but the majority of the people are entirely without the religious sentiment in any form. A loathsome publication, with hideous illustrations, called the “*Bible pour Rire*,” is just now being issued in penny numbers; and the character of its humour may be guessed when I tell you that one of the pictures represents the “*bon Dieu*,” dressed like an old clothesman, striking a lucifer on the sole of his boot,

while under those words, "And God said, Let there be Light!" The same want of good taste, to put reverence aside as out of the question, is quite as manifest in the higher literature, as where Hugo himself, in a recent poem, thus describes the Tout-Puissant, or All-Powerful :—

Pris d'un vieux rhuma incurable à l'échine,
Après avoir créé le monde, et la machine
Des astres pêle-mêle au fond des horizons,
La vie et l'engrenage énorme des saisons,
La fleur, l'oiseau, la femme, et l'abîme, et la terre,
Dieu s'est laissé tomber dans son fauteuil-Voltaire !

Is it any wonder that a few simple souls, who still cherish a certain reverence for the obsolete orthodox terminology, should go over in despair to Rome?

One of the great questions of the day, discussed in a spirit of the most brutal secularity, is Divorce. I know your exalted views on this subject, your love of the beautiful old fashion which made marriage eternal, a sacrament of souls, not to be abolished even by death itself. Well, our French neighbours wish to render it a simple contract, to be dissolved at the whim of the contracting parties. Their own social life, they think, is a living satire on the old dispensation.

But I sat down to write you a letter about myself, and here I am prosing about the idle topics of the day, from religion to the matrimonial musical glasses. I am wonderfully well in body; in fact, never better. But oh, my Alma, I am still miserably sick of soul! More than ever do I perceive that the world wants a creed. When the idea of God is effaced from society, it becomes—this Paris—a death's head with a mask of pleasure :—

The time is out of joint—ah cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right !

All my foolish plans have fallen like a house of cards. I myself seem strangling in the evils of the modern snake of Pessimism. If it were not for you, my guardian angel, my star of comfort, I think I should try euthanasia. Write to me! Tell me of yourself, of Fensea; no news that comes from my heaven on earth will fail to interest and soothe me. What do you think of my successor? and what does the local Inquisition think of him? Next to the music of your voice will be the melody of your written words. And forgive this long rambling letter. I write of trifles light as air, because I *cannot* write of what is deepest in my heart.

Yours always,

AMBROSE BRADLEY.

II.

From Alma Craik to Ambrose Bradley.

THANKS, DEAREST AMBROSE, for your long and loving letter. It came to me in good season, when I was weary and anxious on your account, and I am grateful for its good tidings and its tone of growing cheerfulness. You see my prescription is already working wonders, for you wrote like your old self—almost! I am so glad that you are well in health, so thankful you are beginning to forget your trouble. If such a cure is possible in a few short weeks, what will time not do in a year?

There is no news, that is, none worth telling.

Your successor (since you ask concerning him) is a mild old gentleman with the most happy faith in *all* the articles of the Athanasian creed—particularly that of eternal punishment, which he expounds with the most benevolent of smiles. I should say he will be a favourite; indeed, he is a favourite already, though he has the disadvantage, from the spinster point of view, of being a very, very married man. He has a wife and seven children, all girls, and is far too poor in this world's goods to think much of his vested interest in those of the next world. I have heard him preach once, which has sufficed.

What you say of life in France interests me exceedingly, and my heart bleeds for those poor priests of the despised yet divine creed. If you had not taught me a purer and a better faith, I think I should be a Roman Catholic, and even as it is, I can feel nothing but sympathy for the Church which, after all, possesses more than all others the form of the Christian tradition.

Agatha Combe has returned to London. She is still full of that beautiful idea (was it yours or mine, or does it belong to both of us?) of the New Church, in which Religion, Science, and Art should all meet together in one temple, as the handmaids of God. I hope you have not dismissed it from your mind, or forgotten that, at a word from you, it may be realised. Agatha's conception of it was, I fear, a little too secular; her Temple of worship would bear too close a resemblance to her brother's dingy Hall of Science. She has just finished a treatise, or essay, to be published in one of the eclectic magazines, the subject, "Is growth possible to a dogmatic religion?" Her answer is in the negative, and she is dreadfully severe on what she calls the "tinkering" fraternity, particularly her *bête noire*, young Mr. Mallock. Poor Agatha! She should have been a man by rights, but cruel fate, by just a movement of the balance, made her

the dearest of old maids, and a Blue! Under happier conditions, with just a little less of the intellectual leaven, she would have made a capital wife for such a parson as your successor; for in spite of her cleverness, and what they call her infidelity, she is horribly superstitious—won't pass a pin in the road without lifting it up, throws salt over her shoulders if she happens to spill a morsel, and can tell your fortune by the cards! Besides all this, she is a born humanitarian; her thoughts for ever running on the poor, and flannel, and soup-kitchens, and (not to leave the lower animals out of her large heart) the woes of the vivisected dogs and rabbits. And yet, when the pen is in her hand and her controversial vein is open, she hurls her argumentative thunderbolts about like a positive Demon!

There, I am trying to rattle on, as if I were a giddy girl of eighteen. But my heart, like yours, is very full. Sometimes I feel as if you were lost to me for ever; as if you were gone into a great darkness, and would never come back. Dearest, you think of me sometimes—nay, often?—and when your wound is healed, you will come back to me, better and stronger and happier than ever, will you not? For am I not your Rachel, who still follows you in soul wherever you may go? I sit here for hours together, thinking of the happy days that are fled for ever; then I wander out to the old churchyard, and look at the dear old vicarage, and wherever I go I find some traces of him I love. Yesterday I went over to the old abbey. Do you remember, dear, when we last met there, and swore our troth in the moonlight, with our ears full of the solemn murmuring of the sea?

That reminds me of what you say concerning the French agitation on the subject of Divorce. I read some time ago an abstract of M. Naquet's famous discourse—it was published in the English newspapers—and I felt ashamed and sad beyond measure. How low must a nation have fallen when one of its politicians dares to measure with a social foot-rule the holiest of human covenants! If marriage is a bond to be worn or abandoned at pleasure, if there is nothing more sacred between man and woman than the mere union of the body, God help us women, and *me* most of all! For has not God already united my soul to yours, not as yet by the sacrament of the Church, but by that sacrament of Love which is also eternal; and if we were spiritually sundered, should I not die; and if I thought that Death could break our sacrament of Love, should I not become even as those outcast ones who believe there is no God? I have never loved another man; you have never loved (how often have you not sworn it to me!) another woman. Well, then, can man ever

separate what God has so joined together? Even if we were never man and wife in the conventional sense, even if we never stand together at the earthly altar, in the eyes of Heaven we are man and wife, and we have been united at the altar of God. This, at least, is my conception of Marriage. Between those that love, Divorce (as these hucksters call it) is impossible.

Alas! I write wildly, and my Abelard will smile at his handmaid's eager words. "Methinks the lady doth protest too much," I hear him exclaim with Shakespeare. But I know that you hold with me that those things are holy beyond vulgar conception.

Write to me again soon. All my joy in life is hearing from you.

Ever your own,

ALMA.

III.

From Ambrose Bradley to Alma Craik.

DEAREST ALMA,—Just a few lines to say that I am going on to Germany; I will write to you again directly I come to an anchorage in that brave land. For I am sick of France and Frenchmen; sick of a people that have not been lessoned by misfortune, but still hunger for aggression and revenge; sick of the dead-sea fruit of Parisian pleasure, poisoned and heart-eaten by the canker-worm of unbelief. Our English poetess is virtuously indignant (you remember) with those who underrate this nation.

The English have a scornful insular way
Of calling the French light, &c.

And it is true they are not light, but with the weight of their own blind vanity, heavy as lead. The curse of spiritual dulness is upon them. They talk rhodomontade and believe in nothing. How I burn for the pure intellectual air of that nobler people which, in the name of the God of Justice, recently taught France so terrible a lesson! Here, in France, every man is a free agent, despising everything, the government which he supports, the ideas which he fulminates, despising most his own free, frivolous, miserable self: there, in Germany, each man is a patriot and a pillar of the state, his only dream to uphold the political fabric of a great nation. To efface one's selfish interest is the first step to becoming a good citizen; to believe in the government of God, follows as a natural consequence.

What you say about our spiritual union, touches me to the soul, though it is but the echo of my own fervent belief. But I am not so sure that *all* earthly unions, even when founded in affection and good

faith, are indissoluble. Surely also, there are marriages which it is righteous to shatter and destroy? You are a pure woman, to whom even a thought of impurity is impossible; but alas! all women are not made in the same angelic mould, and we see every day the spectacle of men linked to partners in every respect unworthy. Surely you would not hold that the union of a true man with a false woman, a woman who (for example) was untrue to her husband in thought and deed, is to last for ever? I know that is the Catholic teaching, that marriage is a permanent sacrament, and that no act of the parties, however abominable, can render either of them free to marry again; and we find even such half-hearted Liberals as Gladstone upholding it (see his "Ecclesiastical Essays"), and flinging mud in the blind face of Milton, because (out of the bitterness of his own cruel experience) he argued the contrary. Divorce is recognised in our own country and countenanced by our own religion; and I believe it to be necessary for the guarantee of human happiness. What is most hideous in our England is the horrible institution of the civil Court, where causes that should be heard *in camera* are exposed shamefully to the light of day; so that men would rather bear their life-long torture than submit to the ordeal of a degrading publicity, and only shameless men and women dare to claim their freedom at so terrible a price.

I intended to write only a few lines, and here am I arguing with you on paper, just as we used to argue in the old times *vivâ voce*, on a quite indifferent question. Forgive me! And yet writing so seems like having one of our nice, long, cosy, serious talks. Discussions of this kind are like emptying one's pockets to find what they contain; I never thought I had any ideas on the subject till I began, schoolboy-like, to turn them out!

God bless you, my darling! When you hear from me next, I shall be in the land of the "ich" and the "nicht ich," of beer and philosophy, of Deutschthum and Strasbourg pies.

AMBROSE BRADLEY.

IV.

The Same to the Same.

DEAREST,—I wrote to you the other day from Berlin—merely a line to say that my movements were uncertain, and asking you to address your next letter care of Grädener the banker, here at Frankfort. I suppose there must have been some delay in the transmission, or the letter must have gone astray: at all events, here

I am, and grievously disappointed to find you have not written. Darling, do not keep me in suspense; but answer this by return, and *then* you shall have a long prosy letter descriptive of my recent experiences. Write! write!

AMBROSE BRADLEY.

V.

Alma Craik to Ambrose Bradley.

DEAREST AMBROSE,—You are right in supposing that your letter from Berlin went astray; it has certainly never reached me, and you can imagine my impatience in consequence. However, all's well that ends well; and the sight of your dear hand-writing is like spring sunshine. Since I last wrote to you I have been reading in a French translation those wonderful letters of Héloïse to the great Abelard, and his to her; and somehow they seemed to bring you close to me, to recall your dear face, the very sound of your beautiful voice. Dearest, what would you have said if I had addressed this letter to you in the old sweet terms used by my prototype—not for the world to see, but for your loving eyes alone? “À son maître, ou plutôt à son père; à son époux, ou plutôt à son frère: sa servante, ou plutôt sa fille; son épouse, ou plutôt sa sœur; à Ambrose, Alma.” All these and more are you to me, my master and my father, my husband and my brother; while I am at once your servant and your daughter, your sister and your spouse. Do you believe, did you ever feel inclined to believe, in the transmigration of souls? As I read these letters, I seem to have lived before, in a stranger, stormier time; and every word *she* wrote seemed to be the very echo of my burning heart. Ah! but our lot is happier, is it not? There is no shadow of sin upon *us* to darken our loving dream: we have nothing to undo, nothing to regret; and surely our spiritual union is blest by God. For myself, I want only one thing yet to complete my happiness—to see you raised as *he* was raised to a crown of honour and glory in the world. What I think of you, all mankind must think of you, when they know you as I know you, my apostle of all that is great and good. Ah, dearest, I would gladly die, if by so doing I could win you the honour you deserve.

But I must stop now. When I begin to write to you, I scarcely know when to cease. *Adieu, tout mon bien!*

ALMA.

VI.

Ambrose Bradley to Alma Craik.

“À Alma, sa bien-aimée épouse et sœur en Jésus-Christ, Ambrose son époux et frère en Jésus-Christ !” Shall I begin thus, dearest, in the very words of the great man to whom, despite my undeserving, you have lovingly compared me? You see I remember them well. But alas! Abelard was thrown in different days, when at least faith was *possible*. What would he have become, I wonder, had he been born when the faith was shipwrecked, and when the trumpet of Euroclydon was sounding the destruction of all the creeds? Yonder, in France, one began to doubt everything, even the divinity of love; so I fled from the Parisian Sodom, hoping to find hope and comfort among the conquerors of Sedan. Alas! I begin to think that I am a sort of modern Diogenes, seeking in vain for a people with a Soul. I went first to Berlin, and found there all the vice of Paris without its beauty, all the infidelity of Frenchmen without their fitful enthusiasm in forlorn causes. The people of Germany, it appears to me, put God and Bismarck in the same category; they accept both as a solution of the political difficulty, but they truly reverence neither. The typical German is a monstrosity, a living contradiction: intellectually an atheist, he assents to the conventional uses of Deity; politically a freethinker, he is a slave to the idea of nationality and a staunch upholder of the divine right of kings. Long ago, the philosophers, armed with the jargon of an insincere idealism, demolished deism with one hand and set it up with the other; what they proved by elaborate treatises not to exist, they established as the only order of things worth believing; till at last the culmination of philosophic inconsistency was reached in Hegel, who began by the destruction of all religion and ended in the totem-worship of second childhood. In the course of a very short experience, I have learned cordially to dislike the Germans and to perceive that, in spite of their tall talk and their splendid organisation, they are completely without ideas. In proportion as they have advanced politically, they have retrograded intellectually. They have no literature now and no philosophy; in one word, no spiritual zeal. They have stuck up as their leader a man with the moral outlook of Brander in “Faust,” a swashbuckler politician, who swaggers up and down Europe and frowns down liberalism wherever it appears. Upon my word, I even preferred the Sullen Talent which he defeated at Sedan.

I think I see you smiling at my seeming anger ; but I am not angry at all—only woefully disenchanted.

This muddy nation stupefies me like its own beer. Its morality is a sham, oscillating between female slavery in the kitchen and male drunkenness in the beer-garden. The horrible military element predominates everywhere ; every shopkeeper is a martinet, every philosopher a dull sergeant. And just in time to reap the fruit of the predominant materialism or realism, has arisen the new Buddha Gautama without his beneficence, his beauty, his tenderness, or his love for the species.

Here in Frankfort (which I came to eagerly, thinking of its famous Judenstrasse and eager to find the idea of the “one God” at least among the Jews), I walk in the new Buddha’s footsteps wherever I go.

His name was Arthur Schopenhauer, a German of Germans, with the one non-national merit, that he threw aside the mask of religion and morality. He was a piggish, selfish, conceited, *honest* scoundrel, fond of gormandising, in love with his own shadow, miserable, and a money-grubber like all his race. One anecdote they tell of him is worth a thousand, as expressing the character of the man. Seated at the table d’hôte here one day, and observing a stranger’s astonishment at the amount he was consuming, Schopenhauer said, “I see you are astonished, sir, that I eat twice as much as you, but the explanation is simple—*I have twice as much brains!*”

The idea of this Heliogabalus of pessimism was that life is altogether an unmixed evil ; that all things are miserable of necessity, even the birds when they sing on the green boughs, and the babes when they crow upon the breast ; and that the only happiness, to be secured by every man as soon as possible, and the sooner the better, was in Nirwâna, or total extinction. A cheerful creed, without a God of any kind—nay, without a single godlike sentiment ! There are pessimists and pessimists. Gautama Buddha himself, *facile princeps*, based his creed upon infinite pity ; his sense of the sorrows of his fellow creatures was so terrible as to make existence practically unbearable. John Calvin was a Christian pessimist ; his whole nature was warped by the sense of infinite sin and overclouded by the shadow of infinite justice. But this Buddha of the Teutons is a different being ; neither love nor pity, only a predominating selfishness complicated with constitutional suspicion.

And yet, poor man, he was happy enough when his disciples hailed him as the greatest philosopher of the age, the clearest intellect on the planet ; and nothing is more touching than to witness

how, as his influence grew, and he emerged from neglect, his faith in human nature brightened. Had he lived a little longer and risen still higher in esteem—had the powers that be crowned him and the world applauded him, he too, like Hegel, would doubtless have added to his creed a corollary that, though there is no God, religion is an excellent thing; that though there is no goodness, virtue is the only living truth!

Be that as it may, I am thoroughly convinced that there is no *via media* between Christ's christianity and Schopenhauer's pessimism; and these two religions, like the gods of good and evil, are just now preparing for a final struggle on the battle-field of European thought. Just at present I feel almost a pessimist myself, and inclined to laugh more than ever at poor Kingsley's feeble twaddle about this "singularly well-constructed world." Every face I see, whether of Jew or Gentile, is figured like the ledger with figures of addition and subtraction; every eye is crowsfooted with tables of compound interest; and the money-bags waddle up and down the streets, and look out of the country house windows, like things without a soul. But across the river, at Sachsenhausen, there are trees in which the birds sing, and pretty children, and lovers talking in the summer shade. I go there in the summer afternoons and smoke my pipe, and think over the problem of the time. Think you, dearest, that Schopenhauer was right, and that there is no gladness or goodness in the world? Is the deathblow of foolish Supernaturalism the destruction also of heavenly love and hope? Nay, God forbid! But this hideous pessimism is the natural revolt of the human heart, after centuries of optimistic lies. Perhaps, when another century has fled, mankind may thank God for Schopenhauer, who proved the potency of materialistic Will, and for Strauss, who has shown the fallacy of human judgment. The Germans have given us these two men as types of their own degradation; and when we have thoroughly digested their bitter gospel, we shall know how little hope for humanity lies *that way*. Meantime, the Divine Ideal, the spiritual Christ survives—the master of the secret of sorrow, the lord of the shadowy land of hope. He turns his back upon the temple erected in his name; he averts his sweet eyes from those who deny He is, or ever was. He is patient, knowing that his kingdom must some day come.

More than ever now do I feel what a power the Church might be if it would only reconstruct itself by the light of the new knowledge. Without it, both France and Germany are plunged into darkness and spiritual death. As if man, constituted as he is, can

exist without religion! As if the creed of cakes and ale, or the gospel of Deutschthum and Sauer-kraut were in any true sense of the word religion at all! No, the hope and salvation of the human race lies now, as it lay eighteen hundred years ago, in the Christian promise. If this life were all, if this world were the play and not the prelude, then the new Buddha would have conquered, and nothing be left us but Nirwâna. But the Spirit of Man, which has created Christ and imagined God, knows better. It trusts its own deathless instinct, and by the same law through which the swallow wings its way, it prepares for flight to a sunnier zone.

Pray, my Alma, that even this holy instinct is not merely a dream! Pray that God may keep us together till the time comes to follow the summer of our love to its bright and heavenly home!

Yours till death, and after death,

AMBROSE BRADLEY.

VII.

Alma Craik to Ambrose Bradley.

YOUR last letter, dearest Ambrose, has reached me here in London, where I am staying for a short time with Agatha Combe. Everybody is out of town, and even the Grosvenor Club (where I am writing this letter) is quite deserted. I never like London so much as when it is empty of everybody that one knows.

And so you find the Germans as shallow as the French, and as far away from the living truth it is your dream to preach? For my own part, I think they must be rather a *stupid* people, in spite of their philosophic airs. Agatha has persuaded me lately to read a book by a man called Haeckel, who is constructing the whole history of Evolution as children make drawings, out of his own head; and when the silly man is at a loss for a link in the chain, he invents one, and calls it by a Latin name! I suppose Evolution is true (and I know you believe in it), but if I may trust my poor woman's wit, it proves nothing whatever. The mystery of life remains just the same when all is said and done; and I see as great a miracle in a drop of albumen, passing through endless progressions till it flowers in sense and soul, as in the creation of all things at the fiat of an omnipotent personal God and Father. The poor purblind German abolishes God altogether!

Agatha has read your Schopenhauer, and thinks him a wonderful man; I believe, too, he has many disciples in this country. To me, judging from what I hear of him, and also from your description of

him, he seems another *stupid* giant,—a Fee-fo-fi-fum full of self-conceit and hasty pudding, and sure to fall a victim, some day, to Little Jack Horner. But every word you write (it seems always like your own dear voice speaking!) makes me think of yourself, of your quarrel with the Church, and of your justification before the world. If purblind men like these can persuade the world to listen to them, why should your “one talent, which is death to lose,” be wasted or thrown away? When you have wandered a little longer, you must return and take your place as a teacher and a preacher in the land. You must not continue to be an exile. You are my hero, my Abelard, my teacher of all that is great and good to a perverse generation, and I shall never be happy until you reach the summit of your spiritual ambition and are recognised as a modern apostle. You *must not* leave the ministry; you must not abandon your vocation; or if you do so, it must be only to change the scene of your labours. Agatha Combe tells me that there is a great field for a man like you in London; that the cultivated people there are sick of the old dogmas, and yet equally sick of mere materialism; that what they want is a leader such as you, who would take his stand upon the laws of reason, and preach a purified and exalted Christian ideal. Well, since the English Establishment has rejected you, why not, in the greatest city of the world, form a Church of your own? I have often thought of this, but never so much as lately. There you are tongue-tied and hand-tied, at the mercy of the ignorant who could never comprehend you; *here* you could speak with a free voice, as the great Abelard did when he defied the thunders of the Vatican. Remember, I am rich. You have only to say the word, and your handmaid (am I not still *that*, and your spouse and your *sister*?) will upbuild you a Temple! Ah, how proudly!

Yes, think of *this*, think of the great work of your life, not of its trivial disappointments. Be worthy of my dream of you, my Abelard. When I see you wear your crown of honour, with all the world worshipping the new teaching, I shall be blest indeed.

ALMA.

VIII.

Ambrose Bradley to Alma Craik.

DEAREST ALMA,—How good you are! How tenderly do you touch the core of my own secret thought, making my whole spirit vibrate to the old ambition, and my memory tremble with the enthusiasm of my first youth. Oh, to be a modern Apostle, as you say! to sway the multitude with words of power, to overthrow at

once the tables of the money-changers of materialism, and the dollish idols of the Old Church.

But I know too well my own incapacity, as compared with the magnitude of that mighty task. I believe at once too little and too much; I should shock the priests of Christ, and to the priests of Antichrist I should be a standing jest; neither Montague nor Capulet would spare me, and I should lose my spiritual life in some miserable polemical brawl.

It is so good of you, so like you, to think of it, and to offer out of your own store to build me a church; but I am not so lost, so unworthy, as to take advantage of your loving charity, and to secure my own success—or rather, my almost certain failure—on such a foundation.

And that reminds me, dearest, of what in my mad vanity I had nearly forgotten—the difference between our positions in the world. You are a rich woman; I, as you know, am very poor. It was different, perhaps, when I was an honoured member of the Church, with all its prizes and honours before me; I certainly felt it to be different, though the disparity always existed. But *now!* I am an outcast, a ruined man, without property of any kind. It would be base beyond measure to think of dragging you down to my present level; and, remember, I have now no opportunity to rise. If you linked your lot with mine, all the world would think that I loved you, not for your dear self, but for your gold; they would despise me, and think you were insane. No, dearest, I have thought it sadly over, again and again, and I see that it is hopeless. I have lost you for ever.

When you receive this, I shall be on my way to Rome.

How the very writing of that word thrills me, as if there were still magic in the name that witched the world! Rome! the City of the Martyrs! the City of the Church! the City of the Dead! Her glory is laid low, her pride is dust and ashes, her voice is senile and old, and yet . . . the name, the mighty deathless name, one to conjure with yet. Sometimes, in my spiritual despair, I hear a voice whispering in my ear that one word "Rome"; and I seem to hear a mighty music, and a cry of rejoicing, and to see a veiled Figure arising with the keys of all the creeds,—behind her on the right her handmaid Science, behind her on the left her handmaid Art, and over her the effulgence of the new-risen sun of Christ.

And if such a dream were real, were it not possible, my Alma, that you and I might enter the new Temple, not as man and wife, but as sister and brother? There was something after all in that old idea of the consecrated priest and the vestal virgin. I often think

The New Abelard.

th St. Paul that there is too much marrying and giving in marriage
"brother and sister" sounds sweetly, does it not?

Forgive my wild words. I hardly know what I am writing. Your loving letter has stirred all the fountains of my spirit, your kindness has made me ashamed.

You shall hear from me again, from the very heart of the Seven Hills! Meantime, God bless you!

Ever your faithful and devoted,

AMBROSE BRADLEY.

IX.

Alma Craik to Ambrose Bradley.

BE true to your old dream, dearest Ambrose, and remember that its fruition lies *my* only chance of happiness. Do not talk of unworthiness or unfitness; you are cruel to me when you distrust yourself. Will you be very angry if I tell you a secret? Will you forgive me if I say to you that even now the place where you shall reach the good tidings is rising from the ground, and that in a little while, when you return, it will be ready to welcome its master? But there, I have said too much. If there is anything more you would know, you must guess it, dearest! Enough to say that you have friends who love you, and who are not idle.

If I thought you meant what you said in your last I should indeed despair; but it was the shadow of that abominable Schopenhauer who spoke, and not my Abelard. To tell me that I am rich, you are poor—as if even a *mountain* of money, high as Ararat, could separate those whom God has joined! To talk of the world's opinion, the people's misconception—as if the poor things who crawl on the ground could alter the lives of those who soar with living wings to heaven! Get thee behind me, Schopenhauer! When a man like, however like his own, talks of the overthrow of the man I only smile. I know better than to be deceived by a trick of the triloquist. You and I know, my Ambrose, that you have not been overthrown at all—that you have not fallen, but risen—how the world shall know in a very little while.

Meantime, gather up strength, both of the body and the mind. Draw strength from the air of the holy city, and come back to wear the white robes. Your dream will be realised, be sure of that!

Do not think to daunt me when you say that I must not be your mistress. You think your handmaid cares so long as she may serve you? Call her by what name you please, spouse or

sister, is it not all the same? Your hope is my hope, your country my country, your God my God—now and for ever. Only let us labour together earnestly, truthfully, patiently, and all will be well.

Yours always faithfully and affectionately,

ALMA.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ACTRESS AT HOME.

ON a certain Monday in June, little more than a year after the last letter of the correspondence quoted in the preceding chapter, two young men of the period were seated in the smoking-room of the 'Travellers' Club. One was young George Craik, the other was Cholmondeley, of the *Charing Cross Chronicle*.

"I assure you, my dear fellow," the journalist was saying, "that if you are in want of a religion——"

"Which I am *not*," interjected George, sullenly.

"If you are in want of a new sensation, then, you will find this new Church just the thing to suit you. It has now been opened nearly a month, and is rapidly becoming the fashion. At the service yesterday I saw, among other notabilities, both Tyndall and Huxley, Thomas Carlyle, Eugene Aram the actor, John Mill the philosopher, Dottie Destrange of the Prince's, Labouchere, and two colonial bishops. There is an article on Bradley in this morning's *Telegraph*, and his picture is going into next week's *Vanity Fair*."

"But the fellow is an atheist and a Radical!"

"My dear Craik, so am I!"

"Oh, you're different!" returned the other with a disagreeable laugh. "Nobody believes you in earnest when you talk or write that kind of nonsense."

"Whereas, you would say, Bradley is an enthusiast? Just so; and his enthusiasm is contagious. When I listen to him, I almost catch it myself, for half an hour. But you mistake altogether, by the way, when you call him atheistical, or even Radical. He is a Churchman still, though the Church has banged its door in his face, and his dream is to conserve all that is best and strongest in Christianity."

"I don't know anything about that," said Craik, savagely. "All I know is that he's an infernal humbug, and ought to be lynched."

"Pray don't abuse him! He is my friend, and a noble fellow."

"I don't care whether he is your friend or not—he is a scoundrel."

Cholmondeley made an angry gesture, then remembering who was speaking, shrugged his shoulders.

“Why, how has he offended *you*? Stop, though, I remember! The fair founder of his church is your cousin.”

“Yes,” answered the other with an oath, “and she would have been my wife if he had not come in the way. It was all arranged, you know, and I should have had Alma and—and all her money; but she met him, and he filled her mind with atheism, and radicalism, and rubbish. A year ago, when he was kicked out of his living, I thought she was done with him; but he hadn’t been gone a month before she followed him to London, and all this nonsense began. The governor has almost gone down on his knees to her, but it’s no use. Fancy her putting down ten thousand pounds in solid cash for this New Church business; and not a day passes but he swindles her out of more.”

“Bradley is not a swindler,” answered the journalist quietly. “For the rest, I suppose that they will soon marry.”

“Not if I can help it! Marry that man! It would be a standing disgrace to the family.”

“But they are engaged, or something of that sort. As for its being a disgrace, that is rubbish. Why, Bradley might marry a duke’s daughter if he pleased. Little Lady Augusta Knowles is crazy about him.”

True to his sarcastic instinct, Cholmondeley added, “Of course I know the little woman has a hump, and has only just got over her *grande passion* for Montepulciano the opera singer. But a duke’s daughter—think of that!”

George Craik only ground his teeth and made no reply.

Shortly afterwards the two men separated, Cholmondeley strolling to his office, Craik (whom we shall accompany) hailing a hansom and driving towards St. John’s Wood.

Before seeking, in the young man’s company, those doubtful regions which a modern satirist has termed

The shady groves of the Evangelist,

let us give a few explanatory words touching the subject of the above conversation. It had all come about exactly as described. Yielding to Alma’s intercession, and inspired, moreover, by the enthusiasm of a large circle in London, Bradley had at last consented to open a religious campaign on his own account in the very heart of the metropolis. A large sum of money was subscribed, Alma heading the list with a princely donation, a site was selected in the

neighbourhood of Regent's Park, and a church was built, called by its followers the New Church, and in every respect quite a magnificent temple. The stained windows were designed by leading artists of the æsthetic school, the subjects partly religious, partly secular (St. Wordsworth, in the guise of a good shepherd, forming one of the subjects, and St. Shelley, rapt up into the clouds and playing on a harp, forming another), and the subject over the altar was an extraordinary figure-piece by Watts, "Christ rebuking Superstition"—the latter a straw-haired damsel with a lunatic expression, grasping in her hands a couple of fiery snakes. Of course there was a scandal. The papers were full of it, even while the New Church was building. Public interest was thoroughly awakened; and when it became current gossip that a young heiress, of fabulous wealth and unexampled personal beauty, had practically created the endowment, society was fluttered through and through. Savage attacks appeared on Bradley in the religious journals. Enthusiastic articles concerning him were published in the secular newspapers. He rapidly became notorious. When he began to preach, the enthusiasm was intensified; for his striking presence and magnificent voice, not to speak of the "fiery matter" he had to deliver, carried everything before them.

It may safely be assumed that time had at last reconciled him to the secret trouble of his life. Before settling in London he had ascertained, to his infinite relief, that Mrs. Montmorency had gone to Paris and had settled there with her child, under the same "protection" as before. Finding his secret safe from the world, he began unconsciously to dismiss it from his mind, the more rapidly as Alma's relations towards him became more and more those of a devoted sister. Presently his old enthusiasm came back upon him, and with it a sense of new power and mastery. He began to feel an unspeakable sacredness in the tie which bound him to the woman he loved; and although it had seemed at first that he could only think of her in one capacity, that of his wife and the partner of his home, her sisterhood seemed indescribably sweet and satisfying. Then, again, her extraordinary belief in him inspired him with fresh ambition, and at last, full of an almost youthful ardour, he stepped out into the full sunshine of his London ministry.

In the least amiable mood possible, even to him, George Craik drove northward, and passing the very portals of Bradley's new church, reached the shady groves he sought. Alighting in a quiet street close to the Eyre Arms, he stood before a bijou villa all

embowered in foliage, with a high garden wall, a gate with a wicket, and the very tiniest of green lawns. He rang the bell, and the gate was opened by a black-eyed girl in smart servant's costume; on which, without a word, he strolled in.

"Mistress up?" he asked sharply; though it was past twelve o'clock.

"She's just breakfasting," was the reply.

Crossing the lawn, Craik found himself before a pair of French windows opening to the ground; they stood wide open, revealing the interior of a small sitting-room or breakfast-parlour, gorgeously if not tastily furnished—a sort of green and gold cage, in which was sitting, sipping her coffee and yawning over a penny theatrical paper, a pretty lady of uncertain age. Her little figure was wrapt in a loose silk morning gown, on her feet were tiny Turkish slippers, in her lap was one pug dog, while another slept at her feet. Her eyes were very large, innocent, and blue, her natural dark hair was bleached to a lovely gold by the art of the *coiffeur*, and her cheeks had about as much colour as those of a stucco bust.

This was Miss Dottie DeStrange, of the "Frivolity" Theatre, a lady famous for her falsetto voice and her dances.

On seeing Craik she merely nodded, but did not attempt to rise.

"Good morning, Georgie!" she said—for she loved the diminutive, and was fond of using that form of address to her particular friends. "Why didn't you come yesterday? I waited for you all day—no, not exactly all day, though—but except a couple of hours in the afternoon, when I went to church."

Craik entered the room and threw himself into a chair.

"Went to church?" he echoed with an ugly laugh. "I didn't know *you* ever patronised that kind of entertainment."

"I don't as a rule, but Carrie Carruthers called for me in her brougham, and took me off to hear the new preacher down in Regent's Park. Aram was there, and no end of theatrical people, besides all sorts of swells; and, what do you think, in one of the painted glass windows there was a figure of Shakespeare, just like the one on our drop curtain! I think it's blasphemous, Georgie. I wonder the roof didn't fall in!"

The fair doves of the theatre, we may remark in parenthesis, have seldom much respect for the temple in which they themselves flutter; they cannot shake from their minds the idea that it is a heathen structure, and that they themselves are, at the best, but pretty pagans.

Hence they are often disposed to receive in quite a humble spirit the ministrations of their mortal enemies, the officers of the Protestant Church.

George Craik scowled at the fair one as he had scowled at Cholmondeley.

"You heard that man Bradley, I suppose?"

"Yes; I think that was his name. Do you know him, Georgie?"

"I know no good of him. I wish the roof *had* fallen in, and smashed him up. Talk about something else; and look here, don't let me catch you going there again, or we shall quarrel. I won't have any one I know going sneaking after that humbug."

"All right, Georgie dear," replied the damsel, smiling maliciously. "Then it's true, I suppose, that he's going to marry your cousin? I saw her sitting right under him, and thought her awfully pretty."

"You let her alone," grumbled George, "and mind your own affairs."

"Why don't you marry her yourself, Georgie?" persisted his tormentor. "I hope what I have heard isn't true?"

"What have you heard?"

"That she prefers the parson!"

The young man sprang up with an oath, and Miss Dottie burst into a peal of shrill laughter. He strode off into the garden, and she followed him. Coming into the full sunlight, she looked even more like plaster of Paris, or stucco, than in the subdued light of the chamber; her hair grew more strawlike, her eyes more colourless, her whole appearance more faded and jaded.

"I had a letter this morning from Kitty," she said carelessly, to change the subject.

"Kitty who?"

"Kitty Montmorency. She says old Ombermere is very ill, and thinks he's breaking up. By the way, that reminds me—Kitty's first husband was a man named Bradley, who was to have entered the Church. I suppose it can't be the same."

She spoke with little thought of the consequences, and was little prepared for the change which suddenly came over her companion.

"Her *husband*, did you say?" he exclaimed, gripping her arm. "Were they married?"

"I suppose so."

"And the man was named Bradley—Ambrose Bradley?"

"I'm not *quite* sure about the Christian name."

"How long was this ago?"

"Oh, a long time—ten years," she replied; then with a sudden remembrance of her own claims to juvenility, which she had forgotten for a moment, she added, "when I was quite a child."

George Craik looked at her for a long time with a baleful expres-

sion, but he scarcely saw her, being lost in thought. He knew as well as she did that she was ten or fifteen years older than she gave herself out to be, but he was not thinking of that. He was wondering if he had, by the merest accident, discovered a means of turning the tables on the man he hated. At last he spoke.

“Tell me all you know. Let us have no humbug, but tell me everything. Did you ever see Bradley before you saw him yesterday?”

“Never, Georgie.”

“But Kitty Montmorency was once married to, or living with, a man of that name? You are quite sure?”

“Yes. But after all, what does it signify, unless——”

She paused suddenly, for all at once the full significance of the situation flashed upon her.

“You see how it stands,” cried her companion. “If this is the same man, and it is quite possible, it will be worth a thousand pounds to me—ah, ten thousand! What is Kitty’s address?”

“Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, Rue Caumartin, Paris.”

“All right, Dottie. I shall go over to-night by the mail.”

The next morning George Craik arrived in Paris, and drove straight to the hotel in the Rue Caumartin—an old-fashioned building, with a great courtyard, round which ran open-air galleries communicating with the various suites of rooms. On inquiring for Mrs. Montmorency he ascertained that she had gone out very early, and was not expected home till midday. He left his card and drove on to the Grand Hotel.

It might be a fool’s errand which had brought him over, but he was determined, with the bulldog tenacity of his nature, to see it through to the end.

Arrived at the hotel, he deposited his Gladstone-bag in the hall, and then, to pass the time, inspected the visitors’ list, preparatory to writing down his own name. Presently he uttered a whistle, as he came to the entry—

“Lord and Lady Omberrere and family, London.”

He turned to the clerk of the office, and said carelessly in French—

“I see Lord Omberrere’s name down. Is his lordship still here?”

“Yes,” was the reply. “He has been here all the winter. Unfortunately, since the warm weather began, milord has been very ill, and since last week he has been almost given up by the physicians.”

(To be continued.)

AN EAST END CHAPTER.

IF you take Rocque's map of London and its suburbs for the year 1741-45—there is a reprint of it, very useful and instructive—and if you look at the most important sheet of all, that containing the City, you may remark a multitude of curious and interesting facts. So interesting, indeed, is this sheet that you may study it for a great many days, and even years, and not exhaust its interest. One fact, quite new to you, will immediately strike your eye. It is that the vast great city we now call the East End did not then exist at all. There was no East End : all was open country, with an occasional village or cluster of houses. This was only a hundred and forty years ago. The Great Joyless City of two millions of people without a gentleman among them, or a rich man, or a nobleman, or an artist, or an author, or anybody at all lifted above themselves by culture and education—except the clergy—did not exist. There were already, it is true, signs of a tendency to spread eastwards. North of Houndsditch and the Whitechapel Road as far east as the church, there was a large collection of mean streets with not so much as a single church among them all, and only a single chapel. These houses terminated to the north in Swan Fields, where is now the traffic terminus of the Great Eastern Railway. After these, on the north and east, you came upon fields—the fields of Finsbury and those of Hoxton. The latter delightful suburb, at the present day even less known than Whitechapel, and far more dreary, can never, surely, have been a place of meadows and fields ! There were a few houses there already, and the Haberdashers had a hospital or almshouse close to Hoxton Square. The fields of Kingsland ended in a common : on the east, but far removed from the high road, was the pleasant suburb of Hackney, with its church and houses set among gardens and orchards, London Fields on one side and Cambridge Heath on the other, and still farther east the favourite rural retreat of Homerton. You will not find, I believe, these places mentioned in Pope or in any of the polite writers of the day, because these gentlemen never got any farther east than Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's, or the Tower at farthest. South of Hackney, among the

fields, lay the hamlet of Bethnal Green. It consisted of a few houses lying about a broad green. At the south-east corner of the Green was a madhouse ; a little removed from the road which leads from Bethnal Green to Old Ford was a mysterious building called Bishop Bonner's Hall. If we walk, in the year 1741, through the leafy hedges along Globe Lane, we come into the Mile End Road, where indeed there are a good many houses and buildings. First, there is the London Hospital, newly erected, and beside it Whitechapel Mount, a mound not quite so high as Primrose Hill, but composed entirely of rubbish brought here after the great Fire of London. There were two or three such hills outside the town, and when one comes to think of it the amount of rubbish to be cleared away must have been tremendous. Half a mile east is the old Jews' Burying Ground. It is walled in now, but you can see the flat tombstones from the top of an omnibus. Then comes Bancroft's Hospital, and after that the New Jews' Burying Ground—old enough now. On the east side of Stepney Green stands a row of houses called Mile End Old Town. They stand there still, some of them, and very picturesque old houses they are. One remarks also the enormous extent of St. Dunstan's—which is Stepney Parish Churchyard. It is now, as everybody knows, railed in entirely, so that the stones which stand so thickly in memory of the long-forgotten dead can no more be read by anybody, and there seems no longer any reason at all why they should not be all taken away and piled in stacks somewhere, and no more pretence made about any of the dead being remembered by the living, and the place levelled and laid out in a beautiful garden, as they have done in the churchyard of St. George's-in-the-East. But in the year of grace 1741 the churchyard of St. Dunstan's was as yet thinly peopled by the rude forefathers of the hamlet, a green and grassy meadow set with trees and made solemn by the singing of the birds and by the white stones set up on two or three graves where lay the bones of substantial farmers and retired merchants.

Near Stepney church is a building, probably a tavern, called the World's End, a name which speaks volumes. Beyond World's End there is nothing, only fields and farms and open country. Between Whitechapel Road and Cable Street, now a densely populated *quartier*, there is nothing at all ; hardly a single house. "Half Way House," to be sure, stands in the middle of the fields ; else is there nothing but the fields, and the gardens, and the lanes. If you take a modern map and compare it with the old chart you will find that the streets which have been built over these fields follow the lines of the more

important lanes. This is part of the great truth that the sheep and the cows are the first to lay down roads, and that they do it on the sound engineering principle of the least trouble, while the caravans, muleteers, pack-saddle horses, and wayfarers, following in their track, gradually make out a beaten way, which in time becomes a high road or a street. When we get to that bend of the river which, with the straight line of Ratcliffe Highway on the north, includes St. Katharine's, Wapping, and Shadwell, there are plenty of streets, with a fine, breezy, free and easy, roystering, drinking, singing, dancing, roaring, fighting, love-making, stabbing, robbing, murdering, press-ganging, kind of life going on in them—the short and merry life ; the live-to-day-and-die-to-morrow life ; the devil-may-care life ; with the Execution Dock just below Wapping New Stairs, and quantities of ships lying off either bank where, when the pay is gone—which takes wonderful little time—a man may find a craft bound for any port he pleases in the whole world, and nothing to choose between the ships or their destination : the same weevily biscuit and hard junk ; the same new rum ; the same rope's-end ; the same gruesome creature with nine tails ; the same scurvy ; the same storms ; very likely the same shipwreck and watery grave. Why, only to look at the names of the streets is to remember the stories in the old "Annual Registers," where one may look for all the life of England faithfully portrayed. But even Wapping and Shadwell are not by any means covered with houses ; there are broad spaces of orchards and market gardens, between the river bank and Ratcliffe Highway, so that one may think how, among the noisy, brawling sailors, there went about the contemplative gardeners, men of peace, and accustomed to consider the goodness of Providence in connection with the fruits of the earth in due season. Where be those gardens now ? St. Katharine's Hospital stands beside the Tower : there are plenty of "Stairs" along the north bank, and a good many docks—those little picturesque docks which you may yet see surviving at Rotherhithe. As for the old streets, few survive, for most of them have been swallowed up by the St. Katharine and the East India Docks ; but there are "bits" of old Wapping left still, and of Shadwell, which still have a fine eighteenth-century look after all the modern improvements.

There is a picture of London Hospital in the year 1750 or thereabout hanging in the Secretary's room. It shows the single central building standing in an open country. A broad road—Whitechapel has always been nobly liberal in the matter of breadth—runs in front ; the "Mount" stands at the side ; in front is the ditch of black and stagnant water which formerly lay along the roadside ; cattle

are being noisily driven along the road ; women are running away frightened, and people are strolling in the open fields in the foreground. The one great Institution of the East End is also the earliest : it stood there when East London was a collection of scattered hamlets, and when Stepney parish stretched from Bethnal Green on the north to Wapping and Shadwell on the south. It was not for the wants of this district that the hospital was originally founded, for the district had no wants, any more than a country village ; it was for the poor in that part of London which we have long ceased to call the East, those who live about the Minories and on the other side of Bishopsgate Street and about the Tower. For the other side of the City there was Rahere's Foundation of St. Bartholomew ; for the people of the Borough there was St. Thomas's. These were the only two hospitals for London in the early part of the century, not including Bethlehem Hospital for the poor mad folk. It is strange to think that a madhouse should be, as Bethlehem was at that time, one of the sights of London. Ladies and visitors went to see the poor gibbering idiots and the raving madmen. Many things there are belonging to humanity which we would fain put away, conceal, and never speak about, if we could ; more especially would we, for pity and terror's sake, keep our mad reverently and kindly under lock and key. But to make a show of them ! to go and laugh at them !

When one considers the daily life of the poor, as it used to be, say two centuries ago, one presently understands that they had no doctoring at all. Neither physician nor surgeon went among them. When they fell ill they were nursed and physicked by women—the *sage-femme* was called in for fevers and all the ills that flesh is heir to ; she knew the power of herbs and had them all tied up in her cupboard, sovereign remedies against everything ; for cases of accident there were bone-setters ; but the physician with the full-bottomed wig and gold-headed cane did not penetrate the dark lanes and narrow courts where the people lived : there were not even any apothecaries among them to sell them a “poisoned poison” ; and there were no surgeons carrying on the “general practice” of the present day. Very likely, in simple cases, the old women's remedies were efficacious ; but in case of children, who require, above all, attention to sanitary laws and fresh air, the mortality must have been very great, while the sum of pain and misery and needless suffering from disease, from sheer ignorance of sanitary laws and right treatment, and the absence of proper appliances, must have been truly frightful.

One must always honour the eighteenth century for one thing : the steady growth of sympathy and humanity which began at its commencement, and went on unchecked till its close. Many there were before that time who had founded almshouses and charities. Rahere himself and Whittington are noble examples of those who could perceive and feel for the unseen suffering ; but in the last century this feeling became, among the better classes, almost universal. How did it come about ? Men had been reading the Gospels for seventeen centuries ; preachers had been exhorting them for the same time ; the first and most important doctrine of the Gospels is that of Love. Yet no love at all, or, if any, then only one here and one there who could himself feel in sympathetic imagination the pains endured by his brother and be constrained to mitigate, as best he could, his suffering. But, to most, no thought of prevention or of cure. Man was born to pain and misery, disease and starvation ; most men were born to suffer pain for ever : it was the design of Providence. Whence, then, came the eighteenth-century benevolence ?

This benevolence has done some foolish things : it has established charities which have become a curse instead of a blessing ; there have been set up foolish foundations by ostentatious aldermen. But, on the whole, it has done a great and noble work ; it has founded hospitals, and made disease less terrible ; it has lengthened life by giving physicians the means of studying disease ; it has made life easier ; it has bridged over the gulf between rich and poor, so that at no time has there been in this country the deadly hatred against the rich which has been found abroad ; and if it has helped to destroy the independence of the poor, it has kept alive a sense of responsibility among the rich. Above all, for the East End, the benevolence of the eighteenth century created the London Hospital.

He who travels in East London cannot fail to become speedily acquainted, first with its great and noble thoroughfare, and next with the huge building which stands in it, half-way between Whitechapel Church and Bow Church. This is the one hospital for the largest and most remarkable city in the world. Remarkable, indeed ! I believe, to begin with, there is no other city in the world which contains two millions of people, and certainly there is none other which has no government, no institutions, no wealthy people, no civic life, no sense of union, no garrison or regiments of soldiers, no nobility, no presence of royalty, only one theatre, no opera house, no music, no college, no public schools, no fine churches, and no public buildings at all, except a hospital. Let us, at least, rejoice that it has a hospital. In front of the London Hospital, where once

were open fields, there is now a vast network of poor streets ; at the back there is another ; on either side there is another. It stands in the very centre of this great and wonderful city. If its Founders had been gifted with the sense prophetic—perhaps they were—they could not have fixed on a site more central, when they moved their dispensary from Goodman's Fields and set it up in the Whitechapel Road. I have been permitted to see this great Hôtel Dieu, and for the first time have learned something—one cannot comprehend the whole—of what a great hospital is and what it does. And I propose to tell something—no one can tell all—about the place and the impression it produces.

In the first place, it is not an abode of woe and misery ; you will hear and see nothing to terrify or to disgust you. The wards are bright and airy ; the patients for the most part seem to be easy and in little pain. When, for instance, you have gone through the wards, bent over the beds, talked with those who lie upon them, there remains in your mind, as a result, a typical face. It is a face whose cheeks are pale and sunk ; the mouth is drawn, but that is from past, not from present pain ; the eyes are softened, and they brighten at the approach of the Sister or the nurse. It is a face which makes one think upon the Mystery of Suffering. Outside the hospital, you see, this was a face lined and scored with the chronicle of a hard and common life, which we foolishly call an ignoble life, because it has been condemned, like the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest, to seek daily bread for itself and its young, and so has little time for anything besides. When the bread-winner goes back to work, those lines and those scores will return to it ; the eyes will harden again, the brows will wrinkle ; then will come back again the ugly lines across the forehead, and the stiff, combative setting of the mouth. Disease, which gives a respite to work, and a change to the daily current of thought, and quiet rest, and time to think of something beside the wages and the rent, may be, one perceives, a blessed thing.

Next to the patients one thinks of the doctors and the nurses. It is a great medical school, of course ; the lads who are the students are drawn chiefly from the neighbourhood. They are rough and ready, with more enthusiasm perhaps for their profession than for the manners and customs of the West ; they go round the wards with the surgeons and physicians in little troops, serious and attentive. After two or three years of this work, daily watching treatment, diagnosis, operations, they will be "qualified," and will be suffered to go abroad and heal the sick. With most of them their work will

be chiefly by rule of thumb. They will follow in the way they have been taught, and cease to learn much more. Some, but only a few, will be seized with the noble enthusiasm and generous ardour of science. It is the same in all professions: one man is content to jog along the road as a country vicar: another learns Latin and Greek, and is satisfied with teaching what he has learned: another reads law, and is happy if he can live by practising it; but here and there one lights upon a Huxley, a Tyndall, a Darwin, a Stanley, a Green, a Clifford. Among these boys at the London Hospital may be the Huxley or the Darwin of the next generation.

And then there are the nurses.

They are dressed in a simple, neat, and rather pleasing uniform, which has the effect of making them all look young. Some of them—though I believe there are none under the age of one- or two-and-twenty—seem to be mere girls. They are divided into nurses and probationers. The latter consist partly of ladies, who come to learn nursing, and pay thirteen guineas for a three months' course, during which they have to live with the staff of nurses, and in all respects conform with their rules: and partly of the better class of servants. A certain amount of education is necessary to make a good nurse, and, of course, a great deal of intelligence. The first duty is blind obedience to the doctor's orders. It is, therefore, by no means desirable that nurses should be themselves students of medicine. At the same time, no one can be a nurse in a hospital without acquiring a very considerable knowledge of medicine and medical treatment. Their hours of work are, for the day nurses, from seven in the morning until nine in the evening, with two hours "off"—*when they can get it*. There are many days, one learns, when the pressure of the work is so great that the two hours' rest cannot be thought of. They breakfast at six all the year round. They take all their meals together, and at night they sleep in dormitories at the top of the building—three or four beds in each small room, without so much as a chair or a table or a chest of drawers to hold their clothes. One Sunday in a month they have for a holiday. The night nurses work from nine in the evening until six in the morning—a ten hours' spell. To pass one's whole day among the sick and suffering; to get no rest at all, no time for reading, no opportunity for recreation except once a month: to have no place for solitude—not even at night—seems a hard life indeed. But I think the hardship is not felt: she who sets her hand to the work of nurse counts upon the hardships of the work; they are part of the life. I have
is not always desirable for a nurse to be a doctor;

but there is always going on, all the year round, methodical and theoretical training of nurses by courses of lectures. One course is given by the Matron on the general duties and details of nursing ; a second course is given on elementary anatomy and surgical nursing ; and a third on elementary physiology and medical nursing. The hospital is, in fact, a great training school for nurses as well as for physicians and surgeons.

Above the nurses are the Sisters, of whom there is one for every ward ; she takes the name of the ward in which she works. Thus, in the Jews' ward, she is the Sister Rothschild. No one is more important in the hospital than the Sister of a ward, unless it be the Matron. She has her own room in the ward ; she never leaves it, night or day ; she is always among the patients ; on her alone depends the *tone* of the ward. Any one can imagine, in considering the various and incessant requirements of the patients, how easily things might drift into fuss and haste, with friction of temper and worry of mind both for patients and for nurses. It is the Sister's care that everything is done in order, quietly, without fuss ; in the ward there must be no rest and no haste ; above all, there must be no temper. I have spoken of the typical face of the patient. There is also a typical face of the nurse. It is a young face—such work as theirs keeps the heart young. I know not if it be a pretty face ; because, somehow, a beauty of its own follows such work as theirs. It is a calm and serene face ; there is no passion in it, nor the history of any—a virginal face ; it is a serious face, yet the sunshine never leaves it. In looking upon that face certain words seem to be heard : as that “ in her tongue is the law of kindness,” and that “ her children ”—they are all round her, each waiting for her footstep and her voice—“ her children arise and call her blessed.” She shall, indeed, have the fruit of her hands in the love of those whose sufferings she has assuaged. A holy and a blessed life indeed !—the more holy because it is not guarded by vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience, nor turned into a guild, society, or sisterhood, nor placed under the direction of any priest, nor dressed up in flaunting white and black, nor labelled with any form of religion.

The new and modern system of nursing may be regarded as altogether a novel departure in charity. The eighteenth century gave us benevolence in the form of money. The worthy old merchants in newly curled wigs, long waistcoats, and laced ruffles, when their hearts were moved, sat down and wrote a draft upon their bankers. Their sons piously keep up the goodly custom, which, it is hoped, will never be allowed to die out. But a still better way has been

introduced in these latter days. There are women in plenty, and men a few, who give not only all the money they can, but also—THEMSELVES. This seems as if we were at last beginning to understand the meaning of an Example which has been before the world for a good many centuries. No one, I am told on the best authority, ever tires of this work : it brings out the sympathy, the earnestness, the bravery, the patience, the energy, which is in the nature of each ; no one has any time to think about herself, nor can there be any question of money, because the pay is, and should always be, small. There are a hundred and fifty nurses in the hospital ; a few go away and get married, and are likely to make all the better wives and mothers because they understand something of the wonderful and complicated machinery which constitutes the human frame ; some remain in hospital work ; some become district nurses ; while there is no end to the demand for private nurses, who are wanted everywhere.

Thus a new profession has grown up, and one which confers upon those who follow it respect, consideration, and good treatment. All you who have small fortunes, and girls whose future lot is an anxiety to you, whose present listless life is a burden to them, I pray, consider this profession. It costs nothing to learn it. Probationers are admitted free ; at the end of a month, if appointed, they receive pay, and are found in everything ; or they may be trained without becoming probationers for ten shillings a week. It is the cheapest profession of any to learn. But not every one can follow this profession. It is reserved only for the brave and strong, the sympathetic and the intelligent. Stupid girls, bad-tempered girls, impatient girls, weak-headed girls, hysterical girls, must not think of it ; nor must those who desire ease and luxury think of it. But for those who really care for the work, and are strong, and can command themselves, it is a splendid and a noble field. All this has been said over and over again. Yet no one can understand the truth of it and the force of it till he has actually been through the wards of a great hospital and seen for himself what the life really means and what is the work done by these brave women. And to think that only a few years ago nursing was considered a refuge for the destitute, like teaching ! anybody could nurse or teach ; any one could sit beside a bed and sleep in a chair, and give a patient a dose once every two hours, and wash his hands in the morning, and drop snuff upon his bread and butter, and drink gin. It is an advance, indeed, in thought and manners which has produced so great a change, and transformed a profession of contempt

into one of dignity and respect, and given to women, who wanted it so much, one more chance of honourable work.

There are twenty Sisters in the London Hospital, and therefore twenty wards. To go through the whole of these wards takes two or three hours. The Matron makes this journey twice daily. Each of the medical wards contains fifty-three beds, and the accident ward sometimes has sixty. About 10,000 accidents occur every year, and of these 2,500 are taken as in-patients, which gives an average of about eight days for each case. Boys over seven are taken into the men's ward, and it is found that the presence of the children has a good effect upon the men. The accident ward is naturally the most cheerful of all the wards. The patients are not suffering from any disease. When their case has been attended to, and the acute stage is passed, they are simply having a lazy time, with nothing to do, plenty to eat, and not too much to drink. One young fellow I saw there, for instance, who had got his left hand entangled in a circular saw, with the result of leaving half of it behind him : the wounds were healing fast, and he was then doing his best to make himself useful and to help the Sister and the nurses. They always want to help ; they like to show their sense of what is done for them by giving such services as they can. When they are not helping, they are talking politics. Men at the East End are great politicians. Of course they always believe in some dim way that this party or that party are going to do great and wonderful things for themselves, but what it is they do not know ; they have not yet learned the lesson that they should first find out what they want for themselves, and then send men to the House in order to get that thing, if it is to be got. If you listen to their talk you will find that they are for the most part wonderfully ignorant of details and the actual facts of government. I remember being told by a working man that the abolition of perpetual pensions would take the taxes off all kinds of things, such as tea, tobacco, and so forth. But there is one admirable thing about the East-Enders, and indeed about humanity all over the world. He has a passionate desire to see equal justice. Let those who despair of the future remember this, and take courage ; upon this instinct greater things will yet be built than the world has even imagined. As for reading, in the hospital they prefer newspapers to books. And there is a little detail which may be noticed here. The bound magazines which people charitably send to the hospital are too heavy for patients to hold with comfort ; smaller books are wanted. Another thing which seems strange is, that the men in all the wards are passionately fond of flowers. The favourite amusement of

Alf and 'Arry is commonly reported to be tearing off branches in Epping Forest, trampling on flowers, and wantonly destroying everything beautiful. Well, I don't think it is, myself; though in large numbers, say at Southend on a Sunday in August, 'Arry is undoubtedly noisy. When he is with his sweetheart he is quite a tender-hearted fellow; and when he gets an accident, and "lays up" in hospital for a spell, he shows, besides other admirable qualities, such as patience, courage, and appreciation of kindness, a great and unaffected love for flowers. The flowers—not nearly enough to go round—are sent every week from a certain Flower Mission Society. With each bundle of flowers is a text. I believe that the men care very little about the text, provided they get the flowers. Other flowers are sent by private persons. There ought to be a great many more, and would be, if people would only think of it, or merely tell their gardeners to send a hamper of flowers once a week. The patients also want pictures to hang on the bare walls, and, though some have been given, there is still room for many more. There are vast quantities of pictures, needless and superfluous, in people's houses, if they would only think of giving them. As to the kind, they should be pictures cheerful and pleasing to look upon—one would not, for instance, send the portrait of Saint Lawrence on a gridiron, or Saint Sebastian with the arrows sticking in him, to the Accident ward. And it is unnecessary to point out that, although one would not willingly instil into the Whitechapel mind the germs of bad taste, there has been as yet but little opportunity for artistic culture, and that the influence of the Bethnal Green Museum has, so far, been extremely limited.

I have touched upon the delicate subject of texts. The fact seems to be that the men at the East End have, as a rule, little or no religion. This is shown at the hospital, where, though out of respect to the institution they listen respectfully, they do not ask for the chaplain or generally look for his services. The women, however, like prayers, as, poor things, they like everything which points to order, quiet, and decency. The heart of a woman seems always naturally to yearn for a tidy house and a well-ordered household. When a patient is found to be dying, the chaplain is sent for, and I believe his ministrations are seldom refused; also the patient's family are summoned to watch, if they please, by his bedside. Six hundred people die every year in this great building—two every day. You may, if you please, see them where they conduct the *post-mortem* examinations and the burials. But if 600 die, 6,000 are sent away either cured or relieved, without counting the out-patients. Here is an army to

think upon. Death hurls his murderous diseases upon this great city ; they strike down 65,000 of the poor men, women, and children in one year, besides those who are rich enough to pay for their own treatment. Out of the 65,000, 7,000 are brought to the beds of this great house, while the remaining 58,000 become out-patients. Sixty-five thousand ! Apart from accidents, this means that four or five per cent. of the population are every year attacked by some disease or other. Now, disease is nothing in the world but the result of our own ignorance, vice, or stupidity, and therefore the existence of a hospital is necessary for our own sakes if we are to push back year after year, more and more, the barriers of this ignorance. In the after time, when we are dust and ashes, it will doubtless be argued that the ignorance of the nineteenth century in medicine was inconceivable, colossal ; that diseases—diseases of the human frame—were actually prevalent, and that, though they were sometimes cured, they were only beginning to be prevented ; and that the miseries of human life must have been intolerable. One thing, at least, is certain. When one looks up and down these wards one cannot but feel, perhaps for the first time, how poor, mean, and narrow are most of the lives which are led, and how unbounded is the capacity for happiness with which we are endowed. The love of equal justice is not a greater force in the human soul than the capacity and desire for happiness. Why one should think of this in a hospital more than elsewhere I know not ; perhaps because there are gathered here people of all ages. You seem to have all humanity gathered together before you, and telling its tale. This old man with a bronchial disorder—his time is well-nigh spent ; where are the fruits of his works ? Next to him there lies a boy—his time is all before him ; beyond, a middle-aged man, taken from his work, whatever that may be ; or a young man, or another boy, or another old man—and every one, if you please, with his own story. The nurses have little time for talk with them ; but in the dead of night, when the others are asleep, there must be many a strange tale—everybody's story is very, very strange if told truthfully—poured into the ear of the nurse. One would like, if one were allowed, to go round the beds with a notebook and ask questions. It is, indeed, to me truly wonderful that medical men have not more often become novelists, writers of realistic stories, and romances of true and actual life. Smollett was a physician. Was not Charles Lever also one ? Perhaps, however, physicians mostly despise the Art of Fiction and its professors.

The children lying in their cribs ; the women in their wards ; the men who are likely to go off their heads or have brain disease ;

the padded room, with its india-rubber walls ; the Hebrew wards ; the ordinary wards ; the wards where patients suspected of infectious diseases are kept : one should see them all before one can understand the organisation of the place and the work it is doing. The children's wards are, perhaps, the saddest ; yet the little ones lie, for the most part, peaceful and quiet. Some sit up and play with toys—everybody ought to send toys for the little ones at the hospitals. What if, instead of spending money on Easter eggs—it is too late this year—we were to buy toys instead ? Nobody wants Easter eggs. Let us buy toys. Think how far the money would go in dolls and horses for the poor little patients in the hospitals. The women, in their wards, look even more patient than the men. Most of them are working women, and young, though a good many are mothers, and there are one or two old women lying among them. One old lady whom I saw was, I am quite sure, a Particular Baptist by conviction ; if there is any other form of religion narrower than that sect, perhaps she belonged to it. The Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, was hers. You could see the fact written on that brow. She was proud of it, and it gave her dignity. Next to her was a young lady whom I fancied I had seen before. But on that occasion she was flaunting and laughing on the broad pavement of Whitechapel Road with a friend, and both wore fringes of a pronounced kind, and both were hysterically happy, and laughed loud, and exchanged jokes with young men, and were full of high spirits and mirth and the merriment which one does not associate with the nobler kind of life. She looked a good deal better here, somehow. One felt quite sure that it was a good thing for her to have a break in that merry and mirthful life of hers : it would be a better thing for her if she should never be able to go back to it. She looked calm now, and composed ; she was even rather pretty. One felt that the weakness and the absence of the other young lady with a fringe, and the contemplation of those nurses who never laugh out loud, and yet always look cheerful, could not fail to do her a great deal of good. For, you see, this hospital is a training school for morals and manners and good behaviour generally, as well as a school of medicine and a school for nurses, and a place where people who are ill get well. As for the Hebrew wards, they are very curious and interesting. They have their own kitchens, their own cooks, and even their own plates. This strange people live everywhere among the nations of the earth, yet they will not belong to them, nor eat with them, nor marry with them. At Passover time the patients have their food on special Passover dishes, kept all the year on purpose : there

are an abundance of ceremonies to be observed in the washing of dishes and utensils, as well as in the killing of the animals and the cooking of the food. At certain fasts and festivals candles are lighted in the wards, and the oldest woman present says prayers. They have a Feast of Lights before Christmas ; they fast rigorously, even though fasting is likely to do them great mischief, on the Day of Atonement ; on the first day of Passover they spread the table with beef, mutton, and eggs ; the oldest in the ward prays ; they sing hymns in Hebrew from eight to ten ; they light their candles ; they have everything new. The new blankets are kept for Passover ; everything that can be renewed is renewed for Passover ; and six weeks afterwards there comes a Feast of Flowers. There was a little blind boy in the ward—I know not what was wrong with him—who was everybody's favourite ; there was a Polish Jew who could only talk his own language, which is Schmussen, a tongue but little known albeit spoken by two millions or so ; there was a specimen of the "hospital bird," a creature who loves to return and to make his nest and to stay there as long as they will let him stay. "He has been fourteen times already in the hospital," said the Sister, looking as severe as she could. "Yes, Sister," he replies ; "but it is not my fault, is it?" Yet he looked as if he liked to be there.

Of all the patients I saw but one who seemed really unhappy. She was a Syrian girl from Beyrout, a girl with an olive complexion and long almond eyes full of meaning, and possible passion, and possible wisdom. How very, very wise she will look at ninety or so, when the cheeks and forehead are lined and creased with a thousand lines and creases, and nothing is left of her youth but the depth and the fire of those eyes ! She was getting better, but she was homesick ; she wanted to go back to Syria. Her brother, a medical student, came twice a day to see her ; everybody was kind, but—she wanted to go home again.

A great hospital such as this can never be suffered to die ; if no one else supported it, the working men of the East End would have to keep it going by their own exertions. In fact, one looks forward to the time when the working men will maintain by their own contributions their own hospitals. There are nearly half a million working men in the area covered by the London Hospital. If these men would only give four shillings apiece every year, or a shilling every quarter, the hospital would have just the income which it ought to have. The contributions of the people, however, do not as yet amount to more than a thousand pounds a year. Since, therefore, the working classes have not yet learned that they ought

to support these institutions, the old eighteenth-century method—the benevolent cheque—must be still followed.

I have spoken of flowers, toys, and books. These should all be sent. There are also other things much wanted, but the Council cannot buy them. Among these things are chairs—easy and comfortable chairs—for the patients when they are able to get out of bed. But no one should send chairs without first asking the Matron what kind of chair she would like her patients to have.

All this has been written about the London Hospital, but it will do for any other. It is not time thrown away, but very much the reverse, to visit such a place, if only to learn what true and noble work can be done by women, and what a splendid school of all the virtues as well as of science a well-ordered hospital may be.

Lastly, I have to propose another kind of work for idle women to do, actually a new profession. There are a great many ladies who have nothing to do at all: their lives are languid for want of interest; they cannot be always learning things. Besides, learning things becomes wearisome when there is no object in the study. Now, I have heard of a really genuine opening and a new kind of occupation. First, it is real work, and not a sham; next, it is honourable work; thirdly, it is unpaid work—think of that! lastly, it is work which gives very great happiness to the people for whom it is done. On all these grounds it cannot but commend itself to the attention of English ladies. The work is—to go and read to the patients. I believe there is room in the hospitals of London for a small army of such workers. Remember, it must be real work, not amateur work: it must be followed as a duty: ladies must not drop in now and then, once a fortnight, once a month, when they have got no other engagements; they must have fixed hours of work: the Matron must depend upon their services, just as she depends upon her nurses: they must engage and pledge themselves as much as if they were regularly engaged and regularly paid as servants of the staff, and as if their livelihood was concerned in the conscientious and exact performance of their duties. It is not expected that they should go every day and but on certain days and for certain hours. Money, flowers, easy chairs, toys, books—all may be given for the alleviation of the sick and suffering: but the best thing that can be given by a tender and compassionate heart—is YOURSELVES.

WALTER BESANT.

MONKEYS.

PART II.

THE foregoing description of the chief divisions of the monkey-group will serve to familiarise us with the natural constitution of the Quadrumanous family, and will also enable us to study to greater advantage the important question of the mental attributes and general mental development of these interesting animals. A naturalist, whose opinions are deservedly treated with the respect with which his eminence as a scientist naturally invests his ideas, has recently declared that the monkey-race as a whole is much too highly placed in the group of quadrupeds. The writer in question, Mr. A. R. Wallace, remarks, that whilst the monkeys form an isolated group of animals, they also show relations to the lower mammals. Mr. Wallace also adds, that these relations open up the question whether the position of the monkeys at the head of the mammals "is a real superiority, or whether it depends merely on the obvious relationship to ourselves. If," continues Mr. Wallace, "we could suppose a being gifted with high intelligence, but with a form totally unlike that of man, to have visited the earth before man existed in order to study the various forms of animal life that were found there, we can hardly think he would have placed the monkey-tribe so high as we do. He would observe that their whole organisation was specially adapted to an arboreal life, and this specialisation would be rather against their claiming the first rank among terrestrial creatures. Neither in size, nor strength, nor beauty," continues Mr. Wallace, "would they compare with many other forms; while in intelligence they would not surpass, even if they equalled, the horse or the beaver. The Carnivora, as a whole, would certainly be held to surpass them in the exquisite perfection of their physical structure, while the flexible trunk of the elephant, combined with his vast strength and admirable sagacity, would probably gain for him the first rank in the animal creation."

Again, Mr. Wallace remarks that "if this would have been a true estimate, the mere fact that the ape is our nearest relation does not necessarily oblige us to come to any other conclusion. Man is

undoubtedly the most perfect of all animals, but he is so solely in respect of characters in which he *differs* from all the monkey-tribe—the easily erect posture, the perfect freedom of the hands from all part in locomotion, the large size and complete opposability of the thumb, and the well-developed brain, which enables him fully to utilise these combined physical advantages. The monkeys have none of these ; and without them the amount of resemblance they have to us is no advantage, and confers no rank.” Remarking next that we are too much biassed by the considerations of the man-like apes, Mr. Wallace adds that the remaining monkeys would probably be classified in a lower group than that in which they are at present included. “We might then dwell more on their resemblances to lower types—to rodents, to insectivora, and to marsupials, and should hardly rank the hideous baboon above the graceful leopard or stately stag. The true conclusion appears to be,” says Mr. Wallace, “that the combination of external characters and internal structure which exists in the monkeys, is that which, when greatly improved, refined, and beautified, was best calculated to become the perfect instrument of the human intellect, and to aid in the development of man’s higher nature ; while on the other hand, in the rude, inharmious, and undeveloped state which it has reached in the quadrupeds, it is by no means worthy of the highest place, or can be held to exhibit the most perfect development of existing animal life.”

The foregoing statements are deserving of close attention, not only because they proceed from a naturalist of high reputation, but because they present certain ideas concerning the place and position of the monkey-tribe which are susceptible, in my opinion, of very important modification, if not of absolute refutation, in certain respects at least. When Mr. Wallace speaks of the monkeys as not comparing in size, strength, or beauty with many other forms, and as not surpassing, even if they equal, the horse or the beaver in intelligence, we may well question whether his statements are not open to legitimate denial. If the collective strength of any group of quadrupeds—save perhaps such an exclusively limited order as the elephants—is taken into account, it may be maintained that such a group will inevitably present its weaklings as well as its giants to the view of the naturalist. If the lower monkeys, or even the intelligent Old World forms, are by no means physically strong, we must not forget that the monkeys own not only their powerful baboons, which may well rival the Carnivora in strength, but also the gorilla and orang, whose physical power ranks extremely high. But it may fairly be objected that strength is no criterion of zoological rank ; and I

would add, neither can we take beauty into account in arguments concerning the zoological position of the apes ; although Mr. Wallace apparently forgets that amongst the monkeys, and in New World groups especially, there are species to which the terms beautiful and comely may with all justice be applied. The birds are more beautiful than most quadrupeds : and an elegant kangaroo would certainly be preferred by the æsthetic eye to the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, giraffe, or elephant. If we reject strength and beauty, there remains, according to Mr. Wallace, "intelligence" as a criterion of monkey rank. I shall presently endeavour to show that in this latter respect the apes must claim to rank high in the mammalian scale. But I would fain ask those who offer us the alternative of the horse, elephant, and dog, as examples of sagacity and intelligence, whether they are not choosing illustrations to which there exists a grave logical objection on the score of unequal comparison. That dogs and horses owe their sagacity and intelligence to human culture, and to continual association with man, cannot I think for a moment be questioned. Every horse and dog is really reaping to-day the cumulative benefit of a civilised ancestry, so to speak. When we speak of the intelligence of these animals, we must bear in mind, if we are to gain the credit for logical consistency, that this intelligence has been developed and fostered through their employment by man, and through their ministering to his wants, and their participation in his works. It would, in truth, be a thing to excite our wonder, if the horse and dog did not exhibit the intelligence we see illustrated in their family circle. We can hardly fail to own—and the result of my own observations, to be presently noted, serves to support the contention—that had the apes and monkeys been domesticated by man, and had they possessed the advantage of continual association with him, their intelligence and sagacity would have far exceeded that of any other animal group. What I certainly maintain, and what the study of monkey life demonstrates, is that the wild and untrained monkey, when compared with the wild horse, dog, or elephant, is a creature of higher brain-power and greater intelligence than these latter animals. To argue otherwise would simply amount to the assertion of the incongruous statement, that an animal, such as an orang or chimpanzee, a bonnet monkey or a capuchin, possessing a type of brain nearly allied to that of man, would, when its kind was domesticated, exhibit less intelligence than a quadruped which, like horse or dog, possesses a brain far removed from that of man in respect of its development.

It is difficult to reconcile the first part of Mr. Wallace's conclu-

sion with his final words. "The combination of external characters and internal structures" which is seen in the monkeys, and which, Mr. Wallace rightly remarks, is that which under a higher guise makes the sum-total of human life and structure, is also said to exist in the apes in "a rude, inharmonious, and undeveloped state." If even we admit the justice of the latter statement—and I am very far from making any such admission—it is scientifically tenable, that, however "rude" or "inharmonious" the characters and life of the apes, as a class, may be, from allied or similar characters the higher human life has been evolved. As a matter of fact, there is no combination of characters to be found in any other group of the quadrupeds more harmonious or more elaborated than that seen in the apes. If the actual structural perfections of the monkey-tribe be taken into account, it will be found, I think, on the whole, to excel that of any other group of mammals. There is practically no order of the quadruped class which does not include within its limits beings of low and high organisation. Hence in all comparisons of the ape order with other orders of animals we must take this fact into account; and it is exactly this latter consideration which Mr. Wallace seems to me to have tacitly ignored. Leaving the highest apes out of the question, it may be shown, that in the monkey-tribes which people the Old and New Worlds, there are represented characters, both of body and mind, which certainly equal and often excel anything we find in dogs, horses, elephants, or other animals. Lastly, if we even consider the ways and works of the lowest races of men, we may discover that the sphere of humanity itself may be found to include much that is the reverse of harmonious, and many features which represent the antipodes of beauty. Beyond all such considerations, however, there remains the plain contention that, as a group, the apes exist at the upper confines of the quadruped class, and that, in their mental phases, they fully realise the utmost expectations of the naturalist. To quote the words of Dr. G. J. Romanes, "Notwithstanding the scarcity of the material which I have to present, I think there is enough to show that the mental life of the *Simiadae* is of a distinctly different type from any that we have hitherto considered, and that in their psychology, as in their anatomy, these animals approach most nearly to *Homo sapiens*." To the investigation of the mental phases of ape character, we may now direct our attention.

Some three years ago, I began to keep a number of monkeys in confinement in a large and roomy cage in my house. I instructed my servants to note carefully any special actions of the monkeys

which they might observe; and the animals were also watched from day to day by members of my family circle on whose accounts I could place implicit reliance. I may add, that in nearly every instance I have been able to verify the observations of others regarding the habits of my pets. The first two monkeys I selected for domestication were purposely chosen of widely different species, in order that I might be presented with an opportunity of comparing their habits. These two first additions to my family circle consisted of a clever little Bonnet Macaque (*Macacus radiatus*), who was duly named "Jenny," and a Brown Capuchin (*Cebus fatuellus*), who was christened "Paddy," from certain facial characteristics which suggested the appropriateness of an Hibernian cognomen. I soon added to these two monkeys, a third—a somewhat aged common Macaque (*Macacus cynomologus*), which I obtained from the keeper of a public-house in the North of England, and whose deteriorated habits in the way of a fondness for becoming intoxicated on beer would have merited the reprobation of a temperance reformer. A visit to Jamrach's resulted in the purchase of a very fine Sooty Mangabey (*Cercopithecus fuliginosus*), which was named "Cetchy," from a decided resemblance borne by this monkey to the Zulu Chief. At varying intervals, when death had thinned the ranks of my monkey-family, I bought other two common Macaques, respectively named "Rosy" and "Polly"; another Bonnet Monkey, "Salaam" (so named from his habit of salutation), and a second beautiful Brown Capuchin (*Cebus fatuellus*), known as "Sammy." At the present time (October 1882) only two members of my monkey-family survive; namely, "Jenny" and "Polly" above described. Both monkeys, as I write, are deposited in the Monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens of London, for reasons connected with prolonged absence from home on the part of my family circle.

The careful observation of these monkeys convinced me that the opinion I had before formed of the varying mental powers to be found amongst the individuals even of one and the same species was a thoroughly correct one. Thus, to select the two bonnet monkeys, "Jenny" and "Salaam," I found that, whilst the former exhibited (and I ought to say still exhibits) a high intelligence and acute perception, the latter was dull and even stupid, and could with difficulty be made to perform such simple acts as the other monkeys readily understood. After noticing how varied were the mental powers of my monkeys, I could the better realise the force of the illustration which Mr. Darwin cites in his "Descent of Man" regarding the variability of the faculty of *attention* in monkeys. Mr.

Bartlett, of the Zoological Gardens, informed Mr. Darwin that "a man who trains monkeys to act in plays used to purchase common kinds from the Zoological Society at the price of five pounds for each ; but he offered to give double the price if he might keep three or four of them for a few days in order to select one. When asked how he could possibly learn so soon whether a particular monkey would turn out a good actor, he answered that it all depended on their power of attention. If, when he was talking and explaining anything to a monkey, its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. If he tried by punishment to make an inattentive monkey act, it turned sulky. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained." Mr. Darwin, remarking on the diversity of the mental faculties in men of the same race, says, "So it is with the lower animals. All who have had charge of menageries admit this fact : we see it plainly in our dogs and other domestic animals. Brehm especially insists that each individual monkey of those which he kept tame in Africa had its own peculiar disposition and temper. He mentions one baboon remarkable for its high intelligence ; and the keepers in the Zoological Gardens pointed out to me a monkey, belonging to the New World division, equally remarkable for intelligence. Rengger also insists on the diversity in the various mental characters of the monkeys of the same species which he kept in Paraguay ; and this diversity, as he adds, is partly innate and partly the result of the manner in which they have been treated or educated." My own experience endorses these opinions ; but I believe that innate disposition, and not education or training, is the chief factor in producing the particular mental character of any given monkey.

I thoroughly agree with Dr. Romanes in his declaration that in monkeys "affection and sympathy are strongly marked—the latter, indeed, more so than in any other animal, not even excepting the dog." The monkey "Jenny" in particular exhibited a strong affection for myself, and likewise showed a maternal care of her neighbours in the cage. The instance given by Mr. Darwin, and already quoted, of the little American monkey who rushed to the rescue of the keeper who was attacked by a baboon, appears to me to illustrate a common trait of monkey-character. When any one, and even a person for whom "Jenny" showed a liking, made lieve to strike me, "Jenny" would rush to the front of the cage, would shake the door, snarl and cry, and exhibit the most intense . If liberated, she would rush to bite the offender, flying

generally at the face, but invariably retreating to my arms to be fondled, and to be quieted by gentle stroking and soothing words. Any attempt to renew the offence was at once followed by renewed rage and defensive attitudes. Mr. Darwin remarks the fact noticed by Mr. Sutton, that the face of the *Macacus rhesus*, when much enraged, grows red. Mr. Darwin himself saw the face of this monkey redden when attacked by another monkey; and he also adds that the "seat-pads" also seemed to redden under the influence of anger, although he could not "positively assert that this was the case." My monkey "Jenny," when in a rage, blushed most distinctly. A red hue shot over and obscured the normal yellow tint of the skin of the face, and I noticed that the "seat-pads" occasionally also grew redder. Another curious fact concerning this monkey's behaviour when enraged consisted in the variations she exhibited when she was irritated by myself and by another person. If irritated by another person, she behaved as already described; she shook the cage and chattered, whilst her face flushed like that of a human being in anger. If, on the other hand, I had occasion to reprove her, she darted down to the bottom of the cage, lay down on her belly, and, as often as not, concealed her face in the straw. The analogy between that ineffective or suppressed rage in a human being, which is shown by the person throwing himself down on the ground—a feature seen familiarly in some children—and the behaviour of "Jenny," under my reproof, appears to me to be too exact to escape notice. "Paddy," the Capuchin, on the contrary, when enraged or frightened, used to retire to a corner of the cage and stand on his head, uttering meanwhile the most plaintive cries in the well-known shrill but musical voice of the race. On one occasion, when a servant had allowed "Paddy" to imbibe nearly half a glassful of champagne, he showed his alcoholic dissipation by standing inanely on his head and vainly endeavouring to emit his familiar cry. Mr. Darwin mentions the case of a young female chimpanzee, who, when enraged, "presented a curious example to a child in the same state. She screamed loudly with widely open mouth, the lips being retracted, so that the teeth were fully exposed. She threw her arms wildly about, sometimes clasping them over her head. She rolled on the ground, sometimes on her back, sometimes on her belly, and bit everything within reach."

A curious fact in connection with the expression of rage by my monkeys is to be noted in the different fashions in which the emotions were exhibited. "Jenny," when enraged, chattered; her ears were depressed, her brows were wrinkled, and her teeth were fully

exposed, as in the chimpanzee above described. When "Mammy," the old macaque, or "Polly" was enraged, she showed her anger chiefly by protruding the lips to an extreme degree, in an exaggerated pout, and in trumpet-fashion, giving vent to a sharp, short "hoo." Mr. Darwin gives a drawing of a sulky chimpanzee in his "Expression of the Emotions" (page 141, tenth thousand), which accurately represents the act of the common macaque when enraged. The varied methods of thus expressing the emotions in nearly related monkeys constitutes in itself a powerful argument in favour of the advance of mental evolution even within a limited range. Amongst the ingenious expedients of my monkeys, in the way of utilising their surroundings for various purposes, may be mentioned the feat performed by "Polly," the little macaque, of utilising the bars of the perch as a gymnastic pole, around which she, in company with "Jenny," used to spin, like an agile acrobat, for lengthened periods. "Polly," more ingenious still, used to twist the straw of her cage into a rope. This she attached to one of the projecting bars of her perch, and then, seizing the extemporised rope, would swing round and round after the fashion of a roasting-jack; evidently utilising and enjoying the recoil of the straw as a means of continuing her amusement. A more difficult feat was that of "Polly," in her imitation of an acrobat, in a backward spring. Jumping forwards from the perch to the side of the cage, she sprang backwards, and in an instant regained the perch. "Jenny" was observed to watch the performance of this feat with interest, and to essay its execution; but her attempts were clumsy and unsuccessful when compared with those of her more agile neighbour.

The trait of *curiosity* has, of course, been frequently noted as a prominent mental character of most monkeys. I can vouch for the fact that my entire monkey-family became at once interested in any novel or unusual operation which was being carried on in the kitchen in which they resided. "Jenny" in particular, and the others in a less degree, were also extremely quick to notice any new article of attire which the members of my household might exhibit. Articles of jewelry, seen for the first time, attracted especial notice. A new pair of earrings, or a new cap, was at once recognised as novel; and efforts were usually made to grasp the desired object. Strangers introduced to the monkeys were often surprised at the varying receptions they received. I soon noticed the curious fact that certain persons were received from the first with dislike, whilst others apparently made a favourable impression on the inmates of the cage. (: individual appeared to be hated by the collective cage; whilst

another friend was played with and evidently fondled by "Paddy," the capuchin, who as a rule was singularly shy of strangers. For a dead newt from my aquarium, or a live grass-snake, the entire cage entertained an extreme horror. The mere sight of the snake elicited screams from the whole family, and a retreat to the sleeping box was the invariable result of the ophidian's appearance. The abhorrence exhibited by monkeys for snakes is, of course, a perfectly natural instinct of these animals; in their native haunts, they must learn to fear and avoid these reptiles. "Sammy," the capuchin, exhibited a high degree of curiosity, and performed a large number of clever tricks. He played with a ball like a child; shook hands with visitors; and when provided with a cloth and water, he washed his dish, a feat also performed by a capuchin named "Tommy," which lived for a very short time only in my possession. "Sammy," if furnished with a hammer and tacks, duly utilised both in the familiar fashion, thus showing a faculty of imitation of the purest kind.

Various writers have spoken of the behaviour of monkeys to their ailing and dead companions. Mr. Darwin gives instances of the grief of female monkeys for the death of their young. Certain female monkeys kept by Brehm, in North Africa, died from grief consequent on the death of their young. An instance is narrated in which a female monkey having been shot, the leader of the troop came to the door of the tent and mourned for the body, after indulging in a series of threatening gestures. The body was given him, and thereafter he retreated, bearing it away with every expression of sorrow in his arms. The Gibbons are said to attend carefully to injured companions, but to take no notice of dead friends. A monkey has also been known to extend a cord to another which had fallen overboard from a vessel. I observed that when one of their dead companions was shown to the remaining occupants of my cage, they did not appear to be frightened, but seemed to regard the dead body with indifference, and to exhibit very little curiosity on seeing the still form of their companion. When, however, one of the family was ailing, the others paid it a great amount of attention, not always, so far as I could see, of a friendly or sympathetic nature. When "Paddy," the capuchin, was ill, and in fact just before his demise, his friends appeared to me to endeavour to raise him from the recumbent posture in which he lay. Whether this was done in anxiety for the sufferer, or from mere curiosity, I am unable to say. Perhaps both ideas animated the survivors in their attentions to their sick friend.

On one occasion I observed in "Cetchy," the sooty mangabey, a

singular example of what I conclude may legitimately be called the reasoning faculty in the truest sense of that term. Seeing his anxiety to obtain a small piece of apple which I held in my hand, I resolved to test his powers of reason and of discrimination in the following way. I showed him the piece of apple, and as he tried to grasp it I allowed it to slip down the sleeve of my coat, after the familiar fashion of the childish conjuring trick. "Cetchy" viewed the disappearance of the apple with surprise, and minutely examined my hand unclosing my fingers, to see if I had concealed it therein. Allowing the morsel to again come into view, but being careful to avoid showing its place of concealment, I again passed it up my sleeve. "Cetchy" again narrowly examined my hand, turning it over so as to see the back of the hand, but of course without success. The peculiar dissatisfied grunt with which "Cetchy" greeted his want of success was both characteristic and amusing. I then repeated the operation for the third time, when "Cetchy" at once, and without examining my hand again, passed his hand into my sleeve, and extracted from its hiding-place the coveted morsel, which I may add was entirely concealed from the monkey's view. As time passed, it is important to note that "Cetchy" did not trouble himself to investigate the hands in search of the missing apple. Repetition of the trick acquainted him with its *rationale*, and his hand went directly to the sleeve for the coveted morsel. In this case we may, I think, safely conclude that the hiding-place of the morsel was first detected simply by an exercise of that common and tacit "reason" through which we ourselves gain a knowledge of the unknown. In the human subject, it is almost needless to add, such "reason" may be exercised as unconsciously as, no doubt, it was put in force by the mangabey.

Recognition of friends and places, through the exercise of *memory*, is a faculty eminently possessed by monkeys. A baboon recognised Sir Andrew Smith at the Cape of Good Hope, after an absence of nine months. "Sammy," the capuchin, was deposited by me in the Zoological Society's Monkey-house, and was visited thereafter by several friends and myself at intervals. The friends were resident in London, and, as they saw him at tolerably frequent intervals, it was not surprising that he should at once recognise them on their entering the Monkey-house. My first visit to Sammy was paid after an interval of between two and three months. I approached his cage amongst the crowd of visitors and waited. "Sammy," at that moment, was perched high up on a cross-bar. All at once he spied me; for rushing down with a scream of joy, he

ame to the spot where I stood, and, thrusting his hands through the bars of the cage, embraced my hands in his own, and screamed so loudly that the keeper hurried round in alarm to investigate the cause of the commotion. At frequent intervals, I was similarly recognised; indeed, up to the date of his death, the memory of this kind little monkey was active and clear, as his affection for his friends was unabated. My experience agrees with that of Mr. Romanes described in his recent work on "Animal Intelligence," from which I quote the following account: "I returned the monkey" (a Brown Capuchin), says Mr. Romanes, "to the Zoological Gardens at the end of February, and up to the time of his death, in October 1881, he remembered me as well as the first day that he was sent back. I visited the monkey-house about once a month, and whenever I approached his cage he saw me with astonishing quickness—indeed, generally before I saw him—and ran to the bars, through which he thrust both hands with every expression of joy. He did not, however, scream aloud; his mind seemed too much occupied by the cares of monkey-society to admit of a vacancy large enough for such a very intense emotion as he used to experience in the calmer life that he lived before. Being much struck with the extreme rapidity of his discernment whenever I approached the cage, however many other persons might be standing round, I purposely visited the monkey-house on Easter Monday, in order to see whether he would pick me out of the solid mass of people who fill the place on that day. Although I could only obtain a place three or four rows back from the cage, and although I made no sound wherewith to attract his attention, he saw me almost immediately, and with a sudden intelligent look of recognition ran across the cage to greet me. When I went away he followed me, as he always did, to the extreme end of his cage, and stood there watching my departure as long as I remained in sight." More recently, "Jenny," the macaque, at present resident in the Zoo', has recognised me, although with less demonstration than "Sammy" exhibited. "Polly," the little common macaque, on my first visit after her translation to the Zoo', rushed from the centre of the cage on seeing me, without my having in any way attracted her notice, and stretched her hand out as if in friendly cognition.

An interesting and every way affecting incident occurred in the experiences of two little Hamadryad baboons, which I kept at home for a short period. Owing to the baboons being persecuted by the mates of the cage, I removed them from the large cage and confined them in a smaller habitation. One afternoon, the male baboon

being taken ill, I removed him from the society of his partner, and placed him in a basket near the fire for the sake of the warmth. The female, left in her cage, began to utter low whines of complaint, and appeared to be distressed at the enforced separation from her partner. The male was left for the night in his basket. In the morning, being sufficiently recovered, he was restored to the cage. Immediately on his entrance he was seized by his partner, who placed her arms round his neck, stroked his face, and exhibited the liveliest affection at his restoration to his domestic hearth. Anything more affecting, or more exactly imitative of human affection, could not have been imagined; and the occurrence of such a trait of character in the baboons seems to show that these "hideous" animals, as Mr. Wallace terms them, are by no means destitute of at least some share of the cerebration of higher forms.

That the full mental and social history of the apes has yet to be written admits of no doubt; and that renewed and extended observations will more than repay the labour of the naturalist is an idea which is confirmed by the knowledge already at our command. On the whole, I maintain that the intelligence of monkeys is, firstly, of a markedly human type in most respects; whilst secondly, their mental life appears to me to represent that of the childish stage of human mind-development. In many of the acts of certain monkeys we see a picture of human life and manners at a stage before reason has asserted her full sway over the actions of the individual, and when such traits and faculties as curiosity, imitation, wonder, &c., are prominently represented in our existence. As the naturalist maintains that certain animals represent "permanent larval forms" in the groups to which they belong, so the monkeys may be held to illustrate a permanent embryo or initial stage of that higher life seen in man—a life built up, confessedly, of emotions; traits and faculties often seen in germ-form in groups of quadrupeds of lower rank than that held by the despised apes. The close observation of the ape-tribe, in fact, tends to demonstrate that, instead of our being led to rank these animals as psychically low, and as taking a humble place in respect of their intelligence, we must assign to them the highest rank among quadrupeds, when judged by the standard applied to other animals, or even to man himself. It is no wild dream, but a sober vision of science, that the causes which have tended to raise the ape-family in the scale of being, are largely identical with those to which man owes his proud designation as "the paragon of animals."

ANDREW WILSON.

SEPOY AND ARAB.

VERY little has been published, so far as I gather, that even suggests the point of view our Indian troops adopted during the late war. But this question is, in truth, far graver than the mere issue of a campaign. It may reasonably be hoped that the British soldier will always emulate the deeds of his ancestry. Though he had sustained a check at Tel-el-Kebir, the issue would have been only deferred. But for the Sepoy it was all new experience, and more important matters lay at stake than victory in the field. It was not the first time he had left India for active service. An Afghan war is a special thing for him. Even the Moslem Sepoy loses sight of the community of creed under the influence of inherited hatred and traditional wrongs. The only other case I recollect where operations were carried on for a length of time against Sunni Mahomedans was the Perak affair. But the Indian would not feel that a Malay was his co-religionist, nor could he get up enthusiasm for a people whose civilisation is so conspicuously inferior to his own. It was all otherwise in Egypt. The name of the land was familiar, sanctified in some degree by constant allusion in pious legends. The language of the foe was a sacred mystery to him, the people were conspicuous in his sight as descended from the companions of the Prophet. Their civilisation was his, modified by the same influences from Frangistan which irritate the Indian Faithful. It was a great trial of loyalty the Sepoy underwent, and his behaviour under the circumstances might well claim the notice of thoughtful men.

Government, no doubt, has confidential reports in abundance, showing what those best qualified to see and estimate the facts thought upon this subject. But the public, as I understand, has no information. This lack is owing not to want of "enterprise" in the press, nor, we may hope, to want of ability in the correspondents. It is due to the action of Lord Wolseley, which I have no need to criticise. He recognised but one army in the field, his own, to which one correspondent was allotted. "Indian Contingent" was a phrase he would not accept, and those members of the press who had left London expressly to join it, in the hope of marching across

the desert, were enjoined to stay at Ismailia. The "Indian Contingent," if I may be allowed to use the words, went to the front, leaving its chroniclers behind. The single correspondent attached to Lord Wolseley's direct command had work enough, detailing the actions and feelings of the English troops. So it happened that the special work of the Sepoys, and of their British comrades also, passed unrecorded. Who knows what took place on the south side of the canal during the fight at Tel-el-Kebir? In one or two instances, such as the seizure of Zagazig, the admirable service of the Indians could not be overlooked. But there was not, nor could be, any report of the Sepoys' behaviour, such as thoughtful people must have wished to hear. My own opportunities for remark were meagre, but I used them as I could. Let it be premised that I am not describing sentiments necessarily permanent. Reflection, possibly the charm of distance, and the influence of piously political superiors may weaken the feelings prevailing at the time. I should not incline to think they will, but we shall see.

Generally speaking, then, the impressions of the Sepoys appeared to be contempt and dislike. For the Mahomedans amongst them, the consciousness of a common creed only intensified this feeling. It was a practice of the Egyptians, after we reached Cairo, to spread their carpets and pray ostentatiously in the neighbourhood of Indian troops; Pathans once displayed the same illusion. But they took little by the silent appeal. The Sepoys looked on with interest, but it was not friendly. Once I saw a group of soldiers, belonging to the 20th N. I., who actually criticised the performance. Probably they remarked some difference in the manner of genuflection. For reasons that I did not understand, the Khedive personally was regarded with especial contempt. An officer suggested that this might be the outcome of Turkish intrigues in Hindustan, and it is possible. I have sometimes thought that if the Moslem Sepoys had been introduced to Cairo at the outset, its wealth, and palaces, and order, they might have been otherwise impressed; but their minds were made up before they reached that place. Though they delight in show, and respect costly appearance, Arab magnificence did not impress them. I remember the visit which Sultan Pasha and his suite paid to Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon in Ismailia. I chanced to come up whilst the horses stood outside. Their trappings were handsome, if eccentric to our eyes, especially those of the chief; blue velvet, with gold and silver fringes, and what not. A number of Sepoys stood round, with contemptuous curiosity in their faces, making remarks. Said an Afridi sergeant, nearer seven feet high than six feet, with an oath so forcibly

dramatic that I regret to suppress it—"I swear if that horse trotted into our village we should say the Ameer was coming to Durbar ; but when they saw its rider our women would laugh !" That observation gives a key-note to the sentiments prevailing before and after.

The least observant of spectators felt, as he saw the Indians traverse an Arab throng, "What gentlemen they look !" To tell the whole truth here, the same remark arose when the throng traversed was of English soldiery. But our men, dirty and pallid, in the hideous unserviceable dress supplied them, bore the stamp of qualities more important than good looks. The Arab has none of them—at every point he offended the Sepoy. Disregard of that elementary respect for others, which forbids a man to tramp upon his neighbour's toes in mere carelessness and brutality, must be resented the whole world over by men who carry arms, and are ready to use them. Accordingly, we find so much courtesy universal among fighting races. The Pathan, in his native wilds, is, perhaps, the very roughest of all animals, but he has a code of manners, suggested and strictly limited by the sword. A very brief service in our ranks, among the more polished races of the plain, enlarges his ideas. But the Egyptian Arab has no check outside, and no instinct within to guide him. His nature, or his acquired nature, is more selfish and offensive than that of any people known to me, and it is unmitigated by the restraint of fear. None of his neighbours have spirit to cut him down, whatever vagaries he may play. And so he dances on their corns in cheerfulness of soul. More than that, he is sincerely astonished when susceptible people cry out.

The bond of religion must be stronger than we see it anywhere at this day to make an Indian Moslem feel that this creature is a brother. The contrast was just as striking as it could be. We hourly observed a working party of Sepoys pushing through a crowd of natives. Their loose jackets and trousers of fatigue dress were scarcely more martial, or even more picturesque, than the ragged nightgown of the Arab. The turban, indeed, or puggri, with a loose end fluttering to the waist, is always superb. But the faces, the manner, the expression, were a cruel reproach to the African. Half a dozen Sepoys yonder are pushing a cart. Perhaps they belong to that grand regiment, the 20th N. I., distinguished by the black tips of their puggris, stately Sikhs, or giant Pathans, or lithe Rajputs. They are not working very hard. Half their energy is expended on the rear, or on either flank, where passing comrades fling banter, manly, though indecorous, as is martial wit everywhere. They laugh long and open-mouthed, throwing back their handsome heads, dis-

playing snow-white teeth to drive a dentist to despair. Their eyes, large, well-opened, show the fun of spirited schoolboys in their clear light. Though the jokes they bandy are not refined, nor very witty, they are the humour of strong men who respect themselves and one another. When an officer-Sahib comes by, decorous quiet supervenes. Those disengaged, salute ; the others gravely put both hands to the task. When he has gone, the jest breaks out again. So they sweep, without more notice than a shove and a frown, through the sordid, leering, hideous crowd of Arabs, halt and maim, one-eyed, foul, bestial of expression.

Observe that little group of Sepoys returning from their task—grave men these, probably Sikhs, superb in manly beauty. They walk hand in hand, talking among themselves. They laugh readily with each other, but seldom join the Pathan jokes. I remember once, when snowed up in the Kojak Pass, that a Sikh of the 26th N. I. was asked the name of his file-fellow, an Afridi. They had enlisted at the same time, and had served twelve years side by side ; but neither would confess a knowledge of the other's name. There go half a dozen Madras Sappers, small men, broad-chested and sturdy-limbed, looking soldiers every inch, and kindly fellows too. They have not the fine features, nor the large clear eyes, of the Aryan. Their skin is black like a negro's, and the whole type resembles the African on a smaller scale, but trimmer and brighter. In dark uniform, with a jetty handkerchief about their brows, a company of Sappers marching in the desert looks like a black square on the chess-board, moving. There are no better nor pleasanter soldiers in our army. A majority speak English more or less, and many are fluent. When they went up the Khyber, in the Afghan war, our native troops stared to hear them easily conversing with the Sahibs, and emulation stirred not a few Aryan Sepoys to undertake a fitful study of English. I fear it is quite possible that if we watched these good fellows closely, a grave and silent lurch might be remarked from time to time, for the evil correlating their docile and excellent qualities is shown in a partiality for the white man's liquor. But there are few troops whom one would stand with so confidently as the Madras Sappers.

A very different type is the Beloochi, wild and picturesque in dark green puggri and scarlet breeches. He has that wandering eye that marks the savage only half-tamed. We have few real Beloochis in our ranks, discipline is too strict for them ; but a crowd of natives from the broken frontier clans—fighting men all. The long hair of some has escaped in the heat of work, and streams behind in glossy

ringlets, twisted amongst the flowing drapery of the turban. And there go troopers of the Bengal cavalry, tall, broad-shouldered, slender of waist and hips. For martial bearing they have no equal in the armies of the world, and their fine costume does them justice. The blue-striped puggri folded round a scarlet peak, the long blue coat with scarlet sash, tight yellow trousers and jack-boots, put to shame the fantastic frippery of European tailors. In their ranks, generally, we find the most devoted Moslem, for the neighbourhood of Delhi is a favourite recruiting-ground. A droll incident recurs to mind. Marching once through Scindh, our little party had a local chief for guide, and a Jemadhar with two troopers for escort. The guide explained, as we rode along, certain abstruse questions of the Faith, making a delicious hash of law and prophets. Our Jemadhar was the most polite of men—what a lovely Arab he rode, by the by! But he loved Islam, and the ignorant rattle of this unorthodox Scindhi stirred his indignation. The troopers were not less angry, and they all pressed upon us, their very horses becoming unmanageable. Colonel Tucker ordered them back in vain. They would not retire until the puzzled Scindhi understood that he was talking nonsense, and then our little diversion came to an end. The path narrowing, he fell behind with the Jemadhar. It was but an instant's interruption. We heard murmurs, guttural in their emphasis, and, when our guide rejoined us, he said frankly, "I don't know much of the subject we've been talking about. But, I swear, Colonel Sahib, that no respectable man in our neighbourhood knows more."

Among those Sowars passing, one should trace sympathy with the Arab Moslem, if it existed anywhere in our ranks. But they feel contempt for him almost furious. One trooper questioned would not admit they were his co-religionists, though mosques stared us in the face, and two believers were praying within a few yards. We did not insist on a burning question, and what the Sowar meant I cannot tell; he was a Pathan, and possibly Shiah; or, possibly, such a bad Moslem as not to recognise his fellows. One of the 6th B.C. summed up the opinion of the ranks concisely. Asked if his regiment had cut up many fugitives after Tel-el-Kebir, he answered, with the strongest disgust, "How could men use a sword against stinking jackals? We rode many down!" The peculiar justice of the description may be appreciated only by those who have visited Egypt. The screaming and barking of an Arab crowd, all in full cry at once, the shrill snarling and foaming, make a din very like that of a pack of jackals. The adjective needs no explanation; its simple truth is certified by the dullest of noses.

I had interesting talks with Monsieur Ninet, Arabi's Swiss friend, who avowedly counselled and sympathised, if he did not suggest, the uprising. He is acquainted with many Egyptians who, in all respects, would bear comparison with their fellows of the same class elsewhere. And he pins all his faith upon the fellaheen. I believe M. Ninet to be as truthful and conscientious as an enthusiast can be, and I would not join issue on this question. For, by his own account, these good people stay at home, crying woe and anathema, whilst the bad monopolise the sunshine and the public notice. As for the fellahs, the undistinguishable mass, the dumb multitude of toilers, perhaps they are virtuous. Rustics less hard-worked, better fed, find little time, if they have the inclination, to concoct villany. But they are not less brutal of manner than the townspeople, and they are, if possible, yet more strangely unconscious of such primitive decency as a well-bred animal exhibits. I do not allude to the habit of stripping stark when there is work to be done. So did their forefathers in every age, and nothing more need be said. But the Sepoy was shocked above all else by habits paralleled among the wild Pathans alone in my experience of the world. And one cannot readily believe that people who do not feel or understand proprieties instinctive with all but the lowest races of humanity—or, as in the case of the Pathans, avowedly cynical and vicious—can be trusted to possess more recondite virtues. I would not speak of the impression which the enemy's behaviour in the field produced upon our Sepoys. It was not quite the same, I think, in both arms engaged. The cavalry had an unmixed joy—of gallop, at least—in racing after foes who never professed to stand, and they thought it, as one may say, a killing farce. But the infantry were struck by that awful fire which issues from the Remington, as from any breech-loader. It was new to them in practice, and the horror of that din confounded, perhaps, to some degree, their just appreciation of the soldiers who raised it. They certainly return with a deeper sense than ever of English superiority in *bandabust*—combination, arrangement, strategy, which circumvented and nullified that hurricane of balls. It is not to be understood that the Sepoy flinched; I should feel shame to contradict such an insinuation if it were hazarded. My whole meaning is that the native infantry did not despise the Arab soldier as did the Sowar. One of these latter exclaimed, after the gallant dash into Zagazig station: "What a gymkana, Sahib!" He regarded the business as a series of military larks.

So far as we can see, the effect of despatching Sepoys to Egypt was all good—for the men themselves, for those who stayed at home, and for the Empire. But it was prudent to remove them speedily.

To leave them exposed to the influences of the country in peacetime would be a hazardous experiment. From remarks in print at Cairo and Stamboul before the war, we may feel sure that efforts will be made with increasing zeal henceforward to inculcate the sense of *solidarité* amongst all Moslems. And there is an important class among our Sepoys which would be likely to welcome it when offered. I refer to the Delhi Mahmudans, and all those people immediately affected by the downfall of the Moghul Empire. In strolling through the native town, after the fall of Cairo, one saw not a few men, mostly belonging to the cavalry, who had established some sort of intelligible relations with the populace. Those who can speak Arabic are very few, if any exist. More Arabs can make themselves understood in Hindustani, and if time were allowed, at some expense and trouble, interpreters in abundance might be brought from the two Hyderabads and elsewhere. Persian is another link, for a large number of Pathans speak that language more or less. However it was managed, Arab and Sepoy did contrive to talk, before we had been established many days in Cairo. We might observe knots of townspeople, mostly well dressed, surrounding a couple of our native soldiery in the Bazaar. Obsequiously they listened to the strangers' remarks, and commented on them to a gaping crowd. The rude and boisterous manners of the Egyptian are not to be repressed by any motive, since he means no harm, and does not understand why his guileless brutality should give offence. But until the Cairenes made this discovery they laboured under great disadvantages. Opposite the Shoe Bazaar one day, I observed two Sowars talking with earnestness, but with evident difficulty, to a Sayyid. He was grave enough, but the little throng crowded around laughed uproariously in a sympathetic tone. The Sowars broke away in passion, and went on, the Sayyid following. But such misunderstanding would soon have been perceived and rectified by shrewd zealots of El-Azar College and the diplomatic emissaries from Stamboul. It was well our Sepoys departed. Their loyalty in the field lies beyond suspicion. It would be long before the thought of a common cause to fight for, side by side with the "jackals," could seriously be fixed in their minds. But the seeds of a vague Panislamism would not be difficult to plant, if teacher and taught had easy means of communication. And, if they proved too feeble to overcome the contempt and disgust which Egyptian Moslem roused, they might ripen slowly under other skies to a perilous harvest. But I feel sure that the influences of the campaign have been quite the other sort up to now.

WHISTLING.

IN whatever way regarded, either as a graceful accomplishment or as the spontaneous expression of light-heartedness, whistling has in our own and foreign countries generally attracted considerable attention. Why it should have been invested with so much superstitious awe it is difficult to say, but it is a curious fact that the same antipathy which it arouses amongst certain classes of our own countrymen is found existing in the most distant parts of the earth, where, as yet, civilisation has made little or imperceptible progress. Thus Captain Burton¹ tells us how the Arabs dislike to hear a person whistle, called by them *el sifr*. Some maintain that the whistler's mouth is not to be purified for forty days ; while, according to the explanation of others, Satan touching a man's body causes him to produce, what they consider, an offensive sound.² The natives of the Tonga Islands, Polynesia, hold it to be wrong to whistle, as this act is thought to be disrespectful to God.³ In Iceland, the villagers have the same objection to whistling, and so far do they carry their superstitious dread of it that "if one swings about him a stick, whip, wand, or aught that makes a whistling sound, he scares from him the Holy Ghost ;" while other Icelanders, who consider themselves free from superstitions, cautiously give the advice : "Do it not ; for who knoweth what is in the air?" However eccentric these phases of superstitious belief may appear to us, yet it must not be forgotten that very similar notions prevail, at the present day, in this country. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (1879, 5th S. xii. 92), for instance, relates how one day, after attempting in vain to get his dog to obey orders to come into the house, his wife tried to coax it by whistling, when she was suddenly interrupted by a servant, a Roman Catholic, who exclaimed in the most piteous accents, "If you please, ma'am, don't whistle—every time a woman whistles, the heart of the blessed Virgin bleeds." In some districts of North Germany the vil-

¹ *First Footsteps in East Africa*, 1856, p. 142.

² Carl Engel, *Musical Myths and Facts*, 1876, i. 91.

³ *Mariner and Martin : An Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands*, 1818, ii. 131.

lagers say that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep. Speaking, however, of ladies in connection with whistling, it is a widespread superstition that it is at all times unlucky for them to whistle, which, according to one legend, originated in the circumstance that, while the nails for Our Lord's cross were being forged, a woman stood by and whistled. Curiously enough, however, one very seldom hears any of the fair sex indulging in this recreation, although there is no reason, as it has been often pointed out, why they should not whistle with as much facility as the opposite sex. One cause, perhaps, of the absence of this custom among women may be, in a measure, due to the distortion of the features which it occasions. Thus we know how Minerva cast away, with an imprecation, the pipe, which afterwards proved so fatal to Marsyas, when she beheld in the water the disfigurement of her face caused by her musical performance. There are numerous instances on record, nevertheless, of ladies whistling at public entertainments, and charming their audiences with the graceful ease with which they performed such airs as "The Blue Bells of Scotland" or "The Mocking Bird." Indeed, not many years ago, at a grand provincial concert, two sisters excited much admiration by the clever and artistic way in which they whistled a duet.

Referring to whistling performances, Addison, in one of the earlier numbers of the *Spectator*, gives an amusing account of a contest, where a prize of a guinea was to be conferred on the successful competitor who could not only whistle the best, but go through his tune without laughing, and that in spite of the ludicrous antics of a certain Merry Andrew, whose special duty it was to try as far as possible to discompose each of the competitors by making grimaces. On the occasion in question, the competitors were an under-citizen, remarkable for his wisdom—a ploughman endued "with a very promising aspect of inflexible stupidity"—and a footman, who, having captivated his audience by whistling "a Scotch tune and an Italian sonata," carried off the prize. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," relates the remarkable performance of a whistler, who, assuming the name of Rossignol, exhibited at the end of the last century his talent on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, and attracted for some time considerable notice.¹

Anyhow, the universality of the prejudice against women whistling is an acknowledged fact, and there are few localities where one may not hear the familiar rhyme—

A whistling wife and a crowing hen
Will call the old gentleman out of his den.

¹ See an article entitled "Mouth Music" in *Book of Days*, i. 751.

Of course there are various versions, as, for instance, in Northamptonshire, where the peasantry say :—

A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Are neither fit for God nor men.

The Cornish saying is to the same effect: "A whistling woman and a crowing hen are the two unluckiest things under the sun." Similar also is the French proverb: "Une poule qui chante le coq et une fille qui siffle portent malheur dans la maison." The same superstition prevails among the seafaring community; and Mr. Henderson¹ relates how, a few years ago, when a party of friends were about to go on board a vessel at Scarborough, the captain caused no small astonishment by declining in the most emphatic way to allow one of them to enter it: "Not that young lady," he cried out; "she whistles." By a curious coincidence, the vessel was lost on her next voyage; so had the young lady formed one of the party, the misfortune would certainly have been attributed to her. After all, it seems hard that, if the mere act of whistling can help and cheer a man, such a soothing influence should be denied to a woman. "If whistling," says a writer in the *Phrenological Journal*, "will drive away the blues and be company for a lonesome person, surely women have much more need of its services than their brothers, for to them come many more such occasions than to men. There is a physical advantage in whistling which should excuse it against all the canons of propriety or 'good form.' It is often remarked that the average girl is so narrow-chested, and in that respect compares so unfavourably with her brother, which may be due in some measure to the habit of whistling which every boy acquires." An eminent medical authority says: "All the men whose business is to try the wind instruments made at the various factories before sending them off for sale are, without exception, free from pulmonary affections. I have known many who, when entering upon this calling, were very delicate, and who, nevertheless, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time." As the action of blowing wind instruments is the same as that of whistling, the effect should be the same. Whistling has been popularly styled the "devil's music," the reason, in all probability, being that when persons are up to anything wrong and likely to be caught, they assume an air of indifference by whistling. As the daily music of boys, however, it

¹ *Folklore of the Northern Counties*, 1879, p. 43.

may be attributed to want of thought ; and so Cowper, in his description of the "Postman" ("Task," bk. iv.), says :—

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful ; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

In Shield's opera of "The Farmer," the singer—"now a saucy footman"—thus reverts to his boyhood :—

A flaxen-headed cowboy, I whistled o'er the lea,
And then a little ploughboy, as happy as could be.

Dryden, too, says in his "Cymon and Iphygenia" :—

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

And the same idea was perhaps in Milton's mind—

While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land.

Gay, also, wrote in the same strain :—

The ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward, whistles on the way.

The phrase "Whistling in one's fist," which is much in use among the lower orders, especially when they are desirous of sending the sound some distance, consists in bringing the thumbs of both hands together, leaving the hands and closed fingers to form a hollow space ; then, by blowing through the narrow aperture left between the thumbs, a very loud and shrill whistle is produced. In Lincolnshire, in my schooldays, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (4th S., ii. 213), this form of whistling used to be called the "thieves' whistle"—a name, by-the-by, which is still employed in London. Indeed, few subjects have given rise to a greater variety of popular everyday sayings than whistling. Thus the expression, to "pay for one's whistle"—a favourite phrase with George Eliot—means to gratify one's fancy. Again, a thing worthy of notice is said in common parlance to be "worth the whistle" ; the reference obviously being to the ordinary way of calling up a dog. Heywood, for instance, in one of his proverbs, says : "It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling." Shakespeare, too, makes Goneril say to Albany, in "King Lear" (Act iv. sc. 2) :—

I have been worth the whistle.

Then there is the phrase, "to pay too dearly for one's whistle," implying that after a person has paid dearly for something he fancied, he finds it does not answer his expectations. The allusion, says Dr.

Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," is to a story told by Dr. Franklin of his nephew, who set his mind on a common whistle, which he bought of a boy for four times its value. Franklin says, the "ambitious who dance attendant on court, the miser who gives this world and the next for gold, the libertine who ruins his health for pleasure, the girl who marries a brute for money, all in the long run pay too much for their whistle." Once more, the old hackneyed proverbs "to wet one's whistle," and "to whistle for more," allude to the whistle drinking-cups of days gone by. It appears that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, silversmiths devoted a large amount of invention to the production of drinking-tankards, which took the form of men, animals, birds, &c., of most grotesque design.¹ According to one popular device, the cup had to be held in the hand to be filled, and retained there till it was emptied, as then only it could be set on the table. The drinker having swallowed the contents, blew up the pipe at the side, which gave a shrill whistle, and announced to the drawer that more liquor was required. Hence, too, no doubt, originated the phrase "whistle-drunk." Fielding relates how Squire Western, when supping one night at a friend's house, "was indeed whistle-drunk," for before he had swallowed the third bottle he became so entirely overpowered that, though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parson considered him as absent.

The idea of ghosts whistling is still far from extinct in England, and enters largely into the folklore of our peasantry; a superstition which has been associated with the "Seven Whistlers," supposed by some to be phantom birds. Thus, among the colliers of Leicestershire, we are told how, when trade is brisk and money plentiful, disposing them for a drinking frolic, they are said to hear the warning voice of the "Seven Whistlers"—birds sent purposely, as they affirm, by Providence to warn them of an impending danger, and on hearing the signal not a man will descend into the pit until the following day.² Wordsworth, it may be remembered, in one of his sonnets, couples the "Seven Whistlers" with the "Gabriel hounds," those weird, mysterious spectre dogs which with such fiendish yellings haunt the midnight air:—

The poor old man is greater than he seems :
He the seven birds hath seen that never part,
Seen the seven whistlers in their nightly rounds,
And counted them; and oftentimes will start,
For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's hounds.

¹ Chambers' *Book of Days*, ii. 455.

² *Nature*, June 22, 1871, 140; *Notes and Queries*, 4th S. viii, 68.

The superstitious fear attaching to these whistlers is noticed by Spenser in his "Fairie Queene" (Bk. II. Cant. xii. St. 36), where "Among the nation of unfortunate and fatal birds" that flocked about Sir Guyon and the Palmer, it is thus alluded to :—

The whistler shrill, that whoso hears doth die.

It has been suggested that the Whistler is the green plover to which Sir Walter Scott refers in "The Lady of the Lake," where he relates how—

In the plover's shrilly strains
The signal whistle's heard again

—its ominous shrill whistle which startles, with dreadful awe, the midnight traveller as he journeys along some lonely road, sounding far more like a human note than that of a bird. In illustration of this view we may quote the following anecdote related by a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (4th S. viii. 268), which, however, supports the popular theory of the birds in question being supernatural beings: "One evening a few years ago, when crossing one of our Lancashire moors in company with an intelligent old man, he was suddenly startled by the whistling overhead of a covey of plovers. My companion remarked that when a boy the old people considered such a circumstance a bad omen, 'as a person who heard the wandering Jews,' as he called the plovers, 'was sure to be overtaken by some ill-luck.' On questioning my friend about the name given to the birds, he said, 'There is a tradition that they contain the souls of those Jews who assisted at the Crucifixion, and in consequence were doomed to float in the air for ever.' When he arrived at the foot of the moor, a coach by which I had hoped to reach my destination had already started, thereby causing me to continue my journey on foot. The old man reminded me of the omen." To quote a further anecdote recorded by another correspondent of the same journal, we are told how during a thunderstorm which passed over the neighbourhood of Kettering on the evening of September 6, 1871—on which occasion the lightning was very vivid—an unusual spectacle was witnessed; immense flocks of birds were flying about, uttering doleful affrighted cries as they passed over the locality, and for hours they kept up a continual whistling like that made by sea birds. "The following day," adds the writer, "as my servant was driving me to a neighbouring village, this phenomenon of the flight of birds became the subject of conversation, and on asking him what birds he thought they were, he told me they were what were called the 'Seven Whistlers,' and that whenever they were

heard it was considered a sign of some great calamity, and that the last time he heard them was before the great Hartley Colliery explosion ; he had also been told by soldiers that if they heard them they always expected a great slaughter would take place soon. Curiously enough, on taking up the newspaper on the following morning, I saw headed in large letters, 'Terrible Colliery Explosion at Wigan,' &c. This, I thought, would confirm my man's belief in the 'Seven Whistlers.' Among the pieces of folklore connected with whistling may be mentioned that of sailors whistling for a wind on a calm day; an expedient which they believe seldom fails. Thus Longfellow, in his "Golden Legend," speaks of this notion:—

Only a little hour ago,
I was whistling to St. Antonio
For a capful of wind to fill our sail,
And instead of a breeze, he has sent a gale.

Sir Walter Scott, too ("Rokeby," ii. 11), says :—

What gales are sold on Lapland's shore !
How whistle rash bids tempests roar.

Among the numerous anecdotes connected with whistling, it may be remembered that in the train of Anne of Denmark, when she went to Scotland with James VI., was a gigantic Dane of matchless drinking capacity. He possessed an ebony whistle which, at the beginning of a drinking bout, he would lay on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it was by general consent considered to be the "champion of the whistle." It happened, however, that during his stay in Scotland, the Dane was defeated by Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton, who, after three days and three nights of hard drinking, left the Dane under the table, and "blew on the whistle his requiem shrill." The whistle remained in the family seven years, when it was won by Sir Walter Laurie, son of Sir Robert. The last person who carried it off was Alexander Ferguson, of Craig-darroch, son of "Annie Laurie," so well known. Burns has immortalised the subject in a poem, entitled "The Whistle," from which we quote the following stanzas :—

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of a worth,
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.
Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall ;
"This whistle's your challenge—to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, sir, or ne'er see me more !" &c.

The Russians in the Ukraine tell a queer story about a whistling robber of olden times, who evidently was a person of gigantic proportions, for he was in the habit of sitting on nine oak trees at once. One of the nicknames given to him was "Nightingale," on account of his extraordinary whistling powers. Should an unwary traveller come across his path, he would whistle so melodiously that his victim would quickly faint away, whereupon he stepped forward and killed him outright. At last, however, a well-known hero, by name Ilja Marometz, determined to subdue the robber, and having shot him with an arrow, took him prisoner, carrying him off to the court of the Grand Prince Vladimir. Even there he proved dangerous, for when the Grand Prince, merely from curiosity, commanded him to whistle, the Grand Princess and all the royal children being present, the man commenced whistling in such an overpowering manner that soon Vladimir with his whole family would inevitably have been dead had not one of his brave courtiers, perceiving the danger, got up and shut the whistler's mouth.¹

We must not omit to mention the celebrated "Whistling Oyster" which about forty years ago created such a sensation at the small oyster and refreshment rooms situated in Vinegar Yard, near Catherine Street, Strand. "It appears," says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "that about the year 1840, the proprietor of the house in question, which had then, as it has now, a great name for the superior excellence of its delicate little 'natives,' heard a strange and unusual sound proceeding from one of the tubs in which the shell fish lay, piled in layers one over the other, placidly fattening upon oatmeal, and awaiting the inevitable advent of the remorseless knife. Mr. Pearkes, the landlord, listened, hardly at first believing his ears. There was, however, no doubt about the matter. One of the oysters was distinctly whistling, or, at any rate, producing a sort of 'sifflement' with its shell. It was not difficult to detect this phenomenal bivalve, and in a very few minutes he was triumphantly picked out from amongst his fellows, and put by himself in a spacious tub with a bountiful supply of brine and meal. The news spread throughout the town, and for some days the fortunate Mr. Pearkes found his house besieged by curious crowds. That this Arion of oysters did really whistle is beyond all question. How he managed to do so is not upon record." As may be imagined, the jokes to which this fresh wonder of creation gave rise were unlimited; and Thackeray was in the habit of relating an amusing story of his own experience in connection with it. It appears that he was one day in the shop

¹ Carl Engel, *Musical Myths and Facts*, i. 92, 93.

when an American came in to see this startling freak of nature ; after hearing the talented mollusk go through its usual performance, he walked contemptuously out, remarking at the same time that “ it was nothing to an oyster he knew of in Massachusetts, which whistled ‘ Yankee Doodle ’ right through, and followed its master about the house like a dog.” Douglas Jerrold surmised that the oyster had undoubtedly “ been crossed in love, and now whistled to keep up appearances, with an idea of showing that it didn’t care.” The subsequent fate of this interesting creature, says Mr. Walford,¹ “ is a mystery,—whether he was eaten alive, or ignominiously scalloped, or still more ignominiously handed over to the tender mercies of a cook in the neighbourhood, to be served up in a bowl of oyster sauce as a relish to a hot beefsteak. In fact, like the ‘ Lucy ’ of Wordsworth—

None can tell
When the oyster ceased to be.

But it is somewhat singular that so eccentric a creature should have existed in the middle of London, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, and that no history of his career should be on record.” Lastly, although whistling would seem to be as natural an act as that of laughing, yet we are told by Mr. Shortland that it was formerly unknown among the New Zealanders.² When, too, on one occasion a native of Burmah observed an American Missionary whistling, he exclaimed in astonishment, “ Why ! he makes music with his mouth ! ” a remark which the Missionary noted down in his journal with this note : “ It is remarkable that the Burmese are entirely ignorant of whistling.”³

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

¹ *Old and New London*, iii. 284.

² *Traditions of the New Zealanders*, p. 134.

³ Howard Malcolm, *Travels in South-Eastern Asia*, 1839, i. 203.

LAGHETTO.

ABOUT thirteen miles north-east of Nice there is one of the most interesting shrines of pilgrimage in the south of Europe. It is comparatively little known to the ordinary tourist from this country, although it has a wide reputation along the shores of the Mediterranean, and yearly attracts vast numbers from the surrounding districts. It is situated at the head of a long romantic glen, that runs down in a northerly direction from the hills above Monaco to the Valley of the Paglione, on the high road from Nice to Turin. Its position may be most simply and clearly described, by saying that it is on the north side of the high saddle of rocks over which the Corniche road is carried, while Monaco is on the south side, almost directly opposite. There are two ways by which Laghetto may be reached from Nice. When a carriage is required, the route by the famous Corniche road, which is a triumph of engineering skill, is always taken. Where this route attains its greatest elevation, a short distance from the village of Turbia, there is a column standing by the roadside called the *Colonna del Rè*, having been erected to commemorate the visit of one of the kings of Sardinia. Here a road turns off to the left, and descends northwards for two miles to the sanctuary, which lies in a hollow among the mountains, with the conical hill of Monte Sembola on one side and Monte le Bataille on the other—as secluded, though only a short distance from one of the main lines to Genoa, as though it were in the very heart of the Maritime Alps.

The other route is by the Turin road, turning aside to the right where the narrow defile of the Vallon de Laquet commences, at the quiet village of Trinita Vittoria. This route, for the most part along a rough country road, is not available for carriages. It is that which is usually taken by pilgrims from Nice, who generally walk all the way. The sanctuary is about two hours distant from Trinita on foot; and though there are no distant views, the pathway traversing the bottom of a deep winding glen, bounded on both sides by high rocks and wooded banks, numerous little vignettes of beauty and objects of interest may be seen all along the route. The botanist will find

many rare and lovely plants among the shady rocks and along the banks of the stream. Early in spring, the sward beneath the dusky olives is a thickly spangled carpet of scarlet and purple anemones, violets, hepaticas, and tulips, with white and damask petals ; while later on jonquils and daffodils, wild crimson gladiolus and bee orchises, unfold their varied charms, mingled with a profusion of native aromatic plants, whose perfume as the foot crushes them fills all the air. The geologist will be able to trace the formation known as the Gault, well developed all along the valley, with its characteristic fossils ; and at the back of the village of Trinita, where the Green-sand crops out on the surface, he will obtain without any trouble ammonites, pectenites, and numerous other relics of the Eocenic strata : while to the archæologist the beauties of Nature will be enhanced by the solemn associations of the past ; and he will pursue the path with deep interest, when he recalls the fact that it is the old Roman route from Gaul to Italy, the famous *Via Julia Augusta*, which, starting from Venice, passed through Cimiez, the imperial city or metropolis of the district, crossed the summit of La Turbia, and at last joined the other Italian routes at Vado near Savona. This road was afterwards superseded by the *Via Aurelia*, more conveniently constructed along the shore, which became the great military road for the Roman armies. But the associations of the older route are more interesting. It is the identical road called by Aristotle the *Heracleian Way*, by which, as Diodorus Siculus tells us, Hercules crossed the Alps from the country of the Ligurians into Italy, having made a road which clave alike the clouds and the rocks ; a myth which modern critics have prosaically interpreted, as referring to the trading visits of the ancient Phœnicians to the Celto-Ligurian settlers on the shores of Provence. On this road was discovered some years ago a miliarium, or milestone, now preserved in the Library of Nice, which marked the 605th mile from Rome. A streamlet flows along the side of the path all the way, whose crystal clear waters murmur and sparkle through the fervid noon, and give a keen sensation of home-like pleasure in a parched calcareous region, where running brooks and gushing springs are almost unknown.

Towards the end of last April, a party of us set out for this sanctuary from Nice in two carriages. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the sunshine, transparent and crystalline, like the light coming through a precious stone, bringing out with the utmost vividness the colour of every object, and making an exquisite picture of the homeliest scene. Through the soft mild air the far-off distances appeared wonderfully near and distinct. It was one of those perfect

days—so common in that glorious climate, so rare in ours—that make mere living an enjoyment. The views as we ascended the Corniche road spread out into greater magnificence with every mile we traversed. On the one side rose up from profound valleys the rugged spurs and offshoots of the mountains, covered on the lower slopes with a monotonous olive drapery, and crowned on their tops with grey desolate rocks ; while on the distant horizon far up appeared the long chain of the Maritime Alps, the higher peaks covered with the purest snow, like so many great white thrones, dominating all the scene with their ineffable purity and grandeur. On the other side, far below, was the wonderfully varied coast line extending to Ventimiglia and Bordighera, with its steep precipices, cultivated terraces, curved bays, and far-projecting promontories, embosomed in a perfect wilderness of olive, pine, carouba, and other greenery. And away out to the southern horizon stretched the vast sapphire plain of the Mediterranean, its farthest line quivering in the golden sunlight, and near the shore its limpid waters shimmering and glittering like the neck of a peacock with an iridescent mingling of colours. The rocks that rose here and there on the right side of the road in castellated ruins were bare and blanched by sun and wind, and softened in their crevices by clusters of tall lilac lavatera, bushes of the yellow tree-euphorbia, and purple tufts of rosemary and thyme. We passed the lofty isolated rock, on the summit of which the village of Eza was romantically perched, its cluster of grey roofs and ruined castle standing out with marvellous distinctness against the deep blue sky. And a few miles farther on we came to Turbia, a quaint mediæval village astride upon a col or saddle-back between two great limestone peaks, famous for its ruined triumphal tower or Trophæa (whence its modern name) erected by Cæsar Augustus to commemorate his victory over the Ligurian hordes. Tennyson, in his fine poem on “The Daisy,” written at Edinburgh, refers to this mountain fortress, which is a remarkable object in the landscape—

What Roman strength Turbia show'd
In ruin, by the mountain road ;

How like a gem, beneath, the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell,
The torrent vineyard streaming fell,

To meet the sun and sunny waters,
That only heaved with a summer swell.

It must have been in Roman days a strong defence, placed as it was on the boundary line between Italy and Gaul, on the highest part of

the pass, over the most inaccessible spur of the Maritime Alps. Lonely and humble as the village now looks, it can boast of having given no less than two Emperors to Rome, Vitellius and Pertinax, who are said to have been born at Turbia. At this grim memorial of vanished Roman power, we turned aside by a road to the left, and in a quarter of an hour came to the end of our journey.

Nothing could be more romantic than the first glimpse we got of Laghetto. On a rocky plateau, rising abruptly out of the deep dell, was a grey monastic pile surmounted by a weather-stained campanile, and clustered round it were a few picturesque-looking houses. The verdure of the olive and pine-woods on the slopes, and of the bean and wheat-fields in the depths of the valley, contrasted most strikingly with the sterile rocks that crowned the heights, grey and leafless as the foundations of the earth on the first morning of creation. It looked like a green oasis set in the heart of a hard stony desert. Of all quiet places this was surely the quietest. It seemed the very Sabbath of nature. A balmy silence steeped the slumbering monastery, and the drowsy homes around it, whose walls and roofs had caught the ripened brown and red hues of many vanished summers. Nature here hushes all the babbling voices of the seasons. No sound comes from the little stream that flows far down through the valley; the very breeze itself is stilled; and the pines on the crest of the hill stand unmoved in the sunshine. Only the soft chime of the monastery bells floats in undulating cadence over the scene, investing everything with a magic spell and completing the enchantment of the place. A sad sentiment of antiquity pervades all the air. Memories of the Romans who used to pass to and fro through the valley, and of stern struggles between the rulers of the world and the native barbaric races contending for hearth and field, haunt the mind. The monastery is a very incrustation of history; and, like Madeline in the "Eve of St. Agnes," we are apt to fall asleep and dream in the lap of legends old. This peaceful nook is so near to the great world: only a narrow ridge of rocks separates it from Monte Carlo, that temple of vice to whose gorgeous shrine all the fashion and worldliness of Europe crowd. It is separated widely, not only by space but by sentiment, from the stirring world of steam and thought whence we came. Here the past seems to be winnowed for us. The barbarous element has vanished; we have the romance without the hardness of fact; we enjoy the best of former ages in unison with the advantages of the present. We can cherish here a poetic faith, a devotion to ideal beauty, which differs widely from superstitious and fills up the void left in the mind by the absence of

worldly associations. The name Laghetto points to the time when the whole region belonged to Italy. It is more allied by language and sentiment to that sunny land of romance than to France, to which it now politically belongs. The monastic feeling to which it gives expression is native to the deeply religious Italian soil, whereas it seems more or less an exotic in the hard, practical, matter-of-fact land of France. The Italian names of this part of Provence are now adapted to French pronunciation, but they sound infinitely softer and more beautiful in the original form. Laghetto means in Italian a little lake. The name retains the memory of a time beyond the annals of the present inhabitants of the place, when the hollow at the foot of the village was filled with water, and the blue eye of a little lake reflected the smile of the sky where there is now a dull empty socket of green fields and grey rocks. The water was, in all likelihood, drained away in order to reclaim the land for agricultural purposes ; but whether it was done by the Romans or by the primitive Ligurian people of the valley there is no record to tell.

The origin of the sanctuary of Laghetto is lost in the mists of antiquity. There was a chapel there from time immemorial, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and a number of poor peasants' huts were clustered around it. It was entirely forgotten by the world and abandoned to ruin, when the incident occurred which brought it out of its obscurity, and invested it all at once with a wonderful sanctity. A woman of some position and influence belonging to Monaco, of the name of Hyacinthe Casanova, was attacked in 1652 by an incurable disease. She thought in her extremity of the little ruined chapel of the Mother of Jesus at Laghetto, and had herself carried to the place ; and there for three days she invoked the help of the Virgin, whose intercession on her behalf was so successful that she returned to Monaco perfectly cured. Full of gratitude, she resolved to pay her vows in public at the shrine of her benefactress ; and so astonishing was the cure that all the inhabitants of the town accompanied her in her pious pilgrimage. Other miracles were performed on the occasion. Great numbers of persons afflicted with various diseases thereupon came to Laghetto, and went away healed. The reputation of the place spread far and wide, and in a few months it became the most noted and popular shrine in the south of Europe. In the following year no fewer than thirty-six processions set out from Nice, Mentone, and other parts of the Riviera, to visit the altar of Notre Dame de Laghetto. The former primitive chapel, which had been almost a ruin, was demolished, and on its site was erected the present handsome church. Gifts from all quarters were lavishly bestowed with which to enrich

and adorn the shrine. In an astonishingly short space of time the building was finished, and the Bishop of Nice went to consecrate it, accompanied by a large assemblage of priests and upwards of thirty thousand of the inhabitants carrying torches. In the square in front the commune of Nice, in token of gratitude for the great benefits conferred upon the district by the church, erected shortly afterwards a fountain, bearing the following inscription in Latin: "Pilgrim, thou findest here two springs; one descends from heaven, the other from the mountains. The first is a treasure which the Holy Virgin distributes to the piety of the faithful; the second has been conducted here by the Niçois. Drink of the one and the other, if thou thirstest for both." Whatever may be thought of the spring of superstitious piety here alluded to, there can be no doubt regarding the excellence of the natural spring. A copious flow of the purest and coldest water, from some distant source among the mountains, falls incessantly into a deep wide basin with a most soothing sound. How delightful it was, when almost blinded with the glare of white arid rocks baking in the sunshine, without a particle of vegetation, to gaze upon the cool face of that fountain, drink new life and vigour from its overflowing cup, and lave the hot feverish hands through its limpid crystal. It was a baptism of refreshment to all the senses. Here was, to us, a miracle far more interesting and wonderful than the miracles of the neighbouring shrine—the old miracle of the smiting of the desert rock and the production of the life-giving flood from its side. Nothing but a miracle, one would suppose, could produce water from those fearfully sterile crags, that looked like the naked ribs of the earth, or the refuse cast out into this waste out-of-the-way corner, after the rocks of the world had been formed.

The early years of the church were associated with a very sad incident, which helped still further to bring it into notice. During the absence of Honoré II., Prince of Monaco, who was invited to Paris to take part in the festivities connected with the coming of age of the King of France, his only son, the Marquis de Baux, was accidentally shot at the convent of Carnolis, near Mentone. This promising prince, who was greatly beloved on account of his many virtues by all who knew him, went with his wife and children to spend the day at this convent, and while taking part in some amusements in the garden—firing with pistols at a target—the pistol of one of his attendants caught in his shoulder-belt while he was taking it out and went off suddenly, wounding two of the bystanders and striking the Marquis de Baux in the spine. Everything that could be done for the unfortunate prince was done. He was carried

back immediately to Monaco, but, after a night of great suffering, he died the following day, interceding almost with his last breath for his terror-stricken attendant, that he should not be made to suffer in any way for what had been a pure accident. The grief of his father when he heard the dreadful news was, as may be imagined, overpowering. He left Paris immediately, and arrived at home in time to pay the last sad rites to his son. The whole principality shared in the sorrow of the heart-broken father; for the people had looked forward to the succession of the young heir as to a period of unusual happiness and prosperity to the little State. The widow was almost crushed by the terrible fate that in a moment had befallen her. The only consolation that could reach her was in connection with the offices of religion. She went constantly to the shrine of Our Lady at Laghetto, to offer her gifts and propitiate her prayers for the repose of the soul of her husband. Often in the quiet afternoons, leaving her children behind, and accompanied only by one servant, might she be seen, clad in garments of deepest woe, climbing up the steep height above Monaco, and wending her way over the intervening ridge, on her pathetic errand to the sacred shrine; and for years afterwards the fame of her devotion and the splendour of her presents drew many pilgrims of sorrow to the same spot.

About twenty years after the church had been finished, a square of monastic buildings was erected around it, which added greatly to the picturesque appearance of the whole structure. In 1675 a number of Carmelite friars were installed in the monastery, who professed to live after the pattern of the great prophet whom they claimed as their founder. Between the rocks of Carmel and the desolate rocks of Laghetto a poetical mind might see some suggestive resemblance. Very picturesque these white friars must have looked, with their snowy frocks and dark brown tunics and scapularies, moving about among the quiet scenes of the valley, or going to and fro among the neighbouring villages, carrying their religious ministrations to every castle and cottage. Although the order was not so popular on the Continent as in England, where they had no less than fifty great houses at one time, it possessed in this part of the Riviera a larger amount of influence than any other fraternity, and they invariably used it for good purposes. We met one of the brethren in our rambles around the monastery, with whom we entered into conversation. He seemed a thoughtful and amiable man. He told us with much pride that the Queen of England had recently paid a visit to the place from Mentone, and was greatly interested in

all that she saw. The fathers have had rather a troubled history. In 1792 the shock of the first French Revolution was felt in this remote solitude. The French army invaded Nice, and the three communes of Monaco, Mentone, and Roccabruna seized the opportunity to plant the tree of liberty in each town, while the inhabitants of Nice signified their wish to be annexed to the French Republic, forming a portion of the 85th Department under the name of the Maritime Alps. During this stormy period all property belonging to churches, ecclesiastical corporations, convents, and confraternities was confiscated by the nation and kept under its charge. The monastery of Laghetto shared in the fate of the other religious institutions throughout France. The monks were expelled, and the buildings were transformed into an hospital, and used some time afterwards by the wounded soldiers of Bonaparte's army, returning from the victories achieved in Italy. Better days, however, succeeded. The First Consul restored the monastery to its original use; and, when Nice and the surrounding country became absorbed as before in the kingdom of Sardinia, the Carmelite friars returned to their cells, and the place resumed its old monastic quiet and seclusion.

The royal house of Savoy had always a great predilection for this retreat. When the church and monastery were finished, the princes sent ex-voto offerings; and later Charles Emanuel, in gratitude for the recovery of his son from a severe illness, presented a bambino of massive gold to the shrine, which may still be seen there. An inscription on a column in front of the church records a very touching and romantic incident connected with the house of Savoy. In 1849, ten years before the liberation of Italy, a traveller was seen by the monks in the afternoon of March 24th riding slowly down the road that led from Turbia to the monastery, accompanied by a servant also on horseback. His head was bent low, and he seemed greatly dejected. As he drew near they went forth to meet him. They did not know who he was, and they did not like to inquire; but from the dignity of his mien and the richness of his trappings, they were convinced that he was a personage of exalted rank. They offered him the hospitality of the monastery. He said he would sleep with them and take some refreshment, but he must first seek the consolations of the confessional. In the morning, after an early breakfast, he departed with his attendant; but hardly was he out of sight when a number of officers rode up and inquired for Charles Albert of Sardinia. The monks thus learned for the first time the real rank of their mysterious guest. He had come straight from the

fatal field of Novara, where, in spite of the intrepid courage which he and his two sons displayed, his troops, composed in large measure of raw recruits and without sufficient confidence in the cause that had brought them together, were early panic-stricken and utterly defeated by the Austrian army. The victories of the Piedmontese soldiers on the Adige, where they made themselves masters of nearly the whole of Lombardy, were thus by one terrible stroke reversed, and the bright hour of fortune for the Italian nationality was lost, as it seemed, for ever. The story of the memorable 23rd of March has been often told. When the fortune of battle went against him, Charles Albert exclaimed to General Durando, who led his army, "General, this is my last day; let me die." Later in the day he summoned his officers about him, and declared his intention to resign the crown to the Duke of Savoy, his eldest son; he then bade them farewell, wrote a parting letter to his wife, and made his appearance at the quarters of the Austrian commander, Count Thurn, in the disguise of a count, and being allowed to pass the Austrian lines—his real rank being perfectly well known—he departed in the direction of Nice. Few pictures in history are more touching than that of the gallant king, turning his back upon the bloody field where he had staked and lost all in one last throw, wending his way alone and unknown, utterly weary and sick of life, to this solitary sanctuary among the distant mountains. His personal abilities, his patriotic hopes, the noblest and most unselfish dreams of his life, had gone down in utter darkness, and there was nothing but failure and despair on every side. Who can tell what a night of misery that was, which he spent sleeplessly under the sacred roof, when his groans and sighs were heard by the monks in the neighbouring cells? That was the last night which the brave but unfortunate monarch ever passed upon his native soil. From that fatal day he abdicated his throne, abandoned his country, and died shortly afterwards in Portugal of a broken heart. Could he have foreseen the bright future for his country that was to rise in ten short years from this terrible ruin, when the gallant son—the never-to-be-forgotten Victor Emanuel, who was consecrated to the task on the field of Novara by a baptism of blood—should reign over an emancipated and united Italy from Venice to Palermo, and the house of Savoy should become one of the foremost powers of Europe, he might well have had faith and patience to endure his misfortunes; but coming events for him did not cast their shadows before. The fervent prayers which he offered up for his country on that sorrowful night were answered far beyond what he had ever

anticipated ; and the cause of freedom, on whose altar, along with many other precious Italian lives, he was offered up as a victim, in the end gloriously triumphed. The column, which commemorates the romantic visit of the King of Sardinia to the place, has an additional painful interest connected with it, from the circumstance that it is no longer on Italian soil. The last resting-place of the king in his native land, on his way to exile and death, no longer belongs to his house. It was transferred to the French Government after the peace of Villafranca, along with the whole beautiful province of Nice—a cession which Garibaldi, whose birthplace was in this province, never forgave, and which injured Count Cavour, by whom it was effected, very deeply in the minds of all Italians.

So late as the winter of 1874 the French endeavoured to suppress the monastery of Laghetto, and the buildings were actually put up for sale. No one cared to make such a sacrilegious bargain ; and the monks, for a comparatively small sum which was raised by the contributions of their brethren throughout France and Italy, were allowed to buy back their house. Since then they have been suffered to remain quietly in possession of their retreat. But much of the old prestige of the place is gone. The number of the monks has been greatly reduced. There is an air of decay and neglect about the spot. Round the four sides of the square mass of buildings run the cloisters, whose walls are decorated with thousands of votive offerings. In this place they have taken the shape exclusively of little coloured pictures inclosed in black wooden or gilded frames, representing some terrible accident or grievous disease in which the Virgin of Laghetto interfered for the rescue or recovery of the sufferer. The variety was exceedingly great. Here a boat was upset in a violent storm, and succour was miraculously sent to the helpless occupants when they were just about to sink in the wild waves ; there a carriage was seen in the act of falling down a lofty precipice, and the inmates alighting in a most wonderful manner upon a soft piece of green sod far below, almost unhurt. Patients far gone in consumption, or wasting away in some other mortal illness, and recovering at the last moment when all hope was gone, formed favourite subjects of pictorial art ; nor were there wanting in these pictures the most sensational accessories in the shape of livid and ghastly countenances, basins of blood, and loathsome sores. A few were a little more quiet and decent than others ; but in every case the art was of the rudest and most sensational description. At the corner of each picture there was a very bright blue, red, or yellow Madonna, sitting on a cloud of glory and peering benevolently

down upon the scene of accident or suffering. It was altogether a savage exhibition, reminding one in a way of the scenes which Dante chiselled in words, or Orcagna preached in colours; haunting one like the awful frescoes on the walls of St. Stefano Rotondo at Rome. And yet, ludicrous or revolting as were the incidents depicted, one could not help regarding them with a certain sad feeling of reverence, as the expression of a faith which, however ignorant and superstitious, was deep and self-sacrificing—the highest and holiest thing that belonged to these primitive natures. The church presented no architectural or decorative feature of any significance. The rude anatomical pictures of the cloisters were excluded from the walls, and their place was occupied by silver models of hearts, legs, and other parts of the human frame, hung up as memorials of cures effected upon them by the miraculous power of the Madonna. These were the votive offerings of richer members of the community, and were, therefore, as became their intrinsic value, assigned the place of honour in the sanctuary. In one corner there was a pyramid of crutches piled one above another, reaching nearly up to the ceiling. They were of all sizes, from a child's to an old man's. Some had seen much service, and had borne their owners a long way down the journey of life; others were comparatively new, and had evidently been worn but a short time. Perhaps no votive offerings were made with greater cordiality than these discarded instruments, for, as they had become superfluous to man, heaven might find a use for them. One of the most pathetic things in the pile was a child's steel boot, left here in gratitude when the Virgin had healed the deformity. The interior of the church was very dark and sepulchral, the only light coming from the roof and from some dim lamps that hung suspended from the ceiling. Opposite the chapel there was a room fitted up with a counter and shelves like a shop, containing photographs of the monastery and of the Virgin of Laghetto, and a large assortment of rosaries, where evidently a considerable amount of lucrative business was done during the season. The shop was opened for my special benefit, and I purchased a few souvenirs of the place.

The great day in the annals of Laghetto is the fête of La Trinità, on May 16. Lady Day, March 25, being the date of the annunciation of the Virgin Mary, used to be observed with great solemnity; but the festival of La Trinità for more than a century has been set apart for the annual pilgrimage to the shrine. Although of late the fête has been shorn of much of its former grandeur and importance, yet still the number of carriages of every kind, and the thousands of travellers on foot, that crowd almost every inch of the road from Nice

and Turbia, and all the mountain paths that lead to the shrine of Our Lady of Laghetto, form a scene that baffles description, and brings back in all its vividness one of the most characteristic incidents of the middle ages. The pilgrims usually started from Nice at midnight. A favoured few, so far as there was accommodation for them, were received into the monastery, but thousands had to encamp in the open air during the three days that the fête lasted. But in that mild, dry climate there was no hardship in this ; rather was it a pleasant change from their ordinary mode of life. They took provisions with them ; and the whole scene assumed the appearance of a gigantic picnic party. They spent the time in gossiping, lounging about, dancing the tarantella, singing the peasant songs as old as the days of the troubadours, and paying their devotions at the shrine. Their prayers, in order to be complete and efficacious, required to be made in nine circuits round the church ; and the "Salve Regina" had to be repeated seven times in each circuit. For this meritorious act, a thousand years' plenary indulgence was granted. It was announced beforehand that three miraculous cures would be wrought by the interposition of the Virgin on the occasion. But, like the response of the Delphic oracle, there was a grand ambiguity in the announcement, affording very considerable latitude for faith and hope. The priests did not condescend to tell the names of the favoured persons, or the nature of the trouble that would be healed. They left each person in the crowd of afflicted patients who sought the shrine happy in the hope that his or her case would engage the special attention of heaven. And in this respect the ecclesiastics acted with consummate wisdom ; for, apart altogether from what might be the curative effect of such a hope held out to each individual, and the beneficial influence of the excitement and novelty of the scene, and the fact that many of the disorders would be nervous and imaginary, and capable of being easily removed by a change of circumstances such as the occasion afforded, they could safely calculate, according to the law of probabilities, that out of so many hundreds, at least three would, in the natural order of things, be restored to health and vigour.

The cold scientific spirit of this age has breathed upon these pilgrimages, and chilled perceptibly the fervour of their faith and devotion. The priests are using all possible means to keep alive and fan the flame of fanaticism among the uncultivated masses, without success. The feelings of the country people are anything but religious at bottom. It is not the religious element in the scene that attracts them, but the opportunity it gives them for

idleness and social enjoyment. For once in the year the hard-worked people, who toil on their freehold ground without any relaxation from January to December, spending even their Sundays, after mass, in strolling over their fields and picking out the weeds, have a day to themselves to be happy in their own way, and therefore they prize it. But they attach little importance to the religious ceremonies connected with it. Those who know the Niçois peasants well say that they have a kind of animal scepticism, which predisposes them at times to superstition, but is usually combined with a keen desire for money, and entire indifference to all that does not concern directly their personal interests. The full paraphernalia of Ultramontane Catholicism have departed from Italy, where they originated ; they linger still in a dying condition at Laghetto and Paray-le-Monial, in the southern parts of France ; but the victorious advance of modern progress will ere long sweep away all such pilgrimages and religious masquerades. Nice is too much pervaded by English ideas to continue much longer to furnish its quota of pilgrims to the annual processions to the mountain sanctuary in its neighbourhood.

In the dry bed of the principal stream, below the walls of the monastery, we spread our luncheon upon the white pebbles. The arch of a bridge near at hand gave us a charming vista of the rocky mountains beyond ; while the precipitous banks opposite were clothed with tender deciduous foliage, in the first fresh greenness of the southern spring. Tall umbrella-pines and cypresses cast down their moveless shadows ; the ivy wreathed the rocks around us, in striking contrast with masses of white hawthorn bloom and the yellow tassels of the coronilla. Beside us, springing from the grassy patches that grew on the margin of the stream, and faithfully preserving, in spite of the heat, the memory of the vanished waters that had once nourished them, there were large tufts of the strange leafless *Aphyllanthes*, consisting only of flower and stem, as if a bunch of rushes, through long gazing at the heavens, had all at once broken out in sympathy into blue blossoms. Nowhere else in the Riviera, to which and to Australia on the other side of the world this class of plants belongs, did I see such singularly beautiful specimens. And, as if to complete the picture, a large Judas tree stood right before us, with crimson ringlets of blossoms falling around it from every spray—a perfect feast of colour, transfigured by the brilliant sunshine until it glowed like a shower of rubies. One could lie there like a lizard on a stone, happy in the simple, warm, delightful sense of being amid such scenes of beauty. Unawed

THE CARLYLE-EMERSON CORRESPONDENCE.¹

THE life-long friendship between Carlyle and Emerson, of which this newly published Correspondence is at once the fruit and the history, originated, as every reader of "English Traits" remembers, in the memorable pilgrimage which the latter was prompted to make to the lonely Scottish moorland home at Craigenputtock, to see the yet unknown author of certain review papers which he "had already distinguished from the mass of English periodical criticism as by far the most original and profound essays of the day." This remarkable though brief visit, which Emerson has described at some length, took place in latter August, 1833. Emerson was then just thirty years old, Carlyle well-nigh thirty-eight.

The Correspondence, it may be premised, covers a period of nearly forty years. It was opened by Emerson, who, on his return to America, after this first visit to England, wrote to Carlyle for the first time from Boston on May 14, 1834. It was closed by Carlyle, whose last letter is dated "Chelsea, April 2, 1872," a few months before Emerson's third visit to England in November of that year. "After this time," the editor of these volumes informs us, "no letters passed between him and Carlyle. They were both old men. Writing had become difficult to them. They were secure in each other's affection." It may be further premised that a *lacuna* occurs here and there throughout the book, several of the letters on both sides being unfortunately lost or mislaid. It is to be hoped that some, if not all, of these, may yet be recovered. Of the remnant, preserved from destruction, and now become an inalienable possession to us, there exist, and are here printed, no fewer than eighty-four letters from Emerson to Carlyle, and eighty-nine from Carlyle to Emerson.

These letters form, as we have said, a history of one of the most beautiful and remarkable friendships hitherto recorded in literary

¹ *The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834-72.* (Two Volumes, 8vo.) London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1883.

annals. Let us begin at the beginning, and try and see something of what it presents to our view.

Emerson had been delighted with his visit. "Many a time upon the sea in my homeward voyage," he writes, "I remembered with joy the favoured condition of my lonely philosopher, his happiest wedlock, his fortunate temper, his steadfast simplicity, his all means of happiness—not that I had the remotest hope that he should so far depart from his theories as to expect happiness." That is what an authentic and credible witness reports of the tenour of the life at Craigenputtock.

By the time Carlyle received this letter he had already migrated from that solitary moorland home in Dumfriesshire, and settled his household gods at No. 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, which remained his home for the rest of his life, and from which his first letter to Emerson is dated, August 12, 1834. "Craigenputtock now stands solitary in the wilderness, with none but an old woman and foolish grouse-destroyers in it; and we for the last ten weeks, after a fierce universal disruption, are here with our household gods. I came to London for the best of all reasons—to seek bread and work. So it literally stands; and so do I literally stand with the hugest, gloomiest Future before me, which in all sane moments I good-humouredly defy." The possibility of a visit to America is vaguely hinted at, and is frequently reverted to in the earlier letters. The idea was much encouraged by Emerson, who proposed lecturing and other schemes, but no definite plan was ever settled on. Carlyle was not destined to cross the Atlantic, as Emerson would fain have induced him to do. In a postscript to this first letter Carlyle refers to the death of Coleridge, which had then newly happened. "How great a possibility, how small a realised result!"

In his next letter (February 3, 1835) Carlyle, alluding to the distance their letters have to traverse before reaching their destination, writes: "On the whole, as the Atlantic is so broad and deep, ought we not to esteem it a beneficent miracle that messages can arrive at all; that a little slip of paper will skim over all these weltering floods, and other inextricable confusions, and come at last, in the hand of the twopenny postman, safe to your lurking-place, like [the] green leaf in the bill of Noah's dove?" He condoles with, and consoles Emerson on the loss of his brother (Edward Bliss Emerson). He combats certain "objections to Goethe" to which Emerson had given expression, though he admits them to be very natural. "I am by no means sure," he adds, "that it were not your wisdom, at this moment, to set about learning the German language,

with a view towards studying *him* mainly ! . . . It is impossible you can be more a Puritan than I ; nay, I often feel as if I were far too much so : but John Knox himself, could he have seen the peaceable impregnable *fidelity* of that man's mind, and how to him also duty was *infinite*,—Knox would have passed on wondering,—not reproaching." The spectacle thus suggested to our imagination of "sour John Knox" regarding such an iridescent æsthete, such a cultured pagan, as Goethe was, and so hopelessly irredeemable a worldling as the grim Scottish preacher would have accounted him, with any feeling ever so remotely akin to complacency, or in any attitude ever so distantly approaching to acquiescence, reminds us, irresistibly, by its strange incongruity, of the still more ludicrous predicament in which a great living poet conceives him to be placed—carried off forcibly to the playhouse at one of the chief Continental capitals of pleasure, and fastened down in a front-row box, whilst the ballet was being danced off by the performers in trousers and tunic !¹

The subject of a visit to America is again mooted, but only to be dismissed. "As for America and lecturing, it is a thing I do sometimes turn over, but never yet with any seriousness. . . . I should rather fancy America mainly a new Commercial England, with a fuller pantry,—little more or little less. The same unquenchable, almost frightfully unresting spirit of endeavour, directed to the making of money, or money's worth ; namely, food, finer and finer, and gigmanic renown higher and higher : nay, must not your gigmanity be a *purse-gigmanity*, some half-shade worse than a *purse-and-pedigree* one ? . . . So that you see when I set foot on American land, it will be on no Utopia." He asks for details about a series of lectures in the chief cities of the United States, expenses, net pecuniary result, &c., all of which Emerson supplies with business-like precision in a subsequent letter ; but, as the reader knows, nothing was destined to come of it.

In a letter dated from Chelsea, May 13, 1835, Carlyle informs Emerson of a great mischance that had befallen. The story has been so often and so variously related, with such curious discrepancies in detail, that it is interesting to read it again in the words of the chief sufferer. For some time past Carlyle had been earnestly devoting himself to the accomplishment of his first great self-imposed task since his settlement in London,—“The French Revolution, a History.” “By dint of continual endeavour,” he writes, “for many weary weeks, I had got the first volume rather handsomely finished : from amid infinite contradictions I felt as if

¹ Robert Browning : *Bells and Pomegranates*.

my head were fairly above water, and I could go on writing my poor book, defying the devil and the world, with a certain degree of assurance, and even of joy. A friend borrowed this volume of manuscript,—a kind friend but a careless one. One evening, about two months ago, he came in on us, ‘distraction (literally) in his aspect’; the manuscript, left carelessly out, had been torn up as waste paper, and all but three or four tatters was clean gone! . . . We had to gather ourselves together, and show a smooth front to it; which happily, though difficult, was not impossible to do. I began again at the beginning; to such a wretched paralysing torpedo of a task as my hand never found to do; at which I have worn myself these two months to the hue of saffron, to the humour of incipient desperation.” The same letter contains a curious allusion to Wordsworth, couched in a strain of somewhat reserved and qualified praise. Carlyle had seen Wordsworth twice, it appears, during the past winter, “at considerable length, with almost no disappointment. He is a *natural* man; flows like a natural well yielding mere wholesomeness, though, as it would not but seem to me, in *small* quantity, and astonishingly *diluted*. Franker utterance of mere garrulities and even platitudes I never heard from any man; at least, never, whom I could *honour* for uttering them. I am thankful for Wordsworth; as in great darkness and perpetual *sky-rockets* and *coruscations*, one were for the smallest clear-burning farthing candle.” After this comparison of Wordsworth to a farthing candle, Carlyle’s niece, who piously attended him in his declining years, need not feel too much abased at finding herself described as a “*rushlight*” (vol. ii. p. 316).

The growing reputation of Carlyle’s writings in the United States, enabled Emerson, in 1836 and several succeeding years, to be very serviceable to his friend in procuring the publication of authorised reprints of Carlyle’s writings in America, eventually with substantial pecuniary benefit to the author, which was highly acceptable in those early years of arduous struggle and noble poverty. “*Sartor Resartus*,” though no bargain was yet made as to money in that case, led the way, being published at Boston (by James Munroe and Co.) early in 1836, with a preface by Emerson. “*Sartor*” had not yet appeared in England as a separate volume. Its publication had been confined to *Fraser’s Magazine*, where it appeared piece-meal from time to time, a few copies being separately struck off from the *Fraser* types and circulated privately, as a stitched pamphlet, with a title-page bearing the words: “*Sartor Resartus: In Three Books. Reprinted for Friends, from Fraser’s Magazine, London, 1834.*” Of this rather shabby and very limited issue (not published in any sense) Carlyle

had sent several copies across the Atlantic to Emerson, the gradual distribution of which among a select circle had awakened a keen interest in, and eager demand for the book, which suggested and seemed to justify its republication in a more satisfactory form. In a letter dated September 17, 1836 Emerson reports that "the five hundred copies of the 'Sartor' are all sold;" and at the end of March in the following year (1837), he writes: "The second edition of 'Sartor' is out, and sells well." No English edition saw the light for yet another year: in 1838 it was published in London for the first time in separate book form by Saunders and Otley.

In that letter of September 17, 1836, Emerson had a sad message to send to Carlyle—the news of the death of his brother Charles, which had happened in the preceding May. The memory of Charles Chauncy Emerson, we are assured by the editor of this Correspondence, "still survives fresh and beautiful in the hearts of the few" yet remaining, "who knew him in life. A few papers of his, published in *The Dial*, show to others what he was and what he might have become." Emerson himself, in breaking the news to Carlyle, describes this brother of his as "the friend and companion of many years, the inmate of my house, a man of a beautiful genius, born to speak well, and whose conversation for these last years has treated every grave question of humanity, and has been my daily bread. I have put so much dependence on his gifts that we made but one man together; for I needed never to do what he could do by noble nature much better than I." And more follows, with true fraternal affection and true human pathos in it, about the bright hopes of the future nipped in the bud.

In February 1837 Carlyle reports that his "French Revolution" is at last actually finished and passing through the press. "In not many weeks my hands will be washed of it! You can have little conception of the feeling with which I wrote the last word of it, one night in early January, when the clock was striking ten, and our frugal Scotch supper coming in! I did not cry; nor I did not pray: but could have done both."

The perusal of "The Diamond Necklace," of the "Mirabeau" paper, and of a proof-sheet of "The French Revolution," inspired Emerson with an idea which finds very vivid and picturesque expression in his next letter (March 31, 1837). "I thought as I read this piece" (he refers here more immediately to "The Diamond Necklace"), "that your strange genius was the instant fruit of your London. It is the aroma of Babylon. Such as the great metropolis, such is this style: so vast, enormous, related to all the world, and so

endless in details. I think you see as pictures every street, church, parliament-house, barrack, baker's shop, mutton-stall, forge, wharf, and ship, and whatever stands, creeps, rolls, or swims thereabouts, and make all your own."

In a letter from Carlyle, dated June 1, we hear of his first course of lectures, before "an audience of London quality people, on the subject of German Literature." On September 13, Emerson acknowledges receipt of a gift-copy of the newly published "French Revolution," in three volumes. Eleven hundred and sixty-six copies of "Sartor" have been sold; and it suggests itself, or is suggested to Emerson, that Carlyle's friends might have made a sum for the author by publishing it themselves, instead of leaving it with a bookseller. Instantly he wondered why he had never had such a thought before, and went straight to Boston and made a bargain with a bookseller to print "The French Revolution." "There is yet, I believe, no other copy in the country than mine: so I gave him the first volume, and the printing is begun." In February 1838, Emerson announces another project for collecting a couple of volumes of Carlyle's "Miscellanies." "We shall print them on the same plan as the History, and hope so to turn a penny for our friend again. I surely should not do this thing without consulting you as to the selection, but that I had no choice. If I waited, the bookseller would have done it himself and carried off the profit." It must be recollected that the "Miscellanies," like "Sartor," had not yet been published in book-form in England.

The scheme for a collected edition of Carlyle's "Miscellanies" eventually swelled from two into four volumes. Many of the succeeding letters on both sides are occupied mainly with details respecting these transactions, which Emerson appears to have conducted and concluded in a thoroughly effective and business-like manner, the net pecuniary result to Carlyle (a matter of some importance to him at that period) being, during this and the six or seven succeeding years, by no means inconsiderable.

For all this energy displayed by his friend Carlyle is, of course, very grateful. "You have been very brisk and helpful," he writes, "in this business of the 'Revolution' book, and I give you many thanks and commendations. It will be a very brave day when cash actually reaches me, no matter what the *number* of the coins, whether seven or seven hundred, out of Yankee-land; and strange enough, what

* unlikely, if it be the *first* cash I realise for that piece of work."

dated May 10, 1838 Emerson furnishes Carlyle with a graphic and suggestive picture of his own outlook and

environment. "I occupy two acres only of God's earth ; on which is my house, my kitchen-garden, my orchard of thirty young trees, my empty barn. My house is now a very good one for comfort, and abounding in room. Besides my house I have, I believe, twenty-two thousand dollars, whose income, in ordinary years, is six per cent. I have no other tithe or glebe except the income of my winter lectures, which was last winter eight hundred dollars. Well, with this income, here at home, I am a rich man. I stay at home and go abroad at my own instance. I have food, warmth, leisure, books, friends. . . . My wife Lidian is an incarnation of Christianity,—I call her Asia,—and keeps my philosophy from Antinomianism ; my mother, whitest, mildest, most conservative of ladies, whose only exception to her universal preference for old things is her son ; my boy, a piece of love and sunshine, well worth my watching from morning to night. . . . In summer, with the aid of a neighbour, I manage my garden ; and a week ago I set out on the west side of my house forty young pine trees to protect me or my son from the wind of January. The ornament of the place is the occasional presence of some ten or twelve persons, good and wise, who visit us in the course of the year."

In Carlyle's letters of March 16 and June 15, 1838, we hear news of his second course of lectures "on the History of Literature," in the former as approaching, in the latter as "verily over now ; and well over. The superfine people listened to the rough utterance with patience, with favour, increasing to the last. . . . I know not yet what the money result is ; but I suppose it will enable us to exist here thriftily another year ; not without hope of at worst doing the like again when the time comes. . . . Poverty and youth may do ; poverty and age go badly together."

The burden of that noble poverty, so sturdily and philosophically borne, was at length to be lightened by his vigilant friend across the Atlantic. On July 30, 1838, Emerson was enabled to send Carlyle his first remittance from America—a bill of exchange for £50 sterling. Other remittances, of larger or less amount, followed from time to time (notably one of £100 sterling, on January 13, 1839, which Carlyle described as "the miraculous draught of paper"). It is needless to particularise each : suffice it to repeat that the service thus untiringly rendered to Carlyle in providing him with these American subsidies in years when sufficient cash (even including the lecturing profits) was not forthcoming in this country, was a great and essential one. Accordingly when an opportunity afforded, in the summer of 1841, Carlyle was delighted to

be able to render some small return of service to his indefatigable friend by superintending on its way through the press, and writing a preface to, an English reprint of Emerson's "Essays," published by James Fraser, and to send him, in January 1844, a draft for the "exiguous" £24 15s. 11d., which the little volume yielded to the author for his half-profits up to that time. A second series of these "Essays" was published by John Chapman in 1844, also supervised by and heralded by a brief introductory note from Carlyle; but whether this, or the remnant of the first series, yielded any further pecuniary result to the author, does not clearly appear. Emerson, as we have seen, was not, like Carlyle, specially in need of such subsidies; and could therefore afford, in more senses than one, to take the will for the deed.

In May, 1839, Carlyle delivered his third series of lectures to a London audience. In a letter dated April 17, he anticipates the arrival of the period with no great comfort. The same letter contains some rather splenetic allusions to Harriet Martineau, to whose novel of "Deerbrook" Carlyle (always so careful and minutely exact as to names, where he held the matter of any importance or interest,) thus refers: "Miss Martineau is gone to Switzerland after emitting 'Deerwood' (*sic*), a novel;" and to the late Lord Lytton (then Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer), "one of the wretchedest phantasms, it seems to me, I had yet fallen in with." Carlyle had still in his mind the 'Pelham' or 'dandiacal' period; but it should not be forgotten that a few years later (not in a private letter, but in a published utterance,) he did not neglect the opportunity of paying a well-merited tribute of praise to the memoir of Schiller and translations from his lyrics, executed by the brilliant and versatile poet, playwright, novelist, and statesman. Nor must we omit to mention a friendlier notice, in an earlier letter of the same year, of one whose name has since become world-famous, and is now on the lips of all men. "I have heard," writes Carlyle to Emerson, "that a certain W. Gladstone, an Oxford crack scholar, Tory M.P., and devout Churchman of great talent and hope, has contrived to insert a piece of you (*first* Oration it must be) in a work of his on 'Church and State,' which makes some figure at present! I know him for a solid, serious, silent-minded man; but how with his Coleridge shovel-hattism he has contrived to relate himself to *you*, there is the mystery."

In a letter of April 1, 1840, Carlyle gives Emerson an amusing account of Count D'Orsay's portrait of himself: "As to the D'Orsay portrait, it is a real curiosity: Count D'Orsay, the emperor of European dandies, portraying the prophet of spiritual sansculottism!

He came rolling down hither one day, many months ago, in his sun-chariot, to the bedazzlement of all bystanders ; found me in dusty gray-plaid dressing-gown, grim as the spirit of Presbyterianism (my wife said), and contrived to get along well enough with me. I found him a man worth talking to, once and away ; a man of decided natural gifts ; every utterance of his containing in it a wild caricature *likeness* of some object or other." In the same letter Carlyle reports that Fraser has realised for him a net profit of £239 on the sale of some 250 copies of the American edition of the "Miscellanies," and is preparing an English reprint of the book, which appeared in five volumes, later in the same year (1840). "Let me feel joyfully, with thanks to Heaven and America, that I do receive such a sum in the shape of wages, by decidedly the noblest method in which wages could come to a man. Without friendship, without Ralph Waldo Emerson, there had been no sixpence of *that* money here. Thanks, and again thanks."

Some personal sketches follow. Milnes (Lord Houghton) is "really a pretty little robin-redbreast of a man ;" Heraud is "a loquacious scribacious little man, of parboiled greasy aspect. To me he is chiefly remarkable as being still—with his entirely enormous vanity and very small stock of faculty—out of Bedlam. He picked up a notion or two from Coleridge many years ago ; and has ever since been rattling them in his head, like peas in an empty bladder." "Of Landor," adds Carlyle, "I have not got much benefit either. A tall, broad, burly man, with gray hair, and large, fierce-rolling eyes ; of the most restless, impetuous vivacity, . . . expressing itself in high-coloured superlatives, indeed in reckless exaggeration. . . . His intellectual faculty seemed to me to be weak in proportion to his violence of temper : the judgment he gives about anything is more apt to be wrong than right,—as the inward whirlwind shows him this side or the other of the object ; and *sides* of an object are all that he sees. He is not an original man ; in most cases one but sighs over the spectacle of commonplace torn to rags. . . . Two new tragedies of his that I read lately are the fatallest stuff I have seen for long : not an ingot ; ah, no ! a distracted coil of wire-drawings, saleable in no market." And the letter winds up with a jeremiad over his forthcoming course of lectures (the fourth and last) "On Heroes and Hero Worship."

The letters of these years contain much talk on both sides of *The Dial*, the new Bostonian magazine,—edited successively by Margaret Fuller and by Emerson himself,—and of John Sterling, "whom I love better," says Carlyle, "than anybody I have met with

since a certain sky-messenger alighted to me at Craigenputtock, and vanished in the blue again." To Emerson Sterling was attracted first by his little book entitled "Nature," which he saw lying on Carlyle's table, and carried off with him to Madeira. They gradually entered into correspondence, and though they were never to meet, a cordial regard sprang up between them, of which a record remains not only in these letters, but in Sterling's dedication to Emerson of his tragedy of "Strafford." Many are the allusions to the new friend in the letters of both correspondents, from that time up to the tragic end in 1844, when Carlyle reports of Sterling's death "at his house in Ventnor, on the night of Wednesday, September 18."

A month or so earlier (August 5, 1844), in a letter touching also, like most of the letters of this period, on his new Cromwellian task, Carlyle makes interesting and graphic report of Alfred Tennyson: "Tennyson is now in town, and means to come and see me. Of this latter result I shall be very glad: Alfred is one of the few British or foreign figures who are and remain beautiful to me;—a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! . . . He had his breeding at Cambridge, as if for the Law or Church; being master of a small annuity on his father's decease, he preferred clubbing with his mother and some sisters, to live unpromoted and write poems. In this way he lives still, now here, now there; the family always within reach of London, never in it; he himself making rare and brief visits, lodging in some old comrade's rooms. . . . One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy;—smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic,—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe!—We shall see what he will grow to."

In the autumn of 1847 a memorable episode occurred in the history of the friendship of these two remarkable men. Hitherto their only meeting had been for two brief days at Craigenputtock, in August 1833. After an affectionate intercourse of fourteen years, maintained by correspondence across the wide Atlantic, they were to meet again in London. Emerson had been invited to England to lecture in the chief provincial towns of the North, and accepting the proposals and engagements of his friends, he left Boston on October 5, and reached Liverpool on October 22, 1847. On the same evening,

after resting an hour or two at Manchester, he proceeded by train to London, and reached Cheyne Row, where he was duly expected, at ten at night. "The door was opened," he records in his Diary, "by Jane Carlyle, and the man himself was behind her with a lamp in the hall. They were very little changed from their old selves of fourteen years ago, when I left them at Craigenputtock. 'Well,' said Carlyle, 'here we are shovelled together again.' The floodgates of his talk are quickly opened, and the river is a plentiful stream. We had a wide talk that night until nearly one o'clock." What a picture, and how we seem to realise it! "Carlyle and his wife," adds this trustworthy and authentic eye-witness, "live on beautiful terms."

After staying a week at Chelsea, Emerson returned to the North, to fulfil his lecturing engagements. Various friendly letters and notes passed between them during Emerson's absence in the provinces. In the earliest days of March, Emerson again came to London, and Carlyle and he saw a good deal of each other during the rest of the season, until Emerson's departure homewards. Emerson lectured too in London, and Carlyle was present at some of these lectures.

The correspondence was resumed in the winter of 1848, when the two friends were again separated by the Atlantic. As the years rolled on, however, the letters grew fewer and farther between on both sides, though many interesting topics still remain to be glanced at, did the limits assigned us permit. From 1853 (after returning from his first visit to Germany), Carlyle's letters are full of complaints and bewailments of the tiresomeness and tyranny of his hopeless, self-imposed task on the history of Frederick the Great. That gigantic task at last wearily finished, "in the first days of February 1865," in little more than a year after its accomplishment a still heavier burden fell upon him in the sudden loss of the faithful life-partner of his joys and sorrows, during his absence in Scotland, after the delivery of his Rectorial address to the Edinburgh scholars, which she had accounted so great a triumph.

A touching letter from Emerson, dated "Concord, May 16, 1866," a touching letter in reply from Carlyle, written from "Mentone, January 27, 1867," allude to that solemn event which clouded and saddened the slow and lingering remainder of his earthly pilgrimage. The next letter, after a silence of nearly three years on both sides, bears date "Chelsea, November 18, 1869." Other letters followed, at long intervals; the last (from Carlyle to Emerson, dated "Chelsea, April 2, 1872") contains a remarkable reference to Mr. Ruskin and his later work :—

“Do you read Ruskin’s ‘Fors Clavigera,’ which he cheerily tells me gets itself reprinted in America? . . . There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as those fierce lightning-bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have. Unhappily he is not a strong man; one might say a weak man rather; and has not the least prudence of management; though if he can hold out for another fifteen years or so, he may produce, even in this way, a great effect.”

In November 1872, Emerson paid a third visit to England, and saw Carlyle once again in his now desolate home. “After a short stay,” it appears, “he proceeded to the Continent and Egypt, returning to London in the spring of 1873,” and it was then, previous to his departure in May, that Carlyle and Emerson met for the last time. After that separation the correspondence was not resumed on either side.

A great boon is conferred upon all readers and friends of Carlyle and Emerson by the publication of these priceless letters. They throw a flood of light upon the mind and life of both writers. Professor Eliot Norton, the American editor of the book, also deserves thanks and commendation, in the main, for the way in which he has executed his labour of love. The task of deciphering Carlyle’s somewhat puzzling and tortuous handwriting, which increased in illegibility as the years went on and as his hand grew more and more tremulous, has on the whole been fairly well accomplished, with far greater success than was achieved by Mr. Froude in the “Reminiscences,” and the “First Forty Years” of Carlyle’s Life, or by the editor of the “Irish Tour.” A few slips, however, we have noticed. We do not believe that Carlyle (who was singularly precise and punctilious in regard to proper names), in referring to Messrs. Saunders and Otley, of Conduit-street, the publishers of the first London edition of “Sartor Resartus,” spelt the name of the junior partner in that firm “Ottley” (vol. i. pp. 165, 166, 187, 188); or that, after cautioning Emerson not to allow the American printers of the “Miscellanies” to spell Mr. Fraser’s name with a *z* (vol. i. p. 194), he himself described Mr. Nickisson (Fraser’s successor), not once or twice, but systematically and during two successive years, as “Nickerson” (vol. ii. pp. 41, 42, 47, 55, 62). We have ourselves seen Mr. Nickisson’s name, correctly spelt, in an autograph letter of Carlyle, addressed to the late Mr. J. W. Parker, and we have no doubt

that he spelt it correctly in his letters to Emerson. We are sure that he did not write "Lyulf" in introducing the Hon. Lyulph Stanley to his Transatlantic correspondent; and that, whatever Emerson may have done, Carlyle was incapable of perpetrating such detestable Americanisms as "cheerfuler," "candor," "dreadfulest labor," "endeavor," "honor," "humor," "favor," &c., with which his letters are here disfigured, *usque ad nauseam*. And why, after this economy in spelling, do we meet with such a redundancy as "Edinborough" (vol. ii. p. 126)? For "program" (vol. ii. p. 175) Carlyle certainly *is* responsible; that spelling (which appears in the English edition of "Friedrich" and in other places), whether or not recommending itself for universal adoption, is, as we have explained elsewhere, founded at least on an intelligible principle. At p. 36 of vol. i. we suspect the word "the" to have slipt out before "green leaf," and at p. 199 of the same volume "on American prose" should clearly read "in American prose" (as any reader will feel assured who turns back to the passage referred to, on page 168). A useful and on the whole copious and correct Index is appended, though not quite so full perhaps as it might have been; and we think the separate indexing of Carlyle's and of Emerson's letters tends rather to perplex and hinder than to facilitate reference.

One other more serious point we must not omit to mention before closing. These volumes abound, the second volume especially abounds, in disparaging and in some cases offensive allusions to persons who, though in most cases no longer living, have left surviving representatives and friends to whom their memories are dear, and to whom these splenetic utterances—not intended, when written, for the public gaze, but only for the eye of a friend—are not unlikely to give pain. These harsh judgments, though we believe in the long run they will not seriously or permanently detract from Carlyle's fame, will certainly not tend to increase or advance it. A larger exercise of discretionary power, if not in the cancelling here and there of a sentence, at least in the substitution of stars or dashes for names, was, we think, desirable. It is to be regretted here, as in former and more flagrant instances, that that necessity was not recognised by the authorised editors of the letters and literary remains of Carlyle, who should naturally be, of all men, the most jealous guardians of his name and fame.

SCIENCE NOTES.**IS THE SUN BLUE?**

EVERYBODY knows that the apparent colour of the sun varies according to the state of the atmosphere, and the quantity of atmosphere through which it is seen.

In foggy weather it is greatly reddened, the same when viewed through a body of smoke or the sand-clouds of the desert ; and even on the same day, under ordinary atmospheric conditions, his apparent colour varies with altitude.

When seen on the horizon, the sun is viewed through the lower and denser atmospheric strata, which hold a much larger quantity of vapour and dust particles than are in the upper and thinner air through which the sun is seen at midday.

The spectroscope enables us to analyse definitely the differences of the luminous radiations that reach us under such varying conditions. If any particular elementary colour of light is cut off by the absorption or opacity of intervening material, dark "absorption bands" take the place of the coloured spaces in this strip of artificial rainbow.

Professor Langley has been hard at work during more than seven years, making elaborate analyses of the solar radiations at different levels, from that of the sea up to his station on Mount Whitney, 13,000 feet above sea-level, and overlooking the driest and most desolate deserted district of South California.

He has not only used the ordinary spectroscope which displays and dissects the *visible* solar rays by their outspread when passing through prisms, but he has also used an instrument which he names the "bolometer," by means of which he can explore the lower notes of the scale of solar radiation, that are quite invisible to the human eye, but which, when felt by the edge of his platinum strip of $\frac{1}{25000}$ of an inch in thickness, indicate their presence and variations by the movements of a galvanometer needle that responds to variations of temperature of much less than one ten-thousandth of a degree of our Fahrenheit thermometers.

A description of this instrument would carry me far beyond the limits of a note, as would also any attempt to make an abstract of the course of these investigations at the varying elevations named, but I may state one of the results.

It is, that not only the redness of the setting sun, but also the yellowness or whiteness of the sun when seen with the least attainable amount of atmospheric modification, is not the true colour of the sun. Even if we could rise quite above our terrestrial atmosphere, the veil of solar atmospheric matter would still deceive us.

By determining the absorption due to this, Professor Langley arrives at the conclusion that the colour of the photosphere or actual luminous surface of the sun is blue, "not only bluish, but positively and distinctly blue," a statement which, he adds, "I have not ventured to make from any conjecture, or on any less cause than on the sole ground of long continued experiments, which, commenced some seven years since (this was spoken in September last), have within the past two years irresistibly tended to the present conclusions."

Those of my readers who have seen the "solid flame" produced by the combustion of intermingled oxygen and hydrogen, *i.e.* the dissociated elements of water, will understand how intensely blue must be a mass of such flame many miles or hundreds of miles in depth, and readers of "The Fuel of the Sun" will see how important a bearing the discovery of the blue colour of the sun has upon the discussion of the origin of solar light and heat.

THE TRAVELLING OF THE "FIXED" STARS.

AMONG the most refined and delicate of modern physical researches, those of Dr. Huggins on the approach and recession of the so-called "fixed stars" are especially remarkable.

They have been subsequently followed up at the Greenwich Royal Observatory and in other places, with very satisfactory confirmation of the accuracy of Dr. Huggins's observations and calculations.

For the benefit of my readers who are not familiar with the subject, I may explain that, in the first place, the stars, so far from being fixed, are all moving with great velocities, and in various directions, but their distances from us are so vast that the displacements due to such motion can only be detected by delicate observations made at long intervals between them.

Besides this, the visible displacement only indicates their thwart

motion, or that which crosses the direction of our line of sight in looking towards them.

A star moving obliquely to or from us will only thus display a portion of its motion, that to one side or another, and none of that element of its motion which shortens or increases its distance from us. A star moving directly towards or away from us will not be displaced at all from our point of view.

How, then, may we discover whether such motion of approach or recession occurs at all, seeing that any difference of apparent magnitude due to such motion would demand thousands of years to become appreciable, so great is the distance of even the nearest of the stars?

The pitch of a musical note is determined by the number of sound waves that strike the ear in a given time, the number per second for example. As these waves are moving from the source of sound towards us, it is evident that their frequency depends upon their length measured in the direction of their approach, and also upon the rate at which they travel towards us. If their length is diminished, while their travelling speed remains the same, they will react more frequently, and a higher note be produced, and *vice versâ*. On the other hand, if their length remains the same, but their rate of approach is increased, they will strike the ear more frequently, if their rate of approach is diminished less frequently, and a corresponding variation of pitch will be produced.

Sound travels through air at a mean rate of about 1,100 feet per second (it varies with temperature). A sound producing regular waves of one foot long would therefore strike the ear at the rate of 1,100 waves per second. This would produce a close approximation to the top note of a high soprano voice, the upper C sharp.

Let us now suppose that the instrument producing this note (say a railway whistle) were receding from the listener at the rate of 56 feet per second. It is obvious that only 1,044 waves would strike the ear. But 1,044 waves per second produce C natural, and thus the note would be heard as a semitone lower.

If, on the other hand, the instrument were approaching at the rate of 74 feet per second, 1,174 waves would strike the ear in that time. This is the number that produces D. Thus if we knew the actual note sounded by the whistle, we could measure the rate of approach or recession of the train by the altered pitch of the note.

This is the principle of Huggins's method of determining the approach or recession of the stars. Nearly corresponding to the diatonic scale of music, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, we have the colours

red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet produced, according to the undulatory theory of light, by waves of varying lengths and consequent frequency, this frequency increasing from the red up to the violet.

The sun emits all these in an harmonic combination of white light, which is broken up or dissected by the spectroscope, which also reveals their separate sources or the instruments producing them. These instruments are the chemical elements, each of which sings or emits its own especial note or chord when ignited, and its vapours absorb or obliterate just that same actual note or chord when they veil the general light. They thus make a black or blank line at this part of the scale. Such a line in the star spectrum, the F hydrogen line, was used by Huggins, and was compared with a hydrogen line artificially produced, the hydrogen thus becoming the photo-tuning fork wherewith to compare the light-pitch.

He found that this line in the spectra of certain stars was displaced when thus compared, in some towards the red, in others towards the violet, and he calculated the approach and recession of the stars accordingly.

But there is a great deal of hypothesis in all this. First, the broad hypothesis of undulations; second, that of the constancy of pitch for each luminous element; third, that such substances produce the lines in the star spectrum, and besides these the numerical estimates of wave-lengths and light velocity. Hence the necessity of abundant verification.

Such verifications have been obtained by observations of the displacement of similar lines in cases of otherwise proved approach and recession. Thus the rotation of the sun occurring in such-wise that one edge is turning away from us and the other towards us affords a test. It has been applied at Greenwich with decided success, the observer having his instrument directed by another, so that he was ignorant of whether the spectrum it displayed came from the approaching or receding edge. He determined which by the displacement, and also the rate of motion to and from.

The planets, especially Venus, have been similarly used as test objects, and more recently the great comet of last year.

In this case the hydrogen line was not used, but the lines of sodium, which this comet displayed, and which are the most definite and most distinctly marked of all the spectral lines. They are two lines so near together that in small instruments they appear as one, and thus they give a measure by means of the space between them; they constitute a natural micrometer.

On September 18 last, MM. Thollon and Gay, at the Nice Observatory, observed a displacement of these lines towards the red, indicating a recession at the rate of 61 to 76 kilometres per second.

Other and independent observations of the visible motion of the comet made at the same date show that it was receding from the earth at the rate of 73 kilometres per second. This is a very remarkable and interesting verification, as it involves a striking and easily intelligible confirmation of the whole theory of light and light waves, including the recondite measurements of their length and frequency.

It also proves that such displacement is no special peculiarity of the particular hydrogen line upon which most of the previous observations were made, and thus diminishes enormously the possibility of deception by mere coincidence.

WATER GAS TO THE RESCUE.

WE really do appear to be on the eve of a great change in our mode of obtaining power, by the substitution of gas engines for steam engines, perhaps not for all the purposes of the steam engine, but for a great many of them.

Gas engines have long been in use for purposes where a small amount of power is demanded, and that at irregular intervals. Although the cost of working such engines is greater per horse-power than steam engines, they are economical, inasmuch as the wages of a stoker are saved, and the gas may be turned on and off at any moment, while for a steam engine the fire must be kept up continuously, although the work of the engine may be demanded for only two or three hours during the day, and these in short periods at odd intervals.

I said that these engines are, horse-power for horse-power, more costly than steam engines, but this estimate presupposes that the gas is bought at gas company's prices, and that ordinary illuminating gas is used. This, however, is by no means necessary. Wherever there is a demand for a considerable amount of power, a very much cheaper gas may be made. When steam is projected upon incandescent fuel, such as coke or anthracite, the water is decomposed, its oxygen going to the heated carbon to form carbonic oxide, and its hydrogen being set free. Both of these are combustible gas, more readily explosive than ordinary coal gas, and therefore better fitted for gas-engine purposes.

When produced on a practical working scale, they are diluted with more or less of nitrogen and carbonic acid; but, nevertheless,

if superheated steam be used and the process properly conducted, they are pure enough to be effective.

Messrs. Crossley Brothers have during the last two or three months made use of such gas on a large practical scale in their works, and report that they produce 1,000 cubic feet of gas with a fuel consumption of 13·2 lbs., and that the gas consumption per indicated horse-power is 103 cubic feet; or, otherwise stated, the fuel consumption per indicated horse-power is 1·4 lb.

They state that the wages of the fireman for the gas generators are not more than for a set of steam boilers.

As no hydraulic mains, no scrubbers or refining apparatus of any kind, is required for this gas, the cost of plant is moderate, and wherever power has to be transmitted to a distance, the advantages are very great, as the gas loses nothing by travelling, while steam is condensed with serious loss when carried far from the boilers. Small gas engines, acting directly where required, are thus available, where otherwise much shafting would be demanded.

Another advantage, very material in many cases, is that a store of power is obtainable by means of a gasholder, and the necessity of keeping up steam in large boilers while only a small amount of power is required, is escaped.

It would be a great blessing to London and our other large towns, where the use of steam engines is continually growing, if boiler furnaces were altogether superseded by generators of water-gas, which, when properly managed, are quite smokeless.

Only another step would then be needed to render the towns of England as greatly superior in artistic beauty to those on the Continent as they now are in cleanliness and sanitary decencies. This step should be, and I hope will be, the total abolition of domestic coal fires, coal cellars, and their dirty belongings, by the universal use of water-gas for all the operations of cockery and domestic warming and ventilation.

When this takes place, pokers, tongs, and fire shovels will become, as snuffers and snuffer trays now are, museum memorials of ancient barbarisms, and fire grates will be curious as tinder boxes.

SKIN VISION.

JACK of all trades and master of none" fairly describes the *sarcode* or flesh substance which constitutes the vital material of the humblest creatures of the animal world.

This nearly amorphous life-stuff, whether smooth or ciliated on

its surface, performs all the functions of respiration, self-nutrition, sensation, and motion, without any discoverable division of labour among different parts of itself.

It breathes without lungs or gills, it digests and assimilates without either stomach, intestines, liver, pancreas, spleen, or lymphatics, it perceives light and moves towards it without eyes, it selects its food without nose or palate, feels without nerves, and moves without muscles.

All these functions, however, appear to be very imperfectly performed, and very much mixed; the advancement in the scale of animal life is more broadly indicated by what modern biologists term "differentiation" than by any other single and general characteristic.

This evolution of different organs to perform the different functions of animal life, each one attending to its own particular business, has often struck me as curiously repeated in human progress, from the savage, who supplies himself directly with all he uses and enjoys, and therefore uses and enjoys very little, to the civilised human being who is a differentiated social organ performing an isolated social function in the form of a trade or profession, doing this proportionally well, and receiving in return the benefit of a share in the better performance of all the other functions by the other differentiated labourers.

Professor Graber of Czernowitz has recently communicated to the Vienna Academy the results of a long series of experiments which show how gradually the specialisation of function has been evolved in the course of upward animal development. He finds that such animals as earthworms, naturally eyeless and "dermatoptic" (skin-eyed), are not only conscious of the presence of light, but distinguish between different-coloured rays of light.

Professor Graber has tabulated the results of his experiments, which show how many times more frequently sought is a space illuminated with bright green, red, or white light (with the ultra-violet rays excluded), than one illuminated with dark blue, green, or white (with ultra-violet rays admitted), the conditions of light intensity, radiant heat, &c., remaining the same.

Some other experiments were made upon artificially blinded tritons, but I prefer to treat these, and all other cruel experiments, with contempt, unless they have a direct and demonstrable usefulness in supplying knowledge that can be used for the cure or prevention of disease, or of otherwise alleviating pain.

TRANSMISSION OF FORCE.

L EONARDO DA VINCI was not only a painter but a man of considerable scientific attainments, and his science was of the highest order, not merely the rote-learning by which university degrees are attainable, or routine mechanical laboratory work, that is chiefly worshipped in our learned societies of to-day, but true philosophy evolved by profound reflection on the natural phenomena and a natural insight of natural forces.

In a recent number of *La Nature* M. de Brocas communicated a curious experiment of the artist-philosopher. He says, "If you give a nail a great many blows with a hammer to drive it into a board, this will be long and difficult ; but if you stick the head of the nail to the face of the hammer by a bit of wax, a single blow equal to one of the others will drive it wholly into the board."

When at Brighton a few weeks since I sacrificed quite a quantity of coppers in patronising a very smart fellow who performs on the beach as a stonebreaker. I watched him closely, and discovered the secret of his minor but really best performance ; and would not reveal it here if I did not believe that the explanation of his ingenuity will rather benefit than injure him, especially as I shall thereby place him by the side of the great Italian.

He (I mean the man in tights, not Leonardo) takes large and stubborn flint nodules from the beach, places them athwart a piece of iron (the head of a common sledge hammer), then, holding down one end of the nodule with the left hand, he strikes the other with his bare right hand and thus breaks the flint stone fairly through. Many suppose that he prepares the flints by breaking and sticking together, or by burning, but such is not the case ; he breaks them with his hand fairly and completely.

The secret is this. These flint nodules are all more or less rounded, and those selected by the performer are of oblong shape. With his left hand he tilts the flint a little, so that the other end which overhangs the edge of the hammer-head is raised clear above it. When he strikes the stone it partakes of the motion of his hand, and thus reaches the metallic edge (which is a raised ridge) with an acquired velocity equal to that which would be given to it had it been hurled downwards by a like motion. Were the part of the stone which he strikes resting firmly on the iron ridge, the force of his blow would be mainly exerted in compressing the stone instead of driving it forward, and the resistance of the stone to such compression would be chiefly effective on the unfortunate palm of the performer.

This is exactly a counterpart of Leonardo's experiment. The point of the moving nail sharing the velocity of the hammer, concentrates all the *vis viva* of both just where the wood resists its entry; nearly all the work is done in effecting penetration, just as nearly all the work of the stonebreaker's hand-blow is effective where the moving stone strikes the edge of the block of metal.

The same performer repeats the feat described by Brewster in his "Natural Magic," that of allowing a large piece of paving stone to be placed on his breast and there broken by a violent blow of a large heavily swung sledge-hammer.

If this stone partook of the movement of the hammer as the flint nodule does of the hand, the performer would be crushed, but resting as it does on an old coat laid on the breast, and the performer arching his body by resting on his palms extended backwards and on his feet drawn back, he merely suffers a slight vibratory shock, which travels through the substance of the stone. The larger the stone the safer the performance, though the size of the block adds to the wonderment of the spectators.

Possibly I sympathise with this man on the beach, because in my boyish days—after reading Brewster—I astonished many of my elders by a modification of the last-described experiment. Pretending to have a bad corn, and being determined to cure it, I placed on my foot a lump of iron (a 56 lb. in some experiments, a portable anvil block in others) which appeared already to crush it. Then I presented a rather heavy hammer to my friend and requested him to complete the operation by striking the block with all his might. This request being refused, I struck repeated and violent blows immediately over the large toe, and declared the corn to be completely cured.

If any of my readers will repeat this experiment they will find that the hammer-blows, however vigorous, are unfelt, provided the mass of the block resting on the foot is considerably greater than that of the hammer-head. If smaller the effect will be different.

But for the relative smallness of the nail our usual mode of driving it would be absolutely ineffectual, as may be proved by the simple experiment of using great muscular effort in trying to drive a large nail with a small hammer. The nail will be warmed by the vibrations or molecular movements within it, but its forward progress will be very unsatisfactory.

"

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

RELIGIOUS MANIA.

WE are apparently as incapable in modern days as were our ancestors of dealing with religious mania. In extravagances of language and of conduct, the proceedings of the Salvation Army recall the religious epidemics of the Middle Ages, and the utterances which shock the sensibilities of the orthodox are, allowing for the influences that have been exercised by the Reformation first, and subsequently by Puritanism, almost identical with those of the religious fanatics, or convulsionaries, if I may be pardoned the use of the word, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Here, for instance, is a short extract from a hymn sung by the Flagellants, whose first appearance in England was made in 1352.

Jesus, by Thy precious blood,
 Save us from the fiery flood ;
 Lord, our helplessness defend,
 And to our aid Thy Spirit send.
 If man and wife their vows should break,
 God will on such His vengeance wreak ;
 Brimstone and pitch, and mingled gall,
 Satan pours on sinners all.
 Truly, the devil's scorn are they,
 Therefore, O Lord, Thine aid we pray, &c.

These verses scarcely differ from those which are now shouted up and down the streets by members of the Salvation Army. Outbreaks of religious enthusiasm have been frequent in all countries and times. In 1774 the Orkney and Shetland Islands were subject to a curious religious visitation, resulting, with those affected, in violent convulsions. Thirty-two years previously, the preaching of a Lanarkshire minister started a species of religious mania which extended over a wide district and produced most extravagant proceedings. In 1800 an outburst of religious frenzy, resulting in a species of dancing mania, spread over the Western States of America. It is fully described in an essay on the *Chorea Sancti Viti*, by Felix Robertson (Philadelphia, 1805). Similar instances could be indefinitely multiplied. Ebullitions of the kind are, however, brief. In stating this fact, I furnish the best solace to those to whom these proceedings

the Salvation Army are wearisome or blasphemous. Not even the interested motives of those to whom such manifestations are profitable will assign the latest demonstration a lease of life much longer than that of its predecessors.

HOSPITAL WARDS FOR PAYING PATIENTS.

BEFORE very long it is to be hoped that every principal hospital in London will be furnished with wards for paying patients such as have proved successful at St. Thomas's. During the last year, the forty-one beds which at that institution are set apart for patients willing to pay for hospital privileges have been in constant request. On more than one occasion, indeed, the demand has been in excess of the supply. That men with domestic surroundings will readily exchange for the formal and sometimes perfunctory service of a hospital the constant and affectionate ministrations of home is not probable. To a man living in chambers, however, who, when he hears his outer door shut, knows himself alone, whatever happens, through the entire night, and to whom the presence of a nurse of somnolent and probably bibulous temperament brings little thought of comfort, the chance of being in case of illness transferred to a hospital affords a feeling of relief. There are cases, indeed, of exceptionally severe suffering, requiring special attention, in which a householder, at some expense of personal comfort, would be glad to rid those around him of severe responsibility and arduous strain. For all reasons the multiplication of these wards is to be desired.

RISKS OF OCEAN TRAVELLING.

SO far from contributing to the security of life, and enabling men to battle successfully with winds and waves, the advance recently made in ship-building seems to have largely augmented the "perils of the deep." I doubt if the public mind grasps the state of affairs so far as regards the risks of ocean travelling. In the course of the year 1882, three thousand one hundred and eighty-two sailors, or not much short of two per cent. of the entire body of English seamen, were drowned or otherwise killed at sea. Put in another shape, these figures appear more significant. Sixty years is a not unknown period during which to follow a vocation. In the course of a sixty years' pursuit of his calling, however, a sailor at the present average of loss will be drowned. Of every two men who remain sailors for thirty years, one will be killed. That this terrible state of affairs exists is vouched for by no less trustworthy an authority than the President of the Board of Trade, whose statistics I employ. A

portion of this heavy impost may be laid to the charge of exceptional weather. Few of us are without personal experience of the successive gales of the past autumn. The main cause of destruction remains, however—human greed. In spite of all that has been done to secure protection for seamen, ships constantly put forth overloaded or otherwise in an unseaworthy state. Among those who are responsible for the massacre of seamen are mercantile corporate bodies, such as railway companies and others. So long as a satisfactory dividend can be declared, the fact that vessels sail forth overloaded is not seldom, to the managers of these, a matter of absolute insignificance. More than once I have personally known ships belonging to our great companies sent out under conditions which, in case of heavy weather, implied all but certain loss. So long as the cargo and the vessel are fully insured, loss of life seems to be a matter of infinitesimal importance.

PREVENTION OF DISASTER AT SEA.

FOR a state of affairs such as I have described it is difficult to suggest a remedy. To interfere with the principle of insurance is to strike at the root of mercantile providence. In the possible abuse of this system lies, however, the chief temptation to the crimes constantly committed. It is difficult to bring home to the delinquent the guilt of a murder every witness of which has fallen a victim to its commission. We might, however, apply to marine insurance the kind of legislation accorded to insurance against fire. If honesty could be guaranteed, dwelling-houses in London might be insured against fire at an annual cost of less than half a crown per house. A large number of fires are, however, ascribable to the direct action of men who seek to defraud insurance companies. Very rarely is one of these crimes found out. When however it is detected it is called arson, an ugly sounding word, and subjects the criminal to the penalties of felony. Let us deal in the same spirit with those who send out ships, which are to the sailors prisons, with a certainty rather than a chance of being drowned. So humane are we that we shrink from the exaction of a death penalty. When, however, one or two directors and managers of public companies have been branded as felons and imprisoned for life, another state of affairs will commence.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

NOT a few thinking men are prepared to support the views of Sir James Stephen in his *History of the Criminal Law of England*, that we have gone too far in the indulgence we extend to

criminals, by reserving for crimes of murder alone the punishment of death. Sir James holds that capital punishment might well be reimposed upon "many crimes which outrage to a great degree the moral feelings of the community, or testify to an incorrigible hostility to society and social laws on the part of the offender." Whether we have not proceeded too fast and too far in more than one direction is a question over which a thoughtful man will be disposed frequently to ponder. It is too early as yet, however, to weary in well-doing, or indeed to decide if we have done well. Merciful legislation is yet barely more than a generation old. Those are yet alive who can remember the exaction of a death forfeit for petty larceny. To kill a confirmed criminal is a far easier task than to convert him, and a far less costly process than to maintain him in prison. If we compare, however, the state of things now existing with that which prevailed in the early years of the century, we shall find justification for confidence in the expediency of what has been done. The strongest argument seems to be lost sight of by Sir James Stephen. We cannot in our own interest afford to treat with merciless severity crime that is the outcome of disease, nor to depart from the example of pitifulness we have set. It behoves a great nation to teach the lesson of respect for life, and costly as is the process, we shall have to keep in constant confinement those whose freedom is prejudicial or dangerous to the general weal. If we take the ground of mere expediency and economy, homicidal maniacs, as well as criminals, should be put to death. The application of a high standard is fatal to any return to past systems of capital punishment.

ARE WE SYCOPHANTS?

A CURIOUS fact struck me in the course of peregrinations first undertaken with a view of seeing if any traces of Chaucer's Stratford-atte-Bow could still be found. One and all of the public-houses, to which a large portion of the degradation around me was attributable, bore the names of warriors and nobles. The signs they carried were Lord Exmouth, Lord Rodney, and other appellations of men renowned for territorial influence or for valour. Are we, then, a race of tufthunters, that those who have the least conceivable connection with royalty or aristocracy should be taught a lesson such as this? Might we not, if hero-worship is to be inculcated by tavern signs, mix with our aristocratic worthies a few of those to whom the public is indebted for something more conducive to our well-being than a military or naval triumph?

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1883.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

IN A SICK ROOM.

Ah blessed promise! Shall it be fulfilled,
Tho' the eye glazes and the sense is still'd?
Shall that fair Shape which beckon'd with bright hand
Out of the mirage of a Heavenly Land,
Fade to a cloud that moves with blighting breath
Over the ever-troublous sea of Death?
Ah no; for on the crown of Zion's Hill,
Cloth'd on with peace, the fair Shape beckons still!

The New Crusade.

IT was a curious sensation for Ambrose Bradley, after bitter experience of a somewhat ignominious persecution, to find himself all at once—by a mere shuffle of the cards, as it were—one of the most popular persons in all Bohemia; I say Bohemia advisedly, for of course that greater world of fashion and religion, which Bohemia merely fringes, regarded the New Church and its pastor with supreme indifference.

But the worship of Bohemia is something; nay, Bradley found it much.

He could count among the occasional visitors to his temple some of the leading names in Art and Science. Fair votaries came to him by legions, led by the impassioned and enthusiastic Alma Craik. The society journals made much of him; one of them, in a series of articles called "Celebrities in their Slippers," gave a glowing picture of the new Apostle in his study, in which the sweetest of

Raphael's Madonnas looked down wonderingly on Milo's Venus, and where Newman's "Parochial Sermons" stood side by side with Tyndall's Belfast address, and the original edition of the "Vestiges of Creation." The correspondent of the *New York Herald* telegraphed, on more than one occasion, the whole, or nearly the whole, of one of his Sunday discourses—which, printed in large type, occupied two columns of the great Transatlantic daily; and he received forthwith, from an enterprising Yankee caterer, an offer of any number of dollars per lecture, if he would enter into a contract to "stump" the States.

Surely this was fame, of a sort.

Although, if the truth must be told, even Bohemia did not take the New Church over-seriously, Bradley found his intellectual forces expand with the growing sense of power.

Standing in no fear of any authority, human or superhuman, he gradually advanced more and more into the arena of spiritual controversy; retired further and further from the old landmarks of dogmatic religion; drew nearer and still nearer to the position of an accredited teacher of religious æstheticism. Always literary and artistic, rather than puritanical, in his sympathies, he found himself before long at that standpoint which regards the Bible merely as a poetical masterpiece, and accepts Christianity as simply one manifestation, though a central one, of the great scheme of human morals.

Thus the cloud of splendid supernaturalism, on which alone has been projected from time immemorial the mirage of a heavenly promise, gradually dissolved away before his sight,

And like the cloudy fabric of a vision
Left not a wrack behind.

The creed of spiritual sorrow was exchanged for the creed of spiritual pleasure. The man, forgetful of all harsh experience, became rapt in the contemplation of "beautiful ideas"—of an intellectual phantasmagoria in which Christ and Buddha, St. John and Shakespeare, Mary Magdalene and Mary Shelley, the angels of the church and the winged pterodactyls of the chalk, flashed and faded in ever-changing kaleidoscopic dream.

The mood which welcomed all forms of belief, embraced none utterly, but contemplated all, became vague, chaotic, and transcendental; and Ambrose Bradley found himself in a fairy world where nothing seemed real and solemn enough as a law for life.

For a time, of course, he failed to realise his own position.

He still rejoiced in the belief that he was building the foundation

of his New Church, which was essentially the Old Church, on the rock of common sense. He was still certain that the Christ of history, the accredited Saviour of mankind, was blessing and consecrating his eager endeavour. He still persuaded himself that his creed was a creed of regeneration, his mission apostolic.

He had taken a small house on the borders of Regent's Park, and not far away from the church which Alma had built for him as a voluntary offering. It was arranged plainly but comfortably, with a touch of the then predominant æstheticism; the decorations tasteful, the furniture mediæval; but all this was Alma's doing and, throughout, her choosing. Bradley himself remained unchanged; a strong unpretending man of simple habits, more like an athletic curate in his dress and bearing than like a fashionable preacher.

Of course it goes without saying that he was ostracised by the preachers of his own maternal Church, the Church of England; so that he added the consciousness of sweet and painless martyrdom to that of popular success. Attacks upon him appeared from time to time in the less important religious journals; but the great organs of the national creed treated him and his performances with silent contempt.

He was seated in his study one morning in early summer, reading one of the attacks to which I have just alluded, when Miss Craik was shown in. He sprang up to welcome her, with outstretched hands.

"I want you to come with me at once," she said. "Agatha Combe is worse, and I should like you to see her."

"Of course I will come," answered Bradley. "But I thought she was almost recovered?"

"She has had a relapse; not a serious one, I trust, but I am a little alarmed about her. She talks so curiously."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; about dying. She says she has a presentiment that she won't live. Poor Agatha! When *she* talks like that, it is strange indeed."

Leaving the house together, Bradley and Alma entered Regent's Park. Their way lay right across, towards the shady sides of Primrose Hill, where Miss Combe was then residing. The day was fair and sunny, and there were an unusual number of pleasure-seekers and pedestrians in the park. A number of boys were playing cricket on the spaces allotted for that recreation, nursemaids and children were sprinkled everywhere, and near the gate of the Zoological Gardens, which they passed, a brass band was merrily performing. Bradley's

heart was light, and he looked round on the bright scene with a kindling eye, in the full pride of his physical strength and intellectual vigour.

“After all,” he said, “those teachers are wise who proclaim that health is happiness. What a joyful world it would be if everyone were well and strong.”

“Ah yes!” said his companion. “But when sickness comes——”

She sighed heavily, for she was thinking of her friend Agatha Combe.

“I sometimes think that the sum of human misery is trifling compared to that of human happiness,” pursued the clergyman. “Unless one is a downright pessimist, a very Schopenhauer, surely one must see that the preponderance is in favour of enjoyment. Look at these ragged boys—how merry they are! There is not so much wretchedness in the world, perhaps, as some of us imagine.”

She glanced at him curiously, uncertain whither his thoughts were tending. He speedily made his meaning plain.

“Religion and Sorrow have hitherto gone hand in hand, vanishing through the gate of the grave. But why should not Religion and Joy be united this side the last mystery? Why should not this world be the Paradise of all our dreams?”

“It can never be so, Ambrose,” replied Alma, “until we can abolish Death.”

“And we can do that in a measure; that is to say, we can abolish premature decay, sickness, disease. Look what Science has done in fifty years! More than other-worldliness has done in a thousand! When Death comes gently, at the natural end of life, it generally comes as a blessing—as the last sacrament of peace. I think if I could live man’s allotted term, useful, happy, loving and beloved, I could be content to sleep and never wake again.”

Alma did not answer. Her thoughts were wandering, or she would have shrunk to find her idolised teacher turning so ominously towards materialism. But indeed it was not the first time that Bradley’s thoughts had drifted in that direction. It is not in moments of personal happiness or success that we lean with any eagerness towards the supernatural. Glimpses of a world to come are vouchsafed chiefly to those who weep and those who fail; and in proportion as the radiance of this life brightens, fades the faint aurora of the other.

In a small cottage, not far from Chalk Farm, they found Miss Combe. She was staying, as her custom was, with friends, the friends on this occasion being the editor of an evening paper and his

wife ; and she had scarcely arrived on her visit—some weeks before—when she had begun to ail. She was sitting up when they arrived, in an armchair drawn close to the window of a little back parlour, commanding a distant view of Hampstead Hill.

Wrapt in a loose dressing-gown, and leaning back in her chair, she was just touched by the spring sunshine, the brightness of which even the smoke from the great city could not subdue. She did not seem to be in pain, but her face was pale and flaccid, her eyes were heavy and dull. Her ailment was a weakness of the heart's action, complicated with internal malady of another kind.

Tears stood in Alma's eyes as she embraced and kissed her old friend.

"I have brought Mr. Bradley to see you," she cried. "I am glad to see you looking so much better."

Miss Combe smiled and held out her hand to Bradley, who took it gently.

"When you came in," she said, "I was half dreaming. I thought I was a little child again, playing with brother Tom in the old churchyard at Taviton. Tom has only just gone out ; he has been here all the morning."

Said brother Tom, the unwashed apostle of the Hall of Science, had left unmistakable traces of his presence, for a strong odour of bad tobacco pervaded the room.

"It seems like old times," proceeded the little lady, with a sad smile, "to be sick, and to be visited by a clergyman. I shall die in the odour of sanctity after all."

"You must not talk of dying," cried Alma. "You will soon be all right again."

"I'm afraid not, dear," answered Miss Combe. "I saw my mother's face again last night, and it never stayed so long. I take it as a warning that I shall soon be called away."

Strange enough it seemed to both those who listened, to hear a person of Miss Combe's advanced views talking in the vocabulary of commonplace superstition.

"Don't think I am repining," she continued. "If I were not ripe, do you think I should be gathered ? I am going where we all must go—who knows whither ? and, after all, I've had a 'good time,' as the Yankees say. Do you believe, Mr. Bradley," she added, turning her keen, grave eyes on the clergyman, "that an atheist can be a spiritualist, and hold relations with an unseen world ?"

"You are no atheist, Miss Combe," he answered. "God forbid !"

"I don't know," was the reply. "I am not one in the same degree as my brother Tom, of course; but I am afraid I have no living faith beyond the region of ghosts and fairies. The idea of Deity is incomprehensible to me, save as that of the 'magnified non-natural Man' my teachers have long ago discarded. I think I might still understand the anthropomorphic God of my childhood, but having lost Him I can comprehend no other."

"The other is not far to seek," responded Bradley, bending towards her and speaking eagerly. "You will find him in Jesus Christ—the living, breathing godhead, whose touch and inspiration we all can feel."

"I'm afraid *I* can't," said Miss Combe. "I can understand Jesus the man, but Christ the God, who walked in the flesh and was crucified, is beyond the horizon of my conception—even of my sympathy."

"Don't say that," cried Alma. "I am sure you believe in our loving Saviour."

Miss Combe did not reply, but turned her face wearily to the spring sunlight.

"If there is no other life," she said, after a long pause, "the idea of Jesus Christ is a mockery. Don't you think so, Mr. Bradley?"

"Not altogether," replied Bradley, after a moment's hesitation. "If the life we live here were all, if, after a season, we vanished like the flowers, we should still need the comfort of Christ's message—his injunction to 'love one another.' The central idea of Christianity is peace and good fellowship; and if our life had raised itself to that ideal of love, it would be an ideal life, and its brevity would be of little consequence."

Miss Combe smiled. Her keen intelligence saw right into the speaker's mind, and saw the true meaning of that shallow optimism. Bradley noticed the smile, and coloured slightly under the calm, penetrating gaze of the little woman.

"I have always been taught to believe," said Miss Combe, quietly, "that the true secret of the success of Christianity was its heavenly promise—its pledge of a future life."

"Of course," cried Alma.

"Certainly that promise was given," said Bradley, "and I have no doubt that, in some way or another, it will be fulfilled."

"What do you mean by in some way or another?" asked Miss Combe.

"I mean that Christ's Heaven may not be a heaven of physical consciousness, but of painless and passive perfection; bringing to

the weary peace and forgetfulness, to the happy absolute absorption into the eternal and unconscious life of God."

"Nirwâna, in short!" said Miss Combe, dryly. "Well, for my own part, I should not care so much for so sleepy a Paradise. I postulate a Heaven where I should meet and know my mother, and where the happy cry of living creatures would rise like a fountain into the clear azure for evermore."

"Surely," said Bradley, gently, "we all hope as much!"

"But do we *believe* it?" returned Miss Combe. "That is the question. All human experience, all physiology, all true psychology, is against it. The letter of the eternal Universe, written on the open Book of Astronomy, speaks of eternal death and change. Shall we survive while systems perish, while suns go out like sparks, and the void is sown with the wrecks of worn-out worlds?"

In this strain the conversation continued for some little time longer. Seeing the invalid's tender yearning, Bradley spoke yet more hopefully of the great Christian promise, describing the soul as imperishable, and the moral order of the universe as stationary and secure; but what he said was half-hearted, and carried with it no conviction. He felt for the first time the helplessness of a transcendental Christianity, like his own. Presently he returned, almost unconsciously, to the point from which he had set forth.

"There is something, perhaps," he said, "in the Positivest conception of mankind as to one ever-changing and practically deathless Being. Though men perish, Man survives. Children spring like flowers in the dark footprints of Death, and in them the dead inherit the world."

"That creed would possibly suit me," returned Miss Combe, smiling sadly again, "if I were a mother, if I were to live again in my own offspring. I'm afraid it is a creed with little comfort for childless men, or for old maids like myself! No; my selfishness requires something much more tangible. If I am frankly told that I must die, that consciousness ceases for ever with the physical breath of life, I can understand it, and accept my doom; it is disagreeable, since I am rather fond of life and activity, but I can accept it. It is no consolation whatever to reflect that I am to exist vicariously, without consciousness of the fact, in other old maids to come! The condition of moral existence is—consciousness; without *that*, I shall be practically abolished. Such a creed, as the other you have named, is simple materialism, disguise it as you will."

"I am not preaching Positivism," cried Bradley; "God forbid! I only said there was something in its central idea. Christ's promise

is that we shall live again ! Can we not accept that promise, without asking ' how ' ? ”

“ No, we can't ; that is to say, *I* can't. It is the ' how ' which forms the puzzle. Besides, the Bible expressly speaks of the resurrection of the body.”

“ A poetical expression,” suggested Bradley.

“ Yes ; but something more,” persisted the little woman. “ I can't conceive an existence without those physical attributes with which I was born. When I think of my dead mother, it is of the very face and form I used to know ; the same eyes, the same sweet lips, the same smile, the same touch of loving hands. Either we shall exist again *as we are*, or —— ”

“ Of course we shall so exist,” broke in Alma, more and more nervous at the turn the conversation was taking. “ Is it not all beautifully expressed in St. Paul ? We sow a physical body, we shall reap a spiritual body ; but they will be one and the same. But pray do not talk of it any more. You are not dying, dear, thank God ! ”

Half an hour later Bradley and Alma left the house together.

“ I am sorry dear Agatha has not more faith,” said Alma, thoughtfully, as they wandered back towards the park.

“ I think she has a great deal,” said Bradley, quickly. “ But I was shocked to see her looking so ill and worn. Is she having good medical advice ? ”

“ The best in London. Dr. Harley sees her nearly every day. Poor Agatha ! She has not had too much happiness in this world. She has worked so hard, and all alone ! ”

They entered the park gate, and came again among the greenness and the sunshine. Everything seemed light and happiness, and the air had that indescribable sense of resurrection in it which comes with the early shining of the primrose and the reawakening of the year. Bradley glanced at his companion. Never had she seemed so bright and beautiful ! With the flush of the rose on her cheek, and her eyes full of pensive light, she moved lightly and gracefully at his side.

A lark rose from the grass not far away, and warbled ecstatically overhead. Bradley felt his blood stir and move like sap in the bough at the magic touch of the season, and with kindling eyes he drew nearer to his companion's side.

“ Well, dearest, you were a true prophet,” he said, taking her hand and drawing it softly within his arm. “ It has all come to pass, through *you*. The New Church flourishes in spite of those who hate all things new ; and I have you—you only—to thank for it all.”

“I want no thanks,” replied Alma. “It is reward enough to forward the good work, and to make you happy.”

“Happy? Yes, I ought to be happy, should I not?”

“And you are, I hope, dear Ambrose!”

“Yes, I think so. Only sometimes—on a day like this, for example—I cannot help looking back with a sigh to the dear old times at Olney-in-the-Fens. A benediction seems to rest upon the quiet country life, which contented me *then* so little. I miss the peaceful fields, the loneliness and rest of the fens, the silence of the encircling sea!”

“And Goody Tilbury’s red cloak!” cried Alma, smiling. “And the scowl of Summerhayes the grocer, and the good Bishop’s blessing!”

“Ah, but after all the life was a gentle one till I destroyed it. The poor souls loved me, till I became too much for them. And then, Alma, the days with *you*! Your first coming, like a ministering angel, to make this sordid earth seem like a heavenly dream! To-day, dearest, it almost seems as if my heaven was behind, and not before, me! I should like to live those blissful moments over again—every one!”

Alma laughed outright, for she had a vivid remembrance of her friend’s infinite vexations as a country clergyman.

“That’s right,” he said, smiling fondly; “laugh at me, if you please, but I am quite serious in what I say. Here, in the great world of London, though we see so much of one another, we do not seem quite so closely united as we did yonder.”

“Not so united!” she cried, all her sweet face clouded in a moment.

“Well, united as before, but differently. In the constant storm and stress of my occupation, there is not the same pastoral consecration.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

In those days, dearest,” he added, sinking his voice to a whisper, “we used to speak oftener of love, we used to dream—did we not?—of being man and wife.”

She drooped her gentle eyes, which had been fixed upon him earnestly, and coloured softly; then, with a pretty touch of coquetry, laughed again.

“I am not jealous,” she said, “and since you have another bride——”

“Another bride!” he repeated, with a startled look of surprise.

“I mean your Church,” she said gaily.

“Ah yes,” he said, relieved. “But do you know I find this same bride of mine a somewhat dull companion, and a poor exchange, at any rate, for a bride of flesh and blood. Dearest, I have been thinking it all over! Why should we not realise our old dream, and live in love together?”

Alma stood silent. They were in a lonely part of the park, in a footway winding through its very centre. Close at hand was one of the wooden benches. With beating heart and heightened colour, she strolled to the seat and sat down.

Bradley followed, placed himself by her side, and gently took her hand.

“Well?” he said.

She turned her head and looked quietly into his eyes. Her grave fond look brought the bright blood to his own cheeks, and just glancing round to see that they were unobserved, he caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately—on lips that kissed again.

“Shall it be as I wish?” he exclaimed.

“Yes, Ambrose,” she answered. “What you wish, I wish too; now as always, your will is my law.”

“And when?”

“When you please,” she answered. “Only, before I marry you, you must promise me one thing.”

“Yes! yes!”

“To regard me *still* as only your handmaid; to look upon your Church always as your true Bride, to whom you are most deeply bound.”

“I’ll try, dear; but will you be very angry if I sometimes forget her, when I feel your loving arms around me?”

“Very angry,” she said, smiling radiantly upon him.

They rose up, and walked on together hand in hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

A RUNAWAY COUPLE.

AMBROSE BRADLEY returned home that day like a man in a dream; and it was not till he had sat for a long time, thinking alone, that he completely realised what he had done. But the state of things which led to so amatory a crisis had been going on for a long time; indeed, the more his worldly prosperity increased, and the greater his social influence grew, the feebler became his spiritual resistance to the temptation against which he had fought so long.

It is the tendency of all transcendental forms of thought, even of a transcendental Christianity, to relax the moral fibre of their recipient, and to render vague and indetermined his general outlook upon life. The harshest possible Calvinism is bracing and invigorating, compared with any kind of creed with a terminology purely subjective.

Bradley's belief was liberal in the extreme in its construction, or obliteration, of religious dogmas; it soon became equally liberal, or lax, in its conception of moral sanctions. The man still retained, and was destined to retain till the end of his days, the very loftiest conception of human duty. His conscience, in every act of existence, was the loadstone of his deeds. But the most rigid conscience, relying entirely on its own insight, is liable to corruption. Certainly Bradley's was. He had not advanced very far along the easy path which leads to agnosticism, before he had begun to ask himself—What, after all, is the moral law? are not certain forms of self-sacrifice Quixotic and unnecessary? and, finally, why should I live a life of martyrdom, because my path was crossed in youth by an unworthy woman?

Since that nocturnal meeting after his visit to the theatre, Bradley had seen nothing of Mrs. Montmorency, but he had ascertained that she was spending the greater part of her time somewhere abroad. Further investigations, pursued through a private inquiry office, convinced him of two things: first, that there was not the faintest possibility of the lady voluntarily crossing his path again, and, second, that his secret was perfectly safe in the keeping of one whom its disclosure might possibly ruin. Satisfied thus far of his security, he had torn that dark leaf out of his book of life, and thrown it away into the waters of forgetfulness.

Then, with his growing sense of mastery, grew Alma's fascination.

She could not conceal, she scarcely attempted to conceal, the deep passion of worship with which she regarded him. Had he been a man ten times colder and stronger, he could scarcely have resisted the spell. As it was, he did not resist it, but drew nearer and nearer to the sweet spirit who wove it, as we have seen.

One sunny morning, about a month after the occurrence of that little love scene in Regent's Park, Bradley rose early, packed a small hand valise, and drove off in a hansom to Victoria Station. He was quietly attired in clothes not at all clerical in cut, and without the white neckcloth or any other external badge of his profession.

Arriving at the station, he found himself just in time to catch the nine o'clock train to Russetdeane, a lonely railway station taking its name from a village three miles distant on, lying on the direct line to

Eastbourne and Newhaven. He took his ticket, and entered a first-class carriage as the train started. The carriage had no other occupant, and, leaning back in his seat, he was soon plunged in deep reflection.

At times his brow was knitted, his face darkened, showing that his thoughts were gloomy and disturbed enough ; but ever and again, his eyes brightened, and his features caught a gleam of joyful expectation. Whenever the train stopped, which it did very frequently, he shrank back in his corner, as if dreading some scrutinising eye ; but no one saw or heeded him, and no one entered the carriage which he occupied alone.

At last, after a journey of about an hour and a half, the train stopped at Russetdeane.

It was a very lonely station indeed, quite primitive in its arrangements, and surrounded on every side by green hills and white quarries of chalk. An infirm porter and a melancholy station-master officiated on the platform, but when Bradley alighted, valise in hand, who should step smilingly up to him but Alma, prettily attired in a quiet country costume, and rosy with the sweet country air ?

The train steamed away ; porter and station-master standing stone still, and watching it till the last faint glimpse of it faded in the distance ; then they looked at each other, seemed to awake from a trance, and slowly approached the solitary passenger and his companion.

“ Going to Russetdeane, measter ? ” demanded the porter, wheezily, while the station-master looked on from the lofty heights of his superior position.

Bradley nodded, and handed over his valise.

“ I have a fly outside the station,” explained Alma ; and passing round the platform and over a wooden foot-bridge, to platform and offices on the other side, they found the fly in question—an antique structure of the post-chaise species, drawn by two ill-groomed horses, a white and a roan, and driven by a preternaturally old boy of sixteen or seventeen.

“ At what hour does the next down train pass to Newhaven ? ” asked Bradley, as he tipped the porter, and took his seat by Alma's side.

“ The down-train, measter ? ” repeated the old man. “ There be one at three, and another at five. Be you a-going on ? ”

Bradley nodded, and the fly drove slowly away along the country road. The back of the boy's head was just visible over the front part of the vehicle, which was vast and deep ; so Bradley's arm stole

round his companion's waist, and they exchanged an affectionate kiss.

"I have the licence in my pocket, dearest," he whispered. "Is all arranged?"

"Yes. The clergyman of the parish is such a dear old man, and quite sympathetic. He thinks it is an elopement, and as he ran away with his own wife, who is twenty years younger than himself, he is sympathy itself!"

"Did he recognise my name, when you mentioned it?"

"Not a bit," answered Alma, laughing. "He lives too far out of the world to know anything or anybody, and, as I told you, he is eighty years of age. I really think he believes that Queen Victoria is still an unmarried lady, and he talks about Bonaparte just as if it were sixty years ago."

"Alma!"

"Yes, Ambrose!"

"You don't mind this secret marriage?"

"Not at all—since it is your wish."

"I think it is better to keep the affair private, at least for a little time. You know how I hate publicity, in a matter so sacred; and since we are all in all to each other——"

He drew her still closer and kissed her again. As he did so, he was conscious of a curious sound as of suppressed laughter, and, glancing up, he saw the eyes of the weird boy intently regarding him.

"Well, what is it?" cried Bradley, impatiently, while Alma shrank away blushing crimson.

The eyes of the weird boy did not droop, nor was he at all abashed. Still indulging in an internal chuckle, like the suppressed croak of a young raven, he pulled his horses up, and pointed with his whip towards the distant country prospect.

"There be Russetdeane church spire!" he said.

Bradley glanced impatiently in the direction so indicated, and saw, peeping through a cluster of trees, some two miles off, the spire in question.

He nodded, and ordered the boy to drive on. Then turning to Alma, he saw her eyes twinkling with merry laughter.

"You see we are found out already!" she whispered. "He thinks we are a runaway couple, and so, after all, we are."

The carriage rumbled along for another mile, and ever and anon they caught the eyes of the weird boy, peeping backward; but being forewarned, they sat, primly enough, upon their good behaviour.

Suddenly the carriage stopped again.

"Missis!" croaked the weird boy.

"Well?" said Alma, smiling up at him.

"Where be I a-driving to? Back to the 'Wheatsheaf'?"

"No; right to the church door," answered Alma, laughing.

The boy did not reply, but fixing his weather eye on Bradley, indulged in a wink of such preternatural meaning, that Alma was once more convulsed with laughter. Then, after giving vent to a prolonged whistle, he cracked his whip, and urged his horses on.

Through green lanes, sweet with hanging honeysuckle and sprinkled with flowers of early summer: past sleepy ponds, covered with emerald slime and haunted by dragon flies glittering like gold; along upland stretches of broad pasture, commanding distant views of wood-land, thorpe, and river; they passed along that sunny summer day; until at last, creeping along an avenue of ashes and flowering limes, they came to the gate of an old church where the carriage stopped.

The lovers alighted, and ordering the boy to remain in attendance approached the church—a time-worn, rain-stained edifice half smothered in ivy, and with rooks cawing from its belfry tower.

They were evidently expected. The clerk, a little old man who walked with a stick, met them at the church door, and informed them that the clergyman was waiting for them in the vestry.

A few minutes later, the two were made man and wife—the solitary spectator of the ceremony, except the officials, being the weird boy, who had stolen from his seat, and left his horses waiting in the road, in order to see what was going on. The clergyman, ancient and time-worn as his church, mumbled a benediction, and, after subscribing their names in the register and paying the customary fees, they shook hands with him, and came again out into the sunshine.

Whatever the future might bring forth to cloud her marriage path, that bridal morning was like a dream of paradise to Alma Craik. In a private room of the old "Wheatsheaf," a room sweet with newly-cut flowers, and overlooking orchards stretching down to the banks of a pretty river, they breakfasted, or lunched, together—on simple fare, it is true, but with all things clean and pure. A summer shower passed over the orchards as they sat by the open window hand in hand; and then, as the sun flashed out again, the trees dript diamonds, and the long grass glittered with golden dew.

"How sweet and still it is here, my darling! I wish we could stay in such a spot for ever, and never return again to the dreary city and the busy world."

She crept to his side as he spoke, and rested her head upon his shoulder.

"Are you and Ambrose?"

"Quite happy," he replied.

Presently a buxom serving maid tript in to say that the carriage was waiting; and, descending to the door, they found the vehicle, with Alma's travelling trunk and the clergyman's valise upon the box. The weird boy was still there, jubilant. Somehow or other he had procured a large white rosette, which he had pinned to the breast of his coat. Two or three sleepy village folk, whom the news of the wedding had partially aroused from their chronic state of torpor, were clustering on the pavement; and the landlord and landlady stood at the door to wish the young couple God speed.

Away they drove, while one of the slumberous villagers started a feeble cheer. Through the green lanes, along the grassy uplands, they passed back to the railway station, which they reached just in time to catch, as they had planned, the down train to Newhaven.

That afternoon they crossed by the tidal boat to Dieppe, where, in a brand-new hotel facing the sea, they slept that night. They were almost the only visitors, for the summer bathing season had scarcely begun, and they would have found the place cheerless enough had they been in a less happy mood of mind.

The next day found them wandering about the picturesque old town, visiting the wharves and the old churches, and strolling on the deserted esplanade which faced the sea. They thought themselves unsuspected, but somehow everyone knew their secret—that they were a married couple on their honeymoon. When they returned to the hotel to lunch, they found a bunch of orange-blossoms on the table, placed there by the hands of a sympathetic landlady.

"We must go on farther," said Bradley, rather irritably. "I suppose the newly-married alight here often, and being experts in that sort of commodity, they recognise it at a glance."

So that afternoon they went on to Rouen, where they arrived as the sun was setting on that town of charming bridges. As their train reached the station, a train arrived almost simultaneously from Paris, and as there was a ten minutes' interval for both upward and downward passengers, the platform was thronged.

Bradley passed through the crowd, with Alma hanging upon his arm. He looked neither to right nor left, but seemed bent on passing out of the station; and he did not notice a dark-eyed lady by whom he was evidently recognised.

On seeing him, she started and drew back among the crowd, leading by the hand a little boy. But when he had passed she looked after him, and more particularly after his beautiful companion.

“It is he, sure enough!” she muttered. “But who is that stylish party in his company? I should very much like to know.”

The lady was “Mrs. Montmorency,” clad like a widow in complete weeds, and travelling with her little boy, also dressed in funeral black, from Paris to London.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MYSTERY.

BRADLEY and his bride were only absent from London five days; no one missed them, and of course no one suspected that they had gone away in company. Before the next Sunday came round, they were living just as before—she in her own rooms, he in the residence at Regent’s Park. This was the arrangement made between them, the clergyman’s plea being that it was better to keep their marriage secret for a time, until the New Church was more safely established in public estimation. Quite happy in the loving secret between them, Alma had acquiesced without a word.

Their only confidant, for the time being, was Miss Combe, who was then staying at Hastings, and to whom Alma wrote in the following terms:

“DEAREST AGATHA,—It is all over, and we are man and wife. No one in the world is to know but *you*, yet awhile. I know you will keep our secret, and rejoice in our happiness.

“It was all decided very hastily. Ambrose thought it better to marry secretly, thinking (foolish man!) that many would misunderstand his motives, and believing that, as an unmarried person, he can better pursue the good work to which we are both devoted. After all, it matters very little. For years we have been one in soul, as you know; and what God long ago joined man could never have put asunder. Still, it is sweet to know that my hero, my apostle, my Abelard—as I call him, is entirely mine, for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse. I am very happy, dear; proud and hopeful, too, as a loving wife can be.

“Write and tell me that you are better. Surely this bright weather should complete your cure, and drive those gloomy thoughts away? In a few days I shall come and see you; perhaps we may come together. So I won’t write good bye, but *au revoir!*”

“Your loving friend,

“ALMA BRADLEY.

“P.S.—My cousin George is back in town. Just fancy how he would scowl if he were to read the above *signature.*”

It so happened that George Craik, although he was not so favoured as to read his cousin's signature as a married woman, and although he had no suspicion whatever as yet that she had entered, as she imagined, into the holy estate of matrimony, was scowling in his least amiable frame of mind about the time when Alma wrote the above letter. He had returned to London from Paris a good deal mystified, for, having procured an interview with Mrs. Montmorency, whom (as the reader knows) he had gone over to see, he had elicited nothing from that lady but a flat denial of any knowledge of or connection with his rival the clergyman.

So he came back at once, baffled but not beaten, took to the old club life, attended the different race meetings, and resumed altogether the life of a young gentleman about town.

But although he saw little of his cousin, he (as he himself figuratively expressed it) "kept his eye upon her." The more he read about Bradley and his doings—which appeared shocking indeed to his unsophisticated mind—the more indignant he felt that Alma, and her fortune, should ever be thrown away on one so unworthy. Meantime he was in the unenviable position of a man surrounded by duns and debts. He had bills out in the hands of the Jews, and he saw no prospect whatever of meeting them. Having far exceeded the very liberal allowance given him by his father, he knew that there was no hope of assistance in that direction. His only chance of social resuscitation was a wealthy marriage, and with his cousin hanging like a tempting bait before him, he felt like a very Tantalus, miserable, indignant, and ill-used.

His rooms were in the Albany, and here one morning his father found him, sitting over a late breakfast.

"Well, George," said the baronet, standing on the hearthrug and glancing round at the highly suggestive prints which adorned the walls; "well, George, how long is this to last?"

The young man glanced up gloomily as he sipped his coffee.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"You know very well. But just look at this letter, which I have received, from a man called Tavistock, this morning."

And he tossed it over the table to his son. George took it up, looked at it, and flushed crimson. It was a letter informing Sir George Craik that the writer held in his hands a dishonoured acceptance of his son's for the sum of three hundred pounds, and that unless it was taken up within a week proceedings in bankruptcy would be instituted.

"D—— the Jew!" cried George. "I'll wring his neck! He had no right to write to you!"

"I suppose he thought it was the only way," returned the baronet; "but he is quite out in his calculations. If you suppose that I shall pay any more of your debts you are mistaken. I am quite tired of it all. You have played all your cards wrong, and must take the consequences."

George scowled more furiously than ever, but made no immediate reply. After a pause, however, he said, in an injured way—

"I don't know what you mean by playing my cards wrong. I have done my best. If my cousin Alma has given me the cold shoulder, because she has gone cranky on religion, it is no fault of mine."

"I am not astonished that she has thrown you over," cried Sir George. "What possible interest could a young girl of her disposition find in a fellow who bets away his last shilling, and covers his room with pictures of horses and portraits of jockeys and ballet girls? If you had had any common sense, you might at least have pretended to take some interest in her pursuits."

"I'm not a hypocrite," retorted George; "and I can't talk atheism."

"Rubbish! You know as well as I do that Alma is a high-spirited girl, and only wants humouring. These new-fangled ideas of hers are absurd enough, but irritating opposition will never lead her to get rid of them."

"She's in love with that fellow Bradley!"

"Nothing of the kind. She is in love with her own wild fancies, which he is wise enough to humour, and you are indiscreet enough to oppose. If there had been anything serious between them, a marriage would have come off long ago; but, absurd as Alma is, she is not mad enough to throw herself away on a mere adventurer like that, without a penny in the world."

"What is a fellow to do?" pleaded George, dolefully. "She snubs me more than ever!"

"The more she snubs you the more you ought to pursue her. Show your devotion to her—go to the church—seem to be interested in her crotchets—and take my word for it, her sympathies will soon turn in your direction."

Father and son continued to talk for some time in the same strain, and after an hour's conversation Sir George went away in a better humour. George drest himself carefully, and when it was about midday hailed a cab and was driven down to the Gaiety

Theatre, where he had an appointment with Miss Lottie Lestrangle. The occasion was one of those *matinées* when aspiring amateurs attempt to take critical opinion by storm, and the *débutante* this time was a certain Mrs. Temple Grainger, who was to appear as "Juliet" in the *Hunchback*, and afterwards as "Juliet" in the famous balcony scene of Shakespeare's play. Mrs. Grainger, whose husband was somewhere in the mysterious limbo of mysterious husbands, called India, was well known in a certain section of society, and no less a person than His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had promised to be present at her *début*.

George was to join Miss Lestrangle in the stalls, where he duly found her, and was greeted with a careless smile. The seats all round were thronged with well-known members of society; actresses, actors, critics. The Prince was already in his box, and the curtain was just ringing up.

It is no part of my business to chronicle the success or failure of Mrs. Temple Grainger; but, if cheers and floral offerings signify anything, she was in high favour with her audience. At the end of the second act, George Craik rose and surveyed the house through his opera glass. As he did so, he was conscious of a figure saluting him from one of the stage boxes, and to his surprise he recognised—Mrs. Montmorency.

She was gorgeously drest in black, and liberally painted and powdered. George bowed to her carelessly; when to his surprise she beckoned him to her.

He rose from his seat and walked over to the side of the stalls immediately underneath her box. She leant over to him, and they shook hands.

"Will you come in?" she said. "I want to speak to you."

He nodded, passed round to the back of the box, entered, and took a seat by the lady's side.

"I thought you were still in Paris," he said.

"I came over about a fortnight ago," she replied. "I suppose you have heard of his lordship's death?"

"Yes. I saw it in the papers."

"I waited till after the funeral, then I came away. But we won't talk about that; I've hardly got over it yet. I've something else to say to you."

"Well?"

"Do you remember a question you asked me in Paris—whether I knew anything of a clergyman of the name of Bradley who was paying his addresses to your cousin?"

"Of course I do ; and you said——"

"That I only knew him very slightly."

"Pardon me, but you said you didn't know him at all !"

"Did I? Then I made a slight mistake. I do know the person you mean by sight !"

George Craik looked at the speaker with some astonishment, for he had a good memory, and a very vivid recollection of what she had said to him during their interview.

"I dare say I was *distract*," she continued, with a curious smile and a flash of her dark eyes. "I was in such trouble about poor Ombermere. What I want to tell you is that I saw Mr. Bradley the other day at Rouen, as I was returning from Paris."

"At Rouen," repeated George Craik.

"Yes, on the railway platform, in company with a very charming lady, who was hanging on his arm, and regarding him with very evident adoration."

George pricked up his ears like a little terrier ; he smelt mischief of some sort.

"I fancy you must be mistaken," he said. "Bradley is not likely to have been travelling across the Channel."

"I am not at all mistaken," answered Mrs. Montmorency. "Mr. Bradley's appearance is peculiar, his face especially, and I am sure it was himself. What I want to find out is, who was his companion?"

"I hardly see what interest that can be to you," observed George, suspiciously, "since you only know him—by sight !"

"The lady interested me. I was wondering if it could be your charming cousin."

George started as if he had been shot.

"My cousin Alma ! Impossible ! Surely you don't know what you are saying !"

"Oh yes, I do. Tell me, what is your cousin like ?"

After some slight further urging, George described Alma's personal appearance as closely as possible. Mrs. Montmorency listened quietly, taking note of all the details of the description. Then she tapped George with her fan, and laughed outright.

"Then I was right after all !" she cried. "It was Miss Alma Craik—that's her name, isn't it ?"

"Yes ; but, good heavens, it is simply impossible. Alma in company with that scoundrel, over there in France. You must be mistaken !"

But Mrs. Montmorency was quite certain that she had made no stake in the matter. In her turn she described Alma's appearance

so minutely, so cleverly, that her companion became lost in astonished belief. When the act drop was rung up, he sat staring like one bewitched, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but gazing wildly at Mrs. Montmorency.

Suddenly he rose to go.

“Don't go yet,” whispered the lady.

“I must—I can't stay!” he replied. “I'll find out from my cousin herself if what you have told me is true.”

“*Après ?*”

“*Après !*” echoed the young man, looking livid. “Why, *après*, I'll have it out with the man !”

Mrs. Montmorency put her gloved hand upon his arm.

“Don't do anything rash, *mon cher*,” she said. “I think you told me that you loved your cousin, and that you would give a thousand pounds to get her away from your rival ?”

“A thousand ! twenty thousand ! anything !”

“Suppose I could help you ?” said Mrs. Montmorency, smiling wickedly.

“Can you ? will you ? But how !”

“You must give me time to think it over. Find out, in the first place, if what I suspect is true, and then come and tell me all about it !”

George Craik promised, and hurriedly left the theatre, without even waiting to say farewell, or make any apologies, to Miss Lestrangle. He was determined to call upon his cousin without a moment's delay, and get, if possible, to the bottom of the mystery of her unaccountable appearance, accompanied by Bradley, at the Rouen railway station.

(To be continued.)

WAGNER'S "SIEGFRIED" AND THE CITY OF THE NIBELUNGS.

I.

ALL over Germany, the unexpected death of Richard Wagner has given rise to a desire of having his chief works once more put on the stage. It will be done by way of commemoration ; partly, also, for the sake of fulfilling a wish he had expressed in regard to the future of his youthful son, Siegfried. Travellers to Germany will, therefore, have an opportunity now of again testing to the fullest extent the merits of what has been called (though not by Wagner himself) the "Music of the Future."

Opinions on that much-discussed subject must, no doubt, differ for a long time to come. Meanwhile, the great "Nibelung Tetralogy" is pre-eminently singled out as the one work calculated to attract the largest crowds ; so much so, that its recent successful performance before vast audiences at Brussels has induced even the Parisian reporters sent there, who expressed themselves most favourably in public, to urge the manager to come to the French capital for the same purpose, in spite of the hostility hitherto shown at Paris. To this proposal, formal assent was, indeed, given shortly before Richard Wagner expired at Venice.

The mystic "Ring of the Nibelung" thus floating anew before the eyes of playgoers, the semi-historical background of the famed story may well claim some attention. When English travellers hurry up the Rhine, glancing right and left at the "castled crags" of the much-sung river, do many of them know, on nearing the town of Worms, what hallowed poetical ground they are approaching? Are most of them aware that, there, the boat not only passes Nibelung ground made illustrious by the old German epic, but that the city in question once literally professed, in all seriousness, to have been the very abode, for a time, of Siegfried and Kriemhild—nay, to be in possession of the grave and the spear of the mythic national hero who is the subject of Wagner's music-drama?

Yet so it is. First, a word may therefore be said as to the his-

original origin of the town where the hero first saw his future queen, and where she afterwards vowed to take revenge for his murder.

In grey antiquity, Worms appears as one of the earliest centres of Germanic civilisation. The Romans had a fortress there. Under Roman dominion, the German tribe of the Vangions are found on its soil. In the early Middle Ages the town bore the name of Wormatia, which has no doubt arisen from the older "Borbetomagus," usually held to be a Keltic word, but which Simrock refers to the name of one of the German Norns. Borbet, or Worbet, is a sister of Fate, of terrible aspect, representing Strife, as her name seems to imply, which is regarded as akin to the English word "war."

Of war, the city of Worms has, at all events, had more than enough. Attila laid the flourishing town in ashes. Chlodowig, the Frankish king, rebuilt it. Upon the country all round, Nature has showered so many of her blessings that the Minnesingers, or chivalrous Poets of Love, chaunted the praise of that fruitful region under the name of the Land of Delight (*Wonne-Gau*). Here ripens the sweet and fiery Liebfrauenmilch, the matchless wine of Our Dear Lady; so called from the church of that name, near which it grows. But Nature's attractions ever and anon made Worms the starting-point of the scene of events full of ghastly import. At Worms the Frankish Kaiser, Karl the Great, proclaimed the cruel war against the Saxons, who, during a thirty years' struggle for their independence, were repeatedly subjected to baptism by force of arms, but over and over again returned to their faith in Woden, Thunaer, and Saxnote—the same faith for which Penda, the Northumbrian king, had successfully fought on the Maserfeld, and for which he was slain at the battle on the Winwaed. In a single day, 4,500 of Witukind's warriors were beheaded by court-martial, at the order of Karl, for the purpose of bringing them under his imperial rule.

As a free town, Worms played a considerable part, during the Middle Ages, in the contests for national liberty, when the question of the constitution of Germany as a Democratic Commonwealth trembled in the balance. Its citizens were often on the side of self-government as against petty dynastic rule. Later on, before a Parliament held within its walls by Karl V., Luther uttered his famous words:—"Here I stand. I cannot say otherwise. So help me God. Amen!" In the French wars the town was almost wholly destroyed. Its ancient dome alone baffled the incendiaries of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV., whose General, Louvois, had ordered it, like so many other cities along the Rhine, to be razed from the earth. In those days of terror Worms became nearly a waste. Even now

it is merely the shadow of its former self. The gaps made then by the torch of the invader are still partly visible in its streets.

And this was once the "City of the Nibelungs," where Siegfried married Kriemhild ; where the murdered hero's body was laid before the door of his consort during the fatal visit to which Brünnhild had allured her kinsmen from the Rhenish Netherlands ; and whither the evil-working Nibelung treasure, or hoard, was said to have been brought after his treacherously-encompassed death.

At Worms, the old song says, Kriemhild "still lived, in deep grief, fully thirteen years," until the heralds came from the Hunnic ruler with the offer of a new wedlock, when the opportunity arose for that ghastly revenge which forms the concluding tragedy in the Nibelungen-Lied. These recollections, or mythic traditions, have lingered about the town with wonderful tenacity. Down to the middle of the last century, the Town Council of Worms were bound, from old custom, to give a fixed reward to anyone who could publicly tell the Siegfried story, in traditional verses, in such a way as to satisfy the appointed master-singer critics !

II.

FICTION and fact, national mythology, tribal sagas, and historical events, have been welded into one in the German Iliad, called the Nibelungen-Lied. In its poetical localisation, at any rate, historical elements seem to break powerfully through the fantastic surroundings of a legendary heroism.

The Epic opens, at Worms, with "Kriemhild's Dream," in which the noble daughter of the Burgundian land sees her beautiful falcon torn by two eagles. In anxious mood she tells the alarming vision to her mother Ute, who interprets the dream as referring to a future swain and husband, whose fate will be a tragic one :—

The falcon whom thou rearedst, is a noble man, I see.
May God have him in His keeping, lest he should be lost to thee !

Kriemhild answers :—

What do of man you tell me ; oh, dearest mother mine ?
Without knight's love for ever I'll be a child of thine !
Unto my death, ay, truly, I heart-free will remain.
Thus through man's love no sorrow shall ever on me gain.

But Ute gives different counsel :—

Keep free from over promise !— her mother answered here.
If on earth true bliss thou findest, 'twill be from man's love, dear !¹

¹ I have attempted to render, as far as I could, the quaint and touching simplicity of the text.

Still, Kriemhild refuses yielding to her mother's rede ; "for many a woman has learnt before how love's reward is sorrow." Through many a day she, therefore, continued living fancy-free, in a maiden's heart's ease, until Siegfried came. At this stage the epic says, with that rapid anticipation of events which marks some of its more powerful passages :—

That was the noble falcon who in her dream appear'd,
And whom her mother foreboded. What vengeance wild and weird
She wreaked upon her kinsmen that slew her husband dear !
Through this one's death full many were laid upon their bier.

The scene of this prophetic conversation is in the old Rhenish town. Rather strangely, many may think, the poet calls it the capital of Burgundy (*Burgonden*). The description is, however, historically, no doubt quite correct, though it may seem astonishing, even fabulous, at a first glance.

Worms must really, at one time, have been the centre of the Burgundian empire. We know for sure that the martial German tribe of that name, who originally dwelt near the shores of the Baltic, and whose tall stature and love of freedom struck Sidonius Apollinaris, were in the fifth century established on the banks of the Rhine, the Main, and the Neckar. There they remained until other German tribes, Alans, Swabians, and Vandals, broke in upon them, hurrying them along, with their own war-hosts, for an invasion of Gaul where Roman rule still maintained a weakened hold. Whilst dwelling near the Rhine and the Neckar, these Burgundians had in all probability their capital in a town of such time-honoured reputation as Worms. The chronicles of the early Middle Ages, written during an epoch of incessant battle and hurly-burly, are silent on that point ; but there is no reason to doubt the correctness of the tradition preserved in the *Nibelungen-Lied*. Several well-established facts, on the contrary, rather confirm it. Thus, a site near Worms—evidently a wood—still bore, so late as the year 773, the name of Burgunt-hart ; that is, the Burgundian Forest.

Having moved afterwards into Gaul, the Burgundians founded a realm between the Aar and the Rhone. Its last trace and remnant—that is to say, as a mere expression of political geography within France, which itself got its name from the German Franks—was the "Bourgogne." So it was still called at the time of the first French Revolution. Then only, departmental designations were resolved upon, instead of the old historical names of the various countries from which the kingdom had grown up. In the interest of national unity, and for the sake of wiping out the remembrance of old tribal

and feudal divisions, river and mountain names were chosen for the departments ; and so Burgundy also had to go its way. But "Bourguignon" (Burgundian) is even now a word conversationally used for a native from that part of France—not to mention the Burgundy wine.

So the tradition of the German tribe from which Kriembild sprang, yet reaches into France to the present day.

III.

It was one of the early Burgundian kings, hight Gundikar, or Gundahari, who first threw himself, with an army of 10,000 men, against Attila on the shores of the Rhine, seeking to stay the progress of that scourge of nations. Like many Teutonic names, that of Gundahari has an etymological meaning of strong warlike import. True to his name, he, with all his men, fell in the battle against the Hunns.

An echo of his glorious defeat lingers in the Nibelungen song. There, Gunther, the Burgundian king, is killed, with all his men, in the land of Etzel, the ruler of the "Hiunen."

In Etzel, whose Court the Burgundians, in the German epic, reach by going down the Danube, we have evidently a fanciful reflex of Attila's historical image. For, in Etzel's kingdom, "thanes of many tongues, Christians and heathens, are galloping on the war-roads." We see Russians and Greeks, Poles and Wallachians, the men of Kiew and the wild Petchenegs, turn up, in the twelfth song, as visitors in the "Hiunic" land. And even as the Gunther of the Nibelungen-Lied, to some extent, corresponds to the historical Gundahari, so also the Gunnar of the Edda, himself called a Burgundian in the poetic "Tale of Atli," is but a reflex of the German Gunther. These hero-tales were, indeed, transferred from the Rhine to the kindred Northmen, and there invested with a fresh garb. Their Rhenish origin is, however, acknowledged in the Edda itself ; for Sigurd, too, is described there as a hero from Frank-land on the Rhine, even as his prototype, Siegfried, in the German epic.

I have explained elsewhere the tribal origin of Siegfried as a German "Hune"—a word which has nothing whatever to do with the Mongolic Hunns. Baeda, or the Venerable Bede, as he is usually called, speaks of Hunes as being among the tribes of Germany that came over to Britain, together with the Saxons. "Hune" probably meant a bold warrior. The name still lingers in Germany in various ways. In England there are a vast number of place-

names, from Kent and Suffolk up to Shetland, all pointing to settlements of those German Hunes; such as Hunton, Hundon, Hunworth, Hunstanton, Huncote, Hungate, Huncoat, Hunslet, Hunmanby, Hunwick, the Head of Hunna, and the Isle of Hunie. Old English personal names too, like Ethelhun (Noble Hune), have the same origin.

It was by a misunderstanding and confusion which arose between the name of the Teuton Hunes and the Mongolic Hunns, that Kriemhild's revenge for the murder of Siegfried—which in our old lost songs must have happened on the Rhine—was transferred to the Danube, to Attila's or Etzel's dominions. To this strange transformation of the original tale, which in a purer form is preserved in an Eddic lay, the composition of Attila's army easily lent itself. In fact, though Attila was overthrown, on the Catalaunian fields, mainly by Germanic hosts, to which Roman and Gallic troops were added, he had a great many German warriors in his own army. There were with him Eastern Goths, Gepids, Rugians, Herulians, Quads, Skyras, Markomans, Eastern Franks, and Thuringians.

From this military intermingling, partly as friends, partly as enemies, of nations so dissimilar as the Hunns on the one hand and the Germans on the other (one of whose most warlike tribes called themselves Hunes), it is not difficult to conceive that the tragic issue of the Nibelung tale was in course of time moved towards the East, into Attila's kingdom. Attila himself evidently slid, in the Nibelungen-Lied, into the figure of a previous German hero-form which still appears in the Edda as Atli—a dweller, not on the Danube, *but on the Rhine.*

The change will be easily understood when we remember the deep impression which the fierce Mongolic war-leader had made on the popular mind in Southern Germany, where the Nibelungen epic was cast into its present shape. In the sixteenth century, Crusius reports that the peasantry in Würtemberg, when asked about the numerous ruins in their country, still readily gave the name of Attila as that of the destroyer of a great many castles.¹ This was 1100 years after Attila's appearance! Book-learning had certainly not taught that name to the simple yeomen or clodhoppers. Only transmission by word of mouth can have handed it down to them. Now, oral tradition is always strongest, and lasts longest, wherever book-learning is smallest.

A glance at the tale of Atli, in the Edda, will show what the lost

¹ . . . weil die Bauern, wenn man sie deswegen fragte, gleich des Attilae Namen in dem Maul gehabt.

German songs must have said, which were brought by Icelanders to the North, and there wrought into a new shape. In the Edda, Atli, a "Hunic" king, sends his messengers to the Burgundians to lure them into his country for purposes of revenge, by promising to confer upon them the possession of the Gnita Heath, with its splendid treasures. That Heath, where the famous dragon lay, was situated—as we also know from Norse sources—on the Lower Rhine. Gunnar, the Burgundian, and his men thereupon ride on horseback through a dark forest and deep green valleys, "over wild *Rhenish* mountains." This is clearly the way from Worms, along the Rhine and by way of Westphalia—where the Gnita Heath, or Heath of Envy, lay—down to the German Netherlands.

Contrary to Simrock's opinion, whose great penetration seems to have forsaken him in this case, I hold these geographical indications of the Icelandic "Atlakhvida"¹ to be perfectly clear as pointing to Lower Germany. Consequently, in that Eddic song, a Drama of Revenge also is acted in Rhenish lands. Thus we get from the North a glimpse of what the real tale was when the heroic ballads sung all over Germany had not yet been fused into an epic.

In that epic, however, the revenge of Siegfried's death is transposed from the Rhine into Danubian, Hungarian, quarters—in accordance with the substitution of the figure of Attila, or Etzel, the Hunn, for that of Atli, the Hune, or for some old German Azilo, as the name probably sounded.

IV.

"NOWHERE"—says Arnold, in his "Constitutional History of the German Free Cities"—"do the names of the German hero-tale occur so early and so often as in and around Worms." This interesting fact gives the Nibelungen-Lied an additional strong tinge of historical colouring.

Local designations, referring to the Siegfried saga, are certainly scattered far and wide over Germany, quite in harmony with the national character of the tale. In the fifteenth century there were still "Siegfried Bournes" in many a dark and desolate wood, where popular fancy was apt to see the scene of a ghastly murder perpetrated upon some fearless warrior of renown. There were moors, rocks, and paths called after him, his widowed queen, and his earlier love—such as Sigefrides Môr, Kriemhiltens Stein, Criemilde Spil, Grimilden Steg, Brunehilde Stein, and so forth. From the eighth to

¹ Comp. v. 5, 13, and 17.

the fifteenth century, many instances of such nomenclature are mentioned in old chronicles, the localities varying from the Black Forest down to the shores of the German Ocean.

The name of Siegfried's murderer, Hagen, also appears here and there in local topography. Even the Eddic "Myrkvidr," or Murky Wood, seems to have its literal counterpart in an old chronicle by Dietmar von Merseburg, under the identical name of "Miriquidui." In some passages of the Norse Scripture, Myrkvidr may be held to be a translation of the Black Forest in Southern Germany. In others it is referable to a forest farther east. The "Miriquidui" of Dietmar von Merseburg is placed between Meissen and Bohemia.

In some cases these coincidences may be accidental. But at and near Worms, the recollections of the Siegfried tale are of an overwhelming kind. Local names reminding us of it are there of an extraordinary frequency.

The very name of Nibelung, though it occurs in many parts of Germany under various forms (for instance, as Nobiling), is nowhere met with so often and so early as in the Worms Gau, or district of Worms. There it occurs as that of landed proprietors, donors, priests, and prelates, in annals ranging from the year 774 to 1243. So also the names of the chief personages of the epic—such as Chriemhilt, Uda, Gernot, Giselher, Nodung, Tancrat—are found in documents of the Worms district as early as the eighth and ninth centuries.

A Queen Brunhild, of terrible memory—the wife of Sigebert, the Austrasian king—alike distinguished by ambition, audacious statecraft, and unspeakable cruelty, a royal murderess on a grand and ghastly style, who in her eightieth year found her death by being tied to the tail of a wild horse, probably resided, in the seventh century, in a palace dating from Merovingian times close by Worms. A "Brunhild meadow" is yet mentioned, in a chronicle of 1141, as "Brunhiltis-wisi."

Again, the name of Gunther, the husband of the Brunhild of the Nibelungen-Lied, comes up, near Worms, in places like Gundersheim, Gundheim, Gundersweiler, Guntersblum. That doughty warrior and minstrel, Volker of Alzei, of whom the song has a deal to say, is remembered in his native town, which lies close by Worms, from olden times to this day. In the Nibelungen-Lied he, with Hagen, keeps watch at night before the hall in Etzel's palace, so as to guard the Burgundian men against a treacherous surprise from the Hunns. With his noble strains of music he charms his careworn heroes into soothing sleep. In matchless word-painting, difficult to render in English, the epic says in the old text :—

*Dô klungen sine seiten das al daz hûs erdôz :
 Sin ellen zuo der fuoze, diu beidiu wâren grôz.
 Senfter unde süezer widelen er began :
 Do entswebete er an den betten vil manegen sorgenden man.*

That is :

Boldly his strings resounded that the mighty palace shook.
 His skill, and aye his power, the gleeman ne'er forsook.
 Softer then, and sweeter, his soothing strains began :
 Thus into sloom he lulled many a sorrowing man.

Now, curiously enough, the town of Alzei still has the violin in its escutcheon, and the nickname of its citizens has for ages been: "the fiddlers."

Siegfried's murderer was Hagen von Tronege, the man "of well-bred manners," and "gentle as an umpire" (as the epic says in several passages usually quite overlooked), but "of terrifying mien." Hagen's name still clings to an old street in Worms, called in a Latin document of 1141, "Platea Hagenonis" — Hagen Street. Thirty years ago, by one of those corruptions so frequent in historical and mythological matters, it still bore, at least, the name of Hahnen-Gasse—Cock Street. It is now called Ludwigs Strasse.

So also a place near Worms, which once was called Hagenheim (Hagen's Home, or Hagenham) became changed into Hahnheim—"Ha'n" being an abbreviation, or slurred-over pronunciation, of Hagen. From "Ha'n" the transition to the spelling "Hahn" was an easy one. Hagenau, in Alsace, has, however, preserved the real name and spelling. As to "Tronege," the castle from which Siegfried's murderer hailed, there really was once a stronghold of that name (Tronecker). It is mentioned in a chronicle of 1357, and was situated near the Thron, a little affluent of the Mosel, in the very neighbourhood of Hagen's supposed home. Its vast ruins exist to this day. They are of a character pointing to great antiquity.

Hagen's nephew, who is described as a high steward at Gunther's Court, is called "von Mezze." This, too, has for some time seemed a puzzle, as it could not refer to the city of Metz. Now, a knightly family called "von Mezze" are also proved to have lived near Worms. Their name appears as that of witnesses in a document of that town, drawn up, in 1196, in presence of Kaiser Henry VI. In the history of Worms this family still played a part in the fourteenth century.¹

¹ Compare an essay, by Mr. F. Falk, in the "Monthly Review for the History and the Archæology of the Rhineland and Westphalia."

V.

gold hoard of the Nibelungs was, according to the epic, sunk in a mine near Loche. The passage in question has been much upon, verbal difficulties being apparently involved in it. It was said, might also be interpreted as a hole in which the treasure was buried. I think a glance at the Eddic Tale of Atli (Völund) ought to have disposed long ago of this forced interpretation. Although the special place is not mentioned where the treasure was buried in the river, there can be no doubt that it was the Rhine which received it; for in the Edda, Gunnar (Gunther) says:—

Of the hidden hoard of the Niblung's gold
 Alone I now know, since Högni (Hagen) lives not.
 In doubt I wavered, whilst we two were breathing.
 In fear I'm no longer, since alone I am left.
The Rhine shall be master of the baleful metal;
 The stream shall possess the As-known Niblung hoard.
 In the rolling waves the golden rings shall glow,
 Rather than on the hands of the Hunic sons.

Since the waters of the Rhine being thus clearly mentioned, the question would only be as to the particular place where the deed was done. But a town or village of the name of Loche was not found in the Rhine, and consequently long held to be non-existent.

But, however, point out here that another circumstance, besides the old record, should have warned Germanistic scholars against the adoption of the view that "ze lôche" might mean a "hole." The expression occurs in a charming little love-poem by a minnesinger of the early part of the thirteenth century, Count Otto von Guinzeburg, who came back from his fight against the infidels as victor and of an Eastern king's daughter. Well, he compares his beloved, embosomed as she is in his heart, to a refulgent carbuncle, which he says was sunk "at Loche in the Rhine," and also to the famed carbuncle which adorned the "weise," in the crown of Germany:—

Karfunkel ist ein stein genannt :
Von dem sagt man, wie lichte er schîne.
Derst nûn, und ist daz wol bewant ;
Ze Lôche lit er in dem Rîne.

Now, whether this passage contains an allusion to the Niblung legend or to some general tradition of a great treasure having once been sunk in the river, the wording of the pretty little erotic conceit is grammatically, no doubt whatever as to the meaning of "ze carbuncle in dem Rîne." Indeed, in documents of the eighth century,

the place has at last been discovered as Lochheim. Here I would add that, near the middle and upper Rhine, places ending in "heim"—for instance, Rintheim—are, in local dialect, frequently shortened into "Rinte," and so forth.

Many more curious facts, concerning a number of minor personages in the Nibelungen-Lied, might be given. But we will rather turn to the strange hold which Siegfried's name had upon popular belief at Worms, throughout the Middle Ages and down to modern times. His very tomb, one of his weapons, as well as his carved image, were shown under the name of Sifrid's Grave, Sifrid's Spear, and Sifrid's Statue; and an old block of calcareous spar, bearing traces of workmanship, was called Sifrid's Stone.

It need not be said that the heroic myth had given rise to these allegations, which for a long while were regarded as indubitable facts. There are chronicles written in Latin and German, especially between the fifteenth and seventeenth century, which speak of the grave of that "second Hector" and "powerful Giant who once lived at Worms;" who is sung through nearly all Germany (*de immani isto gigante per totam prope Germaniam decantato*); who is "miraculously and fabulously said, in most ancient verses, to have been covered all over with a horny skin"; whose death, brought about by treachery, Kriemhild avenged; and whose lance, an immense pine, was still shown at Worms (*cujus enim hasta, ingens pinus, ibidem ostentatur*). The people at large, the peasantry before all, are said, in those chronicles, to have most firmly believed in his having lived, ages ago.

Such was the "stolid persistence of the rustics" that in the fifteenth century, when Kaiser Frederick III. came at Easter to Worms, he had the grave of that famous giant, which was situated in the cemetery of St. Caecilia (also called of St. Meinhard), opened by the town's Master of Drains and Diggings, to see whether bones of the "hornyn Sifridt" might be found. "They dug until they came upon water, but found only a head and a few bones, *which were larger than men's heads and bones usually are.*"

Another chronicle, it is true, says that the excavation had no result. It therefore relegates the story into the realm of myth. Yet, so late as 1734, Johann Staricius, in his "Newly Augmented Hero Treasure," says:—

"If anybody in the Mastersingers' School is able publicly to tell the story of the 'Hörnen Siegfried' by heart, in such a manner that the regularly-ordained critics (*Merker*, or *Judicirer*, as they are generally called) have not to strike out, or to put a bad mark against, any little verse, the Council of the town of Worms, from ancient custom,

gives him a fixed sum of money, as a due token of high respect. Therefore, not everything that is found in histories about Siegfried's swords Meynung,¹ Roland, and Durndart, is to be put down as mere fable."

So fully did the good town of Worms once identify itself with the Siegfried tale !

VI.

JOHANN STARICIUS also reports that—"The Story of Siegfried, painted from ancient times on the Town Hall of Worms, is to be seen there to this day, in evidence of its historical truth. In the same way, the Rose Garden, where, in its time, so many heroes were slain, and where he himself lost his life, is shown, to this day, outside the town."

Here the Rose Garden is mentioned as the scene of the murder, instead of the forest of which the epic speaks. With that kind of etymology which always comes to the fore when the real origin of a word is lost, Staricius further writes : "It is said that the town of Worms has its name from 'Worms,' that is, from the many evil Dragons that once haunted the place. Of whom the 'hörnin Seyfried' burnt and slew a great many, dipping himself in their blood, and thus becoming covered with a horny skin."

A slightly more critical writer, Matthias Quade, in his "Glory of the German Nation" (Köln, 1609) says :—

"Others have it that Worms bears its name from the great Worms which, after the destruction of the town, grew up and were found there. The common people think that it has retained its name from the great Dragon which, there, carried off the king's daughter through the air, and which the 'hürnen Seyfried' afterwards slew in the Odenwald ; thus rescuing the Maiden. The same Dragon, together with the Maiden, her brothers, and Seyfried, are to be seen pourtrayed at Worms in the market-place, on a most ancient building called the Mint, in very archaic style. There, also, the bones of the Giants and Dragons whom Seyfried overthrew, are hung up in iron chains. Again, outside the Mainzer Gate of the town, there is the old picture of the Dragon ; and near the Rhine, on the new tower, you see the image of Seyfried in the corner of the town's wall. So, also, a flying Worm, or Dragon, is the shield-bearer in the escutcheon of this town—which escutcheon is a key won by Seyfried from the Dragon, wherewith he unlocked the Rock in order to come up to the Maiden. And

¹ This is a corrupted form of "Mimung," the blade forged by the forest-giant Mime. In the Nibelungen-Lied, Balmung is the name of Siegfried's sword.

this same key Seyfried at once took home with him to Worms, and has placed it on the town's shield, in eternal memory, together with other antiquities of giants and their weapons, which are to be found in the town. All this looks, no doubt, like a very plausible assertion, with a fine appearance ; but the question might be raised *whether the town did not even bear the name of Worms before the time of the 'hiirnin Seyfried.'*"

Of course, Worms has, as before stated, its name from the Borbetomagus of Roman times, the Wormatia of the Franks.

A more detailed description of the curious pictures and images of the Mint at Worms is contained in Lienhart Flechsel's poetical "Description of the Public and Gentlemen's Shooting Match at Worms (1575)." We there learn that the country round the former town, which has suffered from many a war, was once much troubled with dragons, whom Siegfried overcame. That warrior lived on the Rhine. One of the Rose Gardens, built by Kriemhild, was his. Dietrich von Bern saw that garden, and he and his men slew a great many heroes there.

At the Mint, the poet observes an iron chain, and mighty large giants' bones hanging in it. Giants bearing huge spears were painted on the building ; also Kriemhild, wearing a wreath. Furthermore, a fine picture representing the Emperor Frederick was to be seen there. All this is quaintly described in the following naïve verses :—

*Esz ist ein weit berumbte statt,
 Und die gar vill erlitten hat.
 Dass ich in sachen euch nit lieg :
 So hats erlitten manchen krieg.
 Mit dem gewurn, was ihr nit woll,
 Darumb da wasz das land gar voll ;
 Mit trachn, lindwurm, muss ich sagen :
 Der Seufridt hat es all erschlagen.
 Er hat gewont woll an dem Rhein ;
 Der Rossengardn gab man jm ein.
 Künigin Grimhildin hatn baut ;
 Herr Diettrich von Bern hat in bschaut
 Mit sambt sein helten und rekhen
 Thet die rissen hart erschrekhen
 Wie ich bin zu der Muncz ganngen,
 Ain eissen ketn sach ich hangen,
 Mechtig vill grosse rissen bain.
 Ich stund darbey ; was nit allein ;
 Besach mir der bain gleich ebn gnug ;
 Ein uhr, die was gemacht gar klug . .
 Ich stund davor und sach es an
 Grosz rissen waren gmalt daran*

*Mit jrn grossen rissen stangen.
Grimhildin die kam gegaungen,
Unnd thut ein krancz bey ihr tragen.
Weiter noch mit warhait sagen :
Wie sas so hupsch schön gmalet dran
Kaisser Friedrich hoch lobesan.*

Zorn's "Chronicle of the City of Worms" also mentions that in the year 1493 the new Mint was adorned afresh with representations of heroes, dragons, and other pictures, by the famous master, Nikolaus Niwergolt. An old manuscript gives the details: "Frau Crimhiltin" and the "hörnin Syfridt," with two giants lying before them, and so forth, were the subjects of the picture.

As to Siegfried's spear (*Sifrid's Stange*), it was shown at Worms in a church. The Nibelungen-Lied (xvi. 951) says of this weapon: "His spear was most huge, strong, and also broad." In one of the Rose Garden tales, twelve swords are attributed to the hero "with the shining eyes," as the Norse accounts depict him—a description which may easily be referred to the Zodiac and to sunshine; Siegfried thus appearing as a solar hero.

The tremendous lance preserved at Worms was of the very respectable length of 66 feet, and said to have been carried by a giant many centuries ago. The Epic, indeed, speaks of the hero as of a very tall and powerful man (vii. 474). Lastly, there was at Worms the so-called Siegfried's Stone. It is supposed now, by some, to have once been used as a boundary stone of episcopal jurisdiction, in the same way as the blue stones, or *Botting-Steine*, were used in other places.

Siegfried's glorious deeds, as before stated, were through many centuries sung all over Germany. These rhapsodic hero-lays are unfortunately lost. If they could be recovered, we might perhaps find in them both mythological indications and historical allusions which have helped to construe the figure of Siegfried and the circle of heroes and heroines that surround him. Nothing seems to me more likely than that this double origin appertains to the grand and weird tale which has exercised so powerful a spell over the German people in ages past, and which, even now, is apt to evoke a thrill of delight among it.

In the thirteenth century, the author of the *Titurel* bears witness to the great popularity of this poetic tale. He was still a believer in the hero's horny skin, though he assumed it to have been formed in a way different from what the popular dragon myths asserted. He says the blind street minstrels sing the Siegfried lays:—

*Sô singent uns die blinden,
 Daz Sîfrît hîrnîn waere,
 Durch das er überwinden
 Kund ouch einen tracken freisebaere.
 Von des bluote wîrd sîn vel verwandelt
 In horne starc für wâpen.
 Die habent sich an warheit missehandelt.*

Icelanders and other Northmen who resided for a time, and studied, in Germany, during the early centuries of the Middle Ages, must have felt a sympathetic chord struck in their hearts when they heard those *Lieder* sung in their travels. They brought the contents back to their Scandinavian home. Then the skalds moulded the tale anew, preserving, however—as anyone may see from the Edda—its German character. For the Rhine and the Rhenish Hunes, the Franconian land, the Saxons, the Burgundians, Swawa-land or the Swabian land, the Black Forest, the Holy Mountains near the Rhine, which undoubtedly signify the Sieben-Gebirge, and other clear geographical indications meet us everywhere in the Eddic songs, together with the names of the German heroes and heroines, but slightly changed. In this way we get at least a glimpse of the lost German ballads out of which our epic grew.

Down to the end of the seventeenth century, all the national tales had still such a hold upon the popular mind of Germany that (as Praetorius avers in his “Description of the World,” in 1666), “foolish jugglers’ tents were erected in which *Old Hildebrand*, and other nonsensical plays (*Possen*), are acted with dolls—called Puppet Comedies.” This was the last sorry remnant of a popular drama, with figures taken from the nation’s heroic past.

But the Siegfried saga continued being read by the masses in a *Volksbuch* down to our time. It was sold at fairs in town and village. I well remember, from boyhood, the vile print, with its yet viler woodcuts, which cost but a few kreuzers, and was eagerly read in many a peasant’s hut or small burgher’s home.

And now, fashionable audiences once more crowd the theatre to debate upon the merits of Richard Wagner’s music-drama, which has Siegfried for its centre !

VII.

PERHAPS not the smallest proof of the immense popularity of the tale of the Dragon, and the Giant that slew him, is to be found in the fact of the myth having made its way even into Jewish literature.

There is a book by “Jephtha Josphe *beschâmes*” (that is, the

sexton), published in 1696 at Amsterdam, by his son Eleeser Lieberman, of the family of Mansbach, and written in curious German mixed with Hebrew words. It professes to show why the Rhenish town bears the name of "Wurmeisza," and why it has a key in its escutcheon. Worms, I may observe in passing, is one of the oldest Jewish quarters in Germany; most probably since the epoch of Roman dominion on the left bank of the Rhine. The Jews in that part of our country are, therefore, among its "oldest inhabitants."

Jephtha Josphe says that in ancient times, when there was no Christian creed yet among the people of Worms,¹ a dragon (*lint-wurm*) came from the "mid-bar" (wilderness) close to the walls of the then great city, doing enormous damage. He tore down many houses and swallowed many people, and many "beheimes" (animals). Everything he laid hold of he made "choruf" (laid waste). It was a hideous thick worm, with eyes like fire, and a jaw full of terribly large teeth. A picture outside the Mint, on the market-place at Worms, gives his portraiture. No arrow could hurt him, for in those heathen days there were no guns, nor cannons yet.

At the time in question the ruler was not a king, but a "málkah almánah" (widowed queen). The Dragon could only be stilled through a person being every day thrown over the wall to feed him. For this purpose a book was kept of all persons living at Worms, among whom lots had to be drawn day by day. At last the citizens refused drawing any more lots, whereupon the queen had herself, and all her "szárim" (princes), and her household entered into the book, by way of good example. One morning the lot fell upon the queen herself, and she became very sorrowful and wept bitterly. Now there were three brothers in the town, great giants. All three were locksmiths and cutlers, the like of whom is seldom found. They made an iron coat-of-mail, with many sharp knives outside, and with iron gauntlets similarly provided, and so articulated as to be easily movable. This construction the brothers had resolved upon, in case the lot should fall upon one of them.

When the queen got into trouble through the lot having fallen upon her, one of the three brothers took pity upon her, promising to kill the dragon if she would take him for a husband. This she promised. The princes of her court vowed that if he slew the dragon and remained alive, they would crown him as their "mélech" (king). So the Giant was thrown over the wall, and the Lint-worm swallowed him; but the knife-bristling harness cut the beast in twain, and he

¹ *Dasselbig mal war noch nit "emunath ischa" zu Wurms unter der "ummauth" gewesen.*

came out alive. The "szimchah" (joy) was great ; for, besides the harm the dragon had done to men and cattle, the gates could not be opened through all that time, and it was impossible to plough and to sow. If things had gone on longer in the same way, they would all have had to die through the "chorwoth" (devastation).

Now the queen kept her word, and took the giant locksmith as her husband, and he was crowned king, and everybody was content, and all "kawod" (honour) was done to him as beseems a king. After a while, seeing how everybody loved and obeyed him, he ordered, as an everlasting remembrance of the Worm's overthrow, that the town should be called "Wurmsz."

It may be—the Jewish writer adds—that it was formerly called Garmisa, for in books referring to it the "cháchme Garmisa" (the wise men of Garmisa) are mentioned. But its name of Worms comes from the locksmith-king's deed. And a key was put in the town's escutcheon, so that it may never be forgotten that a locksmith had been king at Worms. On the "étzah" hall (town hall), called "the Mint," the three brothers are represented with the Lint-worm, and the queen with her crown, in eternal memory.

This curious record, of which I have given the main points, is evidently founded on some lost special tradition. At the same time, the ever-weaving popular fancy may, within the Hebrew community, have added traits of its own. The name of Siegfried has vanished in this Judaized tale. The queen whom he marries is said to have been a widow before the Deliverer is joined to her in wedlock. And, though remaining a powerful giant, even as in the Nibelungen-Lied, he is converted into a locksmith and a cutler. Of the gold hoard, the Jewish tale says nothing. The story breaks off without mentioning any tragic end of the hero, much less the revenge of his death.

However, more perhaps than is the case with other Siegfried tales, we seem to see, in the opening passages of this Judaized version, a mythological representation of some destructive element which is overcome by a Deliverer. The word Lint- or Lind-worm, which is the frequent German name for the Dragon, points to the old Norse *lind* and the Keltic *lyu*, in the sense of water. The tale of the Dragon would thus resolve itself into an aquatic or inundation story.

I say this without intending to weaken the impression that the original Water- and Sun-myth, or the myth of Darkness and Light, which is involved in the Siegfried saga, became in course of time impregnated with a mass of facts drawn from tribal and national history.

The writer of the essay before quoted, Mr. F. Falk, inclines to

the opinion that the gold hoard of the Nibelungen tale may partly have reference to the early and flourishing trade-connection of the Frisians of the German Lowlands with the people of the Middle Rhine, where Worms is situated. This connection is historically proved from Merovingian times. At Mainz and Worms, and even higher up on the Rhine, the Frisians had settlements and staples already in the sixth century. Streets and places were named after them. The family name of "Fries," I would add, occurs in those quarters frequently enough. The Nibelung treasure having come from the Lower to the Upper Rhine, there might, Mr. Falk thinks, be an allusion to this Frisian intercourse in the Siegfried story.

To my mind, it would seem to be an error to explain this tale, and many others of the same kind, either from the exclusive sun-myth, or from the exclusive historical, or Euhemeristic, point of view. I believe it to be a bane of true research to try bringing a nation's sagas, over-systematically, either under the one head or the other. This cast-iron way of procedure takes no account of the multiplicity of men's views and character, or of the many diverse influences which act upon every nation from outside quarters.

In the Siegfried tale we can clearly trace the ancient Nature-myth, and the God and Hero tale into which it was gradually cast by the divinising and anthropomorphic process. But real history was also melted down in this mythological formation, and added as a strong alloy to the figures, so much so as to outweigh, in some incidents of the story, the parts drawn from mere myth. During the lapse of centuries, each rhapsodic singer wove new parts into the saga, in accordance with his own leanings.

This will account for the wonderful traditional lore that clings to the town of Worms in connection with the Nibelungen-Lied. We do not know for a certainty who cast that epic into the earliest form in which we possess it—whether it was an Austrian knight of the Kurenberger family, who lived, in the early part of the twelfth century, near Linz, on the Danube; or whether some other poet made use of the old lays which we have no longer. But be that as it may, there cannot be any doubt in regard to the strong localisation of the story round Worms, as preserved in names and places there. Hence that ancient Rhenish town may fairly claim the proud title of "The City of the Nibelungs"; and Englishmen passing by or visiting its neighbourhood may well think of the vast music-drama which is again about to make a stir in Germany—perhaps even to give rise to an excited contest of criticism at Paris.

MY SUBURBAN GARDEN.

“ Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Without it, lies the garden that I love.”

Tennyson.

THE Mohammedans say that every good person has two gardens waiting for him in Paradise ; but, for myself, I should be quite content with one. In each of them there are to be “ fruits and palm-trees and pomegranates, and two fountains flowing in each ;” and in this latter respect, at all events, the theosophic Camel-driver certainly knew what he was talking about. My garden in the suburbs is a pretty one, but it is not “ irriguous.” It lacks water-brooks, and the sound of gurgling rapids, though perhaps the stagnant pond on the other side of the hedge may serve to fill in this imaginative void. “ Near the house let there be a spring of running water, and a little wood close by,” sings Horace, and everybody knows that Horace was a good judge of what made life worth living for ancient Latins. But Mohammed beats Horace. Listen to the ecstatic florist: “ In each of them (that is, the gardens) there shall be of every fruit two kinds. Bear good tidings unto those that believe, that they shall have gardens watered with rivers. So often as they eat of the fruit thereof for sustenance, they shall say, ‘ This is what we have formerly tasted,’ and they shall be supplied with several sorts of fruit having a mutual semblance to one another. They shall repose on couches, the linings of which shall be thick silk interwoven with gold.” But why continue this remarkable “ beatific vision ” beyond the point where it may be thought to have some small reference to the suburban householder’s quarter-acre of greenery ?

“ You are sure to get spinal paralysis,” my doctor told me, when I said I was thinking of living in the suburbs, “ from the motion of the trains. Think what a journey twice a day is ! Besides, the train service to Twickenham ”—Twickenham *is* the suburbs, to my doctor’s mind—“ is altogether abominable ! ”

“ But I am not going to live at Twickenham,” I replied. “ As for spinal paralysis, I must e’en put up with it. It will be so much better for my wife’s health to be in pure air all day long.”

“ Stuff and nonsense ! ” retorts my dear old friend. “ The air in Harley Street is excellent—most excellent. ” Webster was quite correct when he wrote that “ Physicians are like kings ; they brook no contradiction. ” Then I go to break the news to others. On the whole a pretty equal division of opinion seemed to exist as to the merits and demerits of life in “ Larger London, ” and I determined to try the experiment.

Let me draw a veil of inky blackness over the operations of house-hunting, house-choosing, landlord-interviewing, reference-giving, drain-inspecting (I have found reason to suppose that the “ bland surveyor ” whom I employed for this latter purpose is a private crony of the landlord’s), and all other necessary tortures. Enough that after “ days of pain and nights devoid of ease, ” I *am* really settled in what my landlord described as a “ Genteel Villa Residence, ” with the crowning mercy of a NICE LITTLE GARDEN !

One of the greatest delights of a suburban home is your garden. In London, you perhaps own a back-yard, which by day looks a dismal and forlorn waste of mildewed gravel, fringed by what is by courtesy termed a flower-bed, and a few dyspeptic ferns, and which by night resounds with the murmur of innumerable cats.

Here I *do* own something better than that. When I say “ own, ” of course I don’t mean “ own, ” but merely possess, or lease, or rent, or whatever the proper term is to imply that I am only here by the kind permission of the freeholder, my landlord—the ogre !

When I first caught sight of this garden, I determined that here was indeed the exact earthly Paradise that I had been wanting for years. So I took the garden. The house I regarded as “ thrown in ” with the garden, but I don’t quarrel with the enthusiastic landlord’s metaphorical description of it as a “ bijou ” residence.

But even in Eden there abode a serpent, and so it is with my little garden, I find. I was expecting unmitigated and unqualified bliss among my cabbages. I was hoping to reach the promised land without passing through the desert. I have found out my mistake. Even a suburban garden is not altogether cake and honey, and milk and molasses.

Your grass, for instance, is a miraculous nuisance. You shall cut your grass as short as the barber at Portland crops the pericrania of his convicts, as short as Fabricius’s pate after the elephant’s reconnaissance of his wig, as short as whatso hair is to be found on a billiard-ball. To-day it is cut down and withereth. To-morrow, or the day after to-morrow at latest, it riseth up and flourisheth.

I flatter myself that I have a charming little lawn when it looks

its very best. But it so seldom does look its very best. Nobody knows what the labour of cutting it is. A lawn-mower is an invention of Satan. In the first place, it is of no use if the ground happens to be wet. In the second place, it stops suddenly. That shows that grass is clogging the wheel, or the cutter, or something. But, as this happens once every half-minute on an average, you can't be stooping down for ever to unclog your machine. If you don't, then the only alternative is to go ahead, or give the thing a shake, or pull it backwards; then it will, or rather it *may*, unclog itself. But the labour of that effort, when the wheels won't go round, and you are pushing the infernal iron thing from somewhere about the pit of your stomach! Any kind of imprecation is excusable under the circumstances. One or two vicious and exasperated pushes, and the thing starts off again, sometimes; sometimes it does not, and the beads of perspiration stand out on your forehead.

There is another difficulty about grass. Grass never knows its own place. It is not a modest and retiring herb of the ground—far from it. It is like the fabled Beanstalk, or the Indian juggler's geranium which grows at the rate of about half-a-foot a minute. If you give it a chance, it will spot the gravel path all over like a leprosy. Does it drop a constant rain of seeds, like a sky-rocket dropping its coloured stars, or how germinates it? Grass borders look extremely nice; but the outrageous vegetable takes to marauding; it flings itself into border forays, and tries how far it can go on the flower-beds on one side of it and the path on the other.

"My dear," I said yester morning, as I was looking out of my window preparatory to starting for London town, "how charming your gravel walks are looking to-day! Quite free from weeds."

"Yes, dear," was the reply; "I had two men, or rather a man and a boy, in yesterday to weed the paths. I knew you could not endure seeing them so untidy. The man only wanted half-a-crown, and the boy eighteenpence, and I gave them both a glass of beer, poor fellows! because they worked so hard; and he says if he comes once or twice a week he can always keep the walks trim."

"Half-a-crown and eighteenpence! Why, that makes four shillings. And two glasses of beer! That's four and fourpence. Twice a week, that's eight and eightpence. My dear, I am not stingy, you know; but——"

"Oh," said she, "I thought you would be so pleased."

"So I am"—but at this fatal moment I look at my watch. Another half minute's delay and I sacrifice my morning train. The useholder who hesitates is lost, or his train is. Off I fly,

nd, as I go, think which is the worst to stand—weeds on your path, or four shillings and fourpence twice a week to a couple of weed-cavengers. I give it up just as I dash down the steps on to the platform.

However, flaws of a grave character developed themselves in the Man-and-Boy system before it was a couple of days old. These mainly consisted in the fact that the disreputable pair had exercised an easy ingenuity by merely picking the heads off the weeds, close to the gravel, without touching the roots. This Tarquinian plan made the paths, truly; but with the friendly aid of a night of rain the weeds sprang up again by morning, so that at breakfast time we were surprised and not delighted to recognise the whole family again in their accustomed places. They had quite got over the severe snubbing—it was nothing more—which they had received from the Man and Boy, and were enjoying the rain tremendously. Other suburban householders, I hear, have suffered like us from weakly yielding to the coy advances of the peripatetic amateur “gardener” in search of what he calls a “job.”

But to return to my lawn. A person who cuts his own grass is liable to severe shocks to his system. Mine got a little long once, and whirled round the blade of the machine in a seductive manner. This made cutting a tremendous effort. I was going along slowly but surely, when just in front of the whirr of the blade out jumped a huge, speckled-bellied, blear-eyed, gasping frog! It was frightened, no doubt—but so was I. In fact, I was more frightened than he or she (how can one tell sex in a frog?). Luckily I had not decapitated or disembowelled the creature, for I found it long, long afterwards, like Mr. Longfellow’s arrow, not exactly in the heart of an oak, but squatted on my best bed of mignonette. Since then I have always been wary, not to say nervous, in cutting the grass.

Now and then I find little baby frogs about the garden. I suppose my old friend is responsible for these. But this is not pleasing to me. The little frogs don’t come and prattle on my knee. This infant life is not engaging. Every addition to the large frog’s already numerous family adds to my nervous hesitancy in driving the grass-mower along.

Frogs, I have discovered, are such peculiar creatures. A frog will wait till the very last available fraction of a moment before getting out of your way. Aristophanes, who knew a good deal about frogs, makes the ugly batrachian boast of being the special favourite of the Muses, and of “horn-hoofed Pan,” and of “harper Apollo,” for no particular reason, except that the frogs dive down where the reeds

grow that are useful to the musician; but for my part I do not believe that Pan and Apollo and the Nine had such miserable *protégés*. A frog is an animal that diets itself on hope, and depends always on the last chance. It has a belief that its ugliness will protect it against all mischief and malevolence—against everything, except pity. It never thinks it is going to be run over until it feels the wind of the machine blade; then it hops. So it is very exciting to know when your batrachian will make his spring. No respectable suburban resident wishes to commit tadpolicide.

My landlord told us that the house was perfectly dry, from “cellars to attics,” and the garden too. The batrachians disprove it. My private belief is that my garden, before it became a garden, was a marsh. “It was always a bit damp,” is the impartial testimony of my baker’s boy with regard to the locality where my house is pitched. My landlord, I know, would call the Slough of Despond an “eligible site for villa residences.”

Still, the flowers and the fresh air are a tremendous delight after the cheerless streets and squares of the roaring City of Smoke. On coming home from his work in town on a pleasant June evening, the suburban householder can enjoy a calumet under his own spreading chestnut tree, and can have the post-prandial tea-cups brought out to him on his own lawn. When he has leisure—say on a Saturday—he can do any gardening operations that require attention. It is then that he can break his back over the garden-mower. But he can also indulge in less exciting pastimes, such as sowing the seeds which are to blossom into autumn colours, or training the wandering arms of the nasturtiums and convolvuli, or he may amuse himself by snipping off the geraniums and roses which are to adorn his family dinner-table.

Flowers, however, sometimes turn out mockeries and delusions. I saw advertised the other day “Blank’s Guinea Box of Garden Seeds,” and I patronised Blank. With the generosity which is so agreeable when one derives a direct profit from the present, I gave my wife one of Blank’s guinea boxes, and also one of his less expensive boxes of seeds for the kitchen garden. But even a cauliflower seed will turn and rend its planter sometimes.

Mr. Blank failed, in the first place, to designate the *colours* of his various plants. What was the use of telling us that a certain insignificant little black speck would turn out “candytuft,” or “hepatica,” or “linum grandiflorum,” when neither my wife nor I had the slightest notion what these “hardy annuals” would resemble in personal appearance?

The result is appalling. One side of our little garden is a mass of red and yellow nasturtiums, gorgeous polyanthuses, voluptuous snapdragons, and bright-eyed sweet peas. The other, by a peculiar piece of natural selection, is as white as a table-cloth. If I had not transplanted some geraniums and sweet-williams into this bed, its appearance would have suggested those "habiliments of the grave" which somebody in the "Overland Route" makes such fun of. Yet it was a mere chance that made me plant "Collinsia verna" and "Schizopetalon Walkeri" (what a name!) and "narcissus biflorus"—all white—in an unbroken line on one side of our little grass-plot.

The next time I buy seeds I shall buy none but peas and beans. They are a triumphant success. They come up in any soil, and have the inestimable advantage of combining usefulness with—well, I can hardly call it beauty, but, at all events, *greenery*. . Our peas are the envy of our neighbours, and the delight of our neighbours' cats, who come and hide among them and sit on the more delicate tendrils at the base. Beans, too, are a splendidly robust family. The sanguine vegetable grows anywhere, and will climb up anything. Its leaves are excessively graceful, and I really don't see why it should not be used as an ornamental creeper for the front porch. My wife, however, says "No." She prefers the purple clematis, a useless creature, or the Virginian creeper, "because everybody else has them." So peas and beans have to be strictly confined to the ulterior parts of the back garden, where, hidden by a row of evergreens, they are unseen from the back windows, and no doubt have a fine time of it in private, if the truth could be known.

"Do you know, dear," my wife remarks now and then, "I don't see any signs of those mushrooms which we planted coming up. Six weeks, the book says"—(she is referring to a wretched 'Amateur Gardener's Manual' which I bought for my brain's perpetual torment)—"is all the time that is required. But I feel sure it is a couple of months ago that you got all that nasty—that you made the mushroom bed."

It was a very nasty operation. I manufactured the bed myself, and planted the mushroom spawn some fathoms deep in it, so I know all the details of the cultivation of mushrooms. Mushrooms are said to enjoy a large amount of manure—I gave it them. They require straw and dark mould mixed with the manure, and then they won't grow unless their bed is covered with sacking to keep it quite warm and quite dark. So, at least, the book says. I gave them the straw and the dark soil and the sacking, but they have not come up yet.

I went out yesterday to "report progress," but nothing could I

find on the entire mushroom bed (I am passionately fond of the lowly fungus) but one sprig of groundsell! It was the mountain in labour. Six weeks of the most voluptuous hot-bed in Europe, and only a bit of groundsel at the end! My own belief is that I buried the mushroom spawn too deep. I fancy it has given up the attempt to grow in disgust, because it could never get to the surface and find the sacking. Here is another blot in gardening books, and in packets of seeds; no instructions are given as to *how* to sow. They say "sow in loose soil, in spring," but whether a yard or an inch down is left to one's own discretion. And I have none, my wife says.

My suburban garden is bounded at the extreme end by a hedge, and on the other side of that hedge is a field and a pond. But such a field, and such a pond! The grass grows spasmodically, interspersed with bits of broken brick, old scraps of wall paper, "builder's" most rubbishy "rubbish," empty bottles, and newly-sawn planks. In places the turf has been carted away bodily to some neighbouring lawn, and a bald patch of brown soil is the result. There is nothing "truly rural" about this suburban mead. There is a footpath across it, ending in a turnstile, and bordered by some melancholy trees with the bark peeled off them. They look as if they were recovering from scarlet fever. The hedge is a thin and meagre row of dwarfed bushes, with frequent gaps where the workmen engaged in building the new row of villas on one side of the field pass and repass to and from work. As for the violets and primroses that ought to flourish in the leafy umbrage of the undergrowth and down into the cool shadows of the ditch—well, the ditch itself is half filled with broken bottles and discarded crockery and shoe leather, and has no vegetation to hide its hideous clay sides except a sprig or two of mangy grass which insists on settling in this revolting vicinage with a courage worthy of a better cause.

And the pond! I always know when there is a westerly wind, because the dead logs that float round in the shore contiguous to my back garden. There is a wreck in the pond. You see the masts rising above the waves distinctly. It is an old kettle, and the main-mast is the spout. A good deal of hardware has apparently at one time or another found a watery grave here, because the stony coast is strewed with ancient specimens from the adjoining china shops. They are the water-worn shells that are blown out of the pond, and the pond is a sort of boiling operation on the spot. Well, we shall see the result of this sort of judgmental water without a second report. I shall make a point of being present at the water, for I think among the treasure-trove

at the bottom will be found that gold locket of my wife's which we accused one of our former handmaidens of stealing, and which has never been recovered.

In one corner of our little estate is to be found a run for fowls, wired in, and a fowl-house constructed out of the materials of an old shed, and a good deal of internal whitewash, or limewash. We took to keeping a few homely "barn-doors," and one or two long-legged "Brahmas," on the recommendation of a friend. He said it would give us a constant supply of fresh eggs, and that, in fact, we should "make something" by it. We don't find the latter part of the prophecy quite true, as on a moderate calculation each home-made egg costs somewhere about fourpence halfpenny. But what of that? We have a soul above profits, and there is constant pleasure and even instruction to be obtained from watching the manners of hens, and training the reasoning powers of pullets.

Here, for instance, comes my old friend the barn-door hen, with its six young ones. They have been let out from their prison bars for a brief period, and are wandering amid the vegetables. At first, the mother hen, in common with her promising offspring, rejected all my well-meant yet awkward efforts at friendship; but now I have travelled the broad highway to their hearts which lies through their stomachs, and by dint of repeated calls of "Chuck, chuck!" and a dole of scattered bread-crumbs we have become fast friends. The little fledglings come boldly up and eat out of my hand, while the mother stands a slight distance off regarding her venturesome progeny with a look in which surprise is slightly tinged with suspicion. The remarkable thing is that I cannot persuade her to help herself to any tit-bit that I throw her; she reserves all that she gets for her little ones with a quite unnecessary degree of maternal solicitude. She is, I verily believe, starving herself to gorge her unfeeling chicks.

Several times I have taken the opportunity of her being somewhat withdrawn from her children to offer her a particularly large crumb of plain seed-cake; but what does the self-sacrificing old blunderer do, but give a loud chuckle, which calls all her young about her in an instant, and then divides the morsel among these already surfeited gluttons? It is too provoking! What is Nature about? Talk about "survival of the fittest"! It will be survival of the greediest here in a short time; and I shall have to record an utterly unscientific instance of the instinct of self-preservation yielding to an exaggerated sense of the duties of maternity.

Morals, I know, might be gathered as plentifully as blackberries

from this little incident in the life of an amateur poultry establishment. For instance, a complete system of hen philosophy could be deduced by a far-seeing critic ; and invidious comparisons might possibly be drawn between the gallinaceous and the human mother. But "to conclude from a single instance," is the unforgivable sin in logic, and in natural history as well ; nobody should depend too much on the magnanimity of fowls, or place confidence "in the honourable susceptibility of sparrows," without also taking into account the periodic fits of infanticidal dementia with which this same burdened mother is afflicted when she scratches the grass viciously for worms, and crumples up her young with a "back-hander," regardless of their comfort or life.

When he was visiting "Unexplored Baluchistan," Mr. Floyer tells us that to him was pointed out, by some enthusiastic "Effendis," the real site of the Garden of Eden ! It was at Gurna, somewhere between Baghdad and Bussorah, or Basreh, as it is more properly called. What is more, they proceeded to indicate, these Sheiks, a very lofty tree enclosed in a fence, and "gravely assured us," writes Mr. Floyer, "that it was the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil"

That tree must be a great age by this time. The only thing that makes me sometimes think that these Effendis made a mistake, and that my suburban garden is the veritable Garden of Eden, is—besides the quiet beauty of it, which no surroundings can mar—the fact that my landlord has certainly eaten more heartily of the fruit of the enlightening tree than any other individual with whom I am acquainted.

H. F. LESTER.

NELL GWYNN.

ABOUT the year 1650, in the Coal Yard, Drury Lane—"the last turning on the east side as you walk towards St. Giles's"—there was born one Eleanora, Eleanor, or Ellen Gwynn, or Gwin,—“a plebeian of the lowest rank:” so runs the more accepted account of the entrance into the world of Mr. Pepys's “pretty witty Nelly,” the most admired comic actress of the Restoration, “erept the stage” to become one of the many “misses” of King Charles the Second. A rival story, favoured by certain of her noble descendants, to the effect that Nell Gwynn, her real name being Margaret Symcott, was born at Hereford, may be dismissed as of inferior credit; albeit local authority has been long wont to point out a mean building behind the Oak Inn of that cathedral city as the birthplace of the actress.

On the subject of her parentage tradition is absolutely silent; nor is there much to be said concerning her education and early life. Her biographers have industriously raked for stray scraps of fact even in such refuse as the lampoons, the scurrilous verses and street songs of her period, without, however, discovering much of worth or significance. From the unclean pages of the State Poems it has been gathered that Nell Gwynn stepped from the “night-cellar” in which she was born, to sell fish in the streets, to haunt tavern doors and windows as a ballad singer, amazing the toping company within by the bright music of her fresh young voice; to act as serving-girl in the flagitious establishment of a certain Madame Ross, and hand strong waters to the gallants and gentlemen, its frequenters and patrons; and afterwards to figure as an orange wench at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, vending refreshments to the audience of its pit, and interchanging with them much rough wit and broad impertinence. Presently it is told that she was invited by Hart and Lacy, the leading players of the company, to abandon her basket of oranges and pippins and to mount on the stage as an actress. John Lacy, the “Roscius” of Evelyn, was an admired comedian, very handsome of shape and feature, famous as Falstaff, as the Irishman Teague in Sir Robert Howard's comedy of the “Committee,” as Bayes in

"The Rehearsal." Charles Hart, the great-nephew of Shakespeare, was now of mature years, for he had appeared as a boy-actress some time before the Civil War closed the theatres, and had held a commission in the King's army; he was a tragedian much applauded as Othello, as Amintor, as Arbaces, Alexander, Rollo, and Brutus. It was said of him that his action charmed the eye before his speech delighted the ear, that he gave importance to the most insignificant characters and lent lustre to the dullest of parts. A scandalous poem by Sir George Etherege, that "satirical coxcomb," as Macaulay calls him, counts Lacy and Hart among the earliest of the lovers of Nell Gwynn. It seems certain that from both she received instruction in the player's art, learning, it may be, of the one how to play tragedy, and of the other how to shine in comedy.

Her first essay upon the stage was made at the Theatre Royal early in 1665. She appeared as Cydaria, the daughter of Montezuma, in Dryden's new tragedy of the "Indian Emperor, or the Conquest of Mexico," produced as a sort of sequel to the play of "The Indian Queen" he had written in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard. The conclusion of "The Indian Queen" left but two of the *dramatis personæ* surviving; it was necessary, therefore, to create various new characters for "The Indian Emperor." Cortez, with his Spaniards, appears, invading the kingdom of Montezuma, whose daughter Cydaria becomes enamoured of the conqueror, but finds a rival in Almeria, the daughter of Amexia, the deposed queen of Mexico. Montezuma is defeated by the Spaniards, imprisoned, and tortured upon the rack; he is haunted by the ghost of Amexia "with a dagger in her breast;" finally he lays violent hands upon himself. The jealous Almeria stabs Cydaria, of whom Cortez has avowed himself the lover. Hart appeared as Cortez, Mohun as Montezuma, and Mrs. Marshall as Almeria. The tragedy is written in rhyme, the lines often jingling together meanly and trivially enough. Mr. Pepys criticises Nell Gwynn's performance of Cydaria with some severity; but he is writing in 1667, and the success the actress had meanwhile obtained in comedy may have prejudiced him against her tragic efforts. In August 1667 he visits the King's playhouse with Lord Brouncker and his mistress, to see "The Indian Emperor," and notes the reappearance of Nell, at which he rejoices, adding, however, that he was "most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperor's daughter, a great and serious part which she does most basely." And his opinion remains the same when he sees "The Indian Emperor" again three months later, and pronounces it a good play, "but not so good as people cry it up, I think;" and he adds, "though above all things Nell's ill-speaking of a great part m e me mad."

Pepys's first mention of the actress occurs under date the 3rd April, 1665, when he records his visit to the Duke's Theatre, to see the tragedy of "Mustapha," by Lord Orrery, and notes: "All the pleasure of the play was, the King and my Lady Castlemaine were here, and pretty, witty Nelly, at the King's house, and the younger Marshall sat next us, which pleased me mightily." Of her acting he gives no account, however, until December in the following year, when the Hon. James Howard's "English Monsieur" was presented: "A mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant," writes Pepys; "and the women do very well, but above all little Nelly, that I am mightily pleased with the play, and much with the house, more than ever I expected, the women doing better than ever I expected, and very fine women." Pepys was "in pain to be seen," however, and, as he confesses, "hid himself." The theatres had for some time been closed because of the great plague, and were but just open again. Nell Gwynn, it has been assumed, played Lady Wealthy in the comedy, her friends Hart and Lacy appearing as Wellbred and Frenchlove. Two months later Pepys witnessed her performance in "The Humorous Lieutenant" of Beaumont and Fletcher: "A most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Coelia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well." His friend Mrs. Knip, the actress, introduced him and his party behind the scenes; he was presented to Nell Gwynn. "I kissed her and so did my wife," he records, "and a mighty pretty soul she is." He stayed to see a dance rehearsed for the morrow's performance of Sir John Suckling's "Goblins," and returned home much gratified with his entertainment, and "specially kissing of Nelly" he is careful to add. In March 1667 he is delighted with Nell's personation of Florimel, the maid of honour in Dryden's comedy of "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen." He never hopes to see the like done again by man or woman. "So great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before, as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, when most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant, and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that I ever saw any man have." The comedy is well supplied with lively dialogue, and the part of Florimel seems to have been expressly devised for Nell Gwynn. The description of the beauty of Florimel by the courtier Celadon is perhaps to be accepted as a portrayal of the actress. He credits her with "an oval face, clear skin, hazel eyes, thick brown eyebrows and hair . . . a turned up nose that gives an air to her." "Oh!" he addresses her, "I find I am more and more in love with you: a full nether lip, an out-mouth, that

makes mine water at it; the bottom of your cheeks a little *blub*, and two dimples when you smile. For your stature, 'tis well, and for your wit, 'twas given you by one that knew it had been thrown away upon an ill face. Come, you are handsome, there's no denying it." To trick Celadon and his mistresses Olinda and Sabina, Florimel presently assumes male dress, and mocks the airs and graces of the gallants of the time. "If clothes and a *bonne mine* will take 'em, I shall do't," she soliloquizes. "Save you, Monsieur Florimel! Faith, methinks you are a very jaunty fellow, *poudré et ajusté* as well as the best of them. I can manage the little comb, set my hat, shake my garniture, toss about my empty noddle, walk with a courant slur, and at every step peck down my head. If I should be mistaken for some courtier now, pray where's the difference?" The comedy is remarkable for containing but three male characters to eight female.

Pepys witnesses again and again the representation of "Secret Love," and never fails to register anew his delight at Nelly's efforts as Florimel, although upon one occasion he considers that Nelly's dancing has been excelled by the jig accomplished by Moll Davis in boy's clothes at the Duke's Theatre. On Mayday morning, 1667, he is gratified by observing the actress "in her smock sleeves and bodice," standing at the door of her lodgings in Drury Lane—a street of some consideration and fashion in those times; she is looking on while the milkmaids dance, according to custom, with garlands upon their pails, to the music of a fiddle. Two months later, and he is troubled to learn that my Lord Buckhurst "hath got Nell away from the King's house, and gives her £100 a year"; she has sent her parts to the house, and has resolved to act no more. She has left London, it seems, for Epsom, and is lodged there next door to the King's Head, keeping "merry house" there with his lordship and Sir Charles Sedley. "Poor girl, I pity her," writes Mr. Pepys; "but more the loss of her at the King's house." She was an actress, and what could be expected of an actress? In little more than a month, however, Nelly has returned to her theatrical duties, and resumed her original character of Cydaria in "The Indian Emperor." It is told of her that she is now very poor and neglected; that Lord Buckhurst has scornfully abandoned her, and that she has lost the favour of my Lady Castlemaine, who had been formerly a great friend to her. In October she was playing the heroine of "Flora's Vagaries," and appearing as Alizia in Lord Orrery's tragedy of "The Black Prince." Mr. Pepys was again taken behind the scenes by his friend Mrs. Knip, and even admitted to the women's tiring room, where he found Nelly all unready, dressing herself, and pronounced

very pretty, prettier even than he had thought. He sits in the same room, is regaled with fruit, and gives Knip her cues and asks her recite her part in "Flora's Vagaries." "But Lord," he writes, "to see how they were painted would make a man mad, and I make me loathe them!" He was shocked too at the licence of each prevailing behind the curtain, at the base company of men, and how poor their clothes really were, and yet what a show they made on the stage by candlelight! "To see how Nelly cursed for being so few people in the pit was pretty," he observes. There was not a thin house: a new play at the Duke's Theatre had drawn away the audience of the King's. In December her "mad part" in Mrs Howard's comedy, "The Mad Couple," was thought by Mr. Pepys to be "excellently done"; and he notes it as a miracle to see her "to think how ill she do any serious part, as in the other day, to act like a fool or a changeling, and in a mad part do beyond imitation almost." She had been attempting a serious character in the revived play of "The Surprisal," by Sir Robert Howard, "which she spoils," as it seemed to Pepys.

Of Nell Gwynn's acting Pepys makes no further mention; although he observes upon her unseemly conduct as one of the audience in January 1669: "My wife and I to the King's play-house, and there saw the 'Island Princess'—the first time I ever saw it, and it is a pretty good play, many good things being in it, and a good scene of a town on fire. We sat in an upper box, and I saw jade Nell came and sat in the next box—a bold merry slut, who was laughing there upon people, and with a comrade of the Duke's use that came in to see the play." It is certain, however, that in 1668 she undertook the pathetic part of Bellaris in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," and represented Jacintha in Dryden's "The Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer," an adaptation from the French. In 1669 she was the Valeria of Dryden's "Tyrannic Love," she was the Almahide of his "Conquest of Granada" in 1670. It was in January 1668 that Pepys learnt for the first time that the King had sent for Nell Gwynn—for Charles the Second sent for actresses as other monarchs send for ministers. Mr. Pepys expresses his regret upon the occasion, and "can hope for no good to the State from having a prince so devoted to his pleasure." In the previous October Pepys had been told of the falling out of Nelly with her sister-actresses the Marshalls. It seems that Beck Marshall had taunted Nelly with being the mistress of my Lord Cockhurst. Nelly had retorted that, although she had served at Madame Ross's, she was "but one man's mistress," which was more

than Beck Marshall could say ; for, " though a Presbyter's praying daughter," her character for morality and continence was reproachable enough. The Marshalls were understood to be the daughters of Stephen Marshall, the Presbyterian minister, of whom an account is furnished in Neal's " History of the Puritans." If Nelly spoke truth, her reputation may perhaps be spared any scandal as to her relations with her fellow-players Hart and Lacy. Upon the stage Hart was so often required to figure as her lover that a belief may have prevailed—not unusual in such circumstances—to the effect that he maintained the character both within and without the theatre. It is also difficult to credit the popular story that Mrs. Knight, celebrated as a singer and a favourite of the King's, had been sent by Charles with overtures to Nell Gwynn, but that Lord Buckhurst had refused to resign his mistress unless the large sums he had lavished upon her were repaid, and until he received the royal promise that the earldom of Middlesex should be conferred upon him. Apparently the actress had been abandoned by Lord Buckhurst some months before she obtained the favour of the King. His lordship was direct heir to the earldom of Dorset, and was not created Baron Cranfield and Earl of Middlesex until 1675, after the death in the previous year of his maternal uncle Lionel, the last of the Cranfields, Earls of Middlesex. Lord Buckhurst had inherited his uncle's estates, and the King might reasonably confer upon him his uncle's titles without any bargaining and sale of Nell Gwynn disgracing the transaction. The nobleman's youth had been profligate enough, yet, as Macaulay writes, " in the midst of follies and vices, his courageous spirit, his fine understanding, and his natural goodness of heart had been conspicuous." He is one of the " Noble Authors " of Horace Walpole, who says of him that " he was the finest gentleman of the voluptuous court of Charles the Second and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought He was not free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made everybody excuse whom everybody loved." Burnet, in his " History of his Own Times," while applauding the generous and bountiful nature of Buckhurst, lays stress upon his indolence and phlegm : " He was so lazy that, though the King seemed to court him to be a favourite, he would not give himself the trouble that belonged to that post. He hated the court and despised the King when he saw he was neither generous nor tender-hearted." This was

hardly the man to sell his mistress, or to exact terms for his surrender of her—even to a king.

In the *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont* a description occurs of the visit of Queen Catherine to Tunbridge Wells—"the place of all Europe the most rural and simple, and yet at the same time the most entertaining and agreeable." The Queen, "confining in the bottom of her heart that grief and uneasiness she could not overcome," had perceived that Miss Frances Theresa Stewart, the grand-daughter of the first Lord Blantyre, "triumphantly possessed the affections of the King." Either that there might be no intermission in the diversions of the place, or "to retort upon Miss Stewart by the presence of Nell Gwynn part of the uneasiness she felt from hers," the Queen had sent for the players from London to perform at Tunbridge. It was said, indeed, that Miss Stewart would have been queen of England "had the King been as free to give his hand as he was to surrender his heart." To conciliate her, or to try whether jealousy was not the real occasion of her coyness, he even attempted certain reforms: "the Nell Gwynns, the Miss Davises, and the joyous train of singers and dancers in his Majesty's theatre were all dismissed." These sacrifices availed not, however: "for it was at this time that the Duke of Richmond took it into his head either to marry her or die in the attempt." The marriage was solemnised in March 1667. The King was deeply incensed; he consoled himself apparently by recalling his actresses and the joyous train of singers and dancers. De Grammont gives few dates; but Pepys notes, on July 22, 1666, "the Queen and maids of honour are at Tunbridge." On the 31st he records, "the Court empty, the King being gone to Tunbridge and the Duke of York a-hunting."

In his "History of the Stage," Curll says that Nell Gwynn first captivated the king by her manner of delivering the epilogue to Dryden's "Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr;" which was not produced, however, until the spring of 1668. The tragedy was founded upon the story of the martyrdom of St. Catherine, a saint much in vogue just then, by way of compliment to Catherine of Braganza. Even Mrs. Pepys had been portrayed by Mr. Hailes in the character of the saint, with the historic wheel upon which she suffered exhibited in the background. Nell Gwynn personated Valeria, the daughter of Maximin, tyrant of Rome. In the last act, before her dagger can be wrested from her, Valeria twice stabs herself. She has been compelled to give her hand to Placidius, but she loves Porphyrius. Dying, she appeals to him:—

Have I not yet deserved thee, now I die ?
 Is Berenice still more fair than I ?
 Porphyrius, do not swim before my sight ;
 Stand still, and let me, let me aim aright.
 Stand still but while thy poor Valeria dies,
 And sighs her soul into her lover's eyes.

Before the curtain falls, however, the epilogue is directed to be "spoken by Mrs. Ellen, when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers." She rudely bids them hold while she addresses the audience :—

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye :
 I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
 Sweet ladies, be not frightened. I'll be civil ;
 I'm what I was, a little harmless devil. . . .
 To tell you true, I walk because I die
 Out of my calling in a tragedy.
 O Poet, damned dull poet, who could prove
 So senseless ! to make Nelly die for love ;
 Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
 Of Easter Term, in tart and cheese-cake time. . . .
 As for my epitaph, when I am gone
 I'll trust no poet, but will write my own.
 "Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a slattern,
 Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rin !"

A dramatist can seldom have taken more pains to ridicule the catastrophe of his own tragedy. Upon a previous occasion, in the epilogue to Sir Robert Howard's "Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma," the actress had informed the audience of her dislike of tragic characters :—

I know you in your hearts
 Hate serious plays, as I do serious parts.

That she "lived a slattern," as Dryden's epilogue states, seems to be generally admitted. Even after she had quitted the stage "she continued to hang on her clothes with her usual negligence," writes one of her biographers, while he adds, "but whatever she did became her."

It has been said of Dryden that he "highly favoured" Nell Gwynn ; that he gave her "showy and fantastic parts" in his comedies, and "played her at the King" with a view, presumably, to his own advancement at court. But the success of the actress in his "Florimel" may reasonably have induced the poet to secure her services for other of his numerous productions ; and, after all, she seems to have appeared in four only of his plays, two of them being tragedies, and her efforts in serious parts were, probably, no

more approved by the general public than by Mr. Pepys and herself. The applause bestowed upon her delivery of the comic epilogue to his "Tyrannic Love," no doubt prompted Dryden to entrust her with a comic prologue to his poetic play of "The Conquest of Granada," in which she represented the heroine Almahide. At the Duke's Theatre the comedian Nokes had excited great laughter by caricaturing the new fashions introduced by the suite of the Duchess of Orleans, and assuming a broad waistbelt and a hat of prodigious size. This proceeding had not only afforded the town "wonderful delight," but had secured success for a very indifferent play—possibly Caryl's "Sir Solomon, or the Cautious Coxcomb," an adaptation from the French of Molière. By way of ridiculing Nokes's triumph, Nell Gwynn, at the instance of Dryden, appeared in a more extravagant waistbelt, and in a still larger hat, "of the circumference of a hinder coach wheel," and delivered her prologue as from beneath the shadow of an umbrella :—

This jest was first of the other house's making,
And, five times tried, has never failed of taking :
For 'twere a shame a poet should be killed
Under the shelter of so broad a shield.
This is that hat whose very sight did win ye,
To laugh and clap as though the devil were in ye.
As then for Nokes, so now I hope you'll be
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me.

The drollery of all this has lost its force, and perhaps a good deal of its intelligibility ; but in its own day the success of the joke was very great indeed. "The whole theatre," we are told, "was in a convulsion of applause ; nay, the very actors giggled, a circumstance none had observed before. As for the King, his amusement was so excessive that he wanted little of being suffocated with laughter." The serious play, however, could not but suffer from this merry prologue. Nell Gwynn's Almahide, Queen of Granada, had little chance of appealing successfully to the sympathies of the audience ; the actress in her waistbelt and large hat must have completely effaced her personation of Dryden's heroine.

On the 8th May, 1670, was born in her apartments in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Nell Gwynn's first son, Charles Beauclerk, to be created Earl of Burford in 1676, and Duke of St. Alban's in 1684. The King, after what seemed to be an interval of doubt and reluctance, acknowledged himself the father of the child ; there were not wanting critics who expressed incredulity on the subject. The poet Otway is said to have been appointed tutor to Charles Beauclerk. In 1671 a second son was born to Nell Gwynn at her house in Pall M:

James Beauclerk, who died at Paris in 1680. After the birth of her first child the actress returned to the stage to personate *Almahide*. In the epilogue to the play allusion was made to the delay which had occurred in producing it because of the "sickness" of the female performers,—so many of them had become mothers just at that time! It seems likely that upon the birth of her second son Nell Gwynn resolved upon retirement from the theatre. The records of the time in relation to the drama are so scanty and imperfect, however, that the fact cannot be confidently stated. Genest, indeed, in his *History of the Stage*, holds that Nell Gwynn resumed her profession in 1677, and appeared at the Dorset Garden Theatre as *Angelica Bianca* in Mrs. Behn's "*Rovers, or the Banished Cavaliers*;" as *Astrea* in "*The Constant Nymph, or the Rambling Shepherd*," a pastoral comedy by a person of quality; and as *Thalestris* in the tragedy of "*The Siege of Babylon*," by Samuel Pordage. In the following year, as he judges, she played at the same theatre *Lady Knowell* in Mrs. Behn's comedy of "*Sir Patient Fancy*," and *Lady Squeamish* in Otway's "*Friendship in Fashion*;" and in 1682 he credits her with returning to the Theatre Royal to play *Sunamire* in Southerne's "*Loyal Brothers*," and *Queen Elizabeth* in Banks's "*Unhappy Favourite*." The authority for certain of these statements is the "*Roscius Anglicanus*" of Downes, first published in 1708; and Davies in his "*Dramatic Miscellanies*" accepts as sufficiently proved the supposition of Nell Gwynn's stay upon the stage until the year 1682, when Hart retired and the rival companies of the King's and the Duke's Theatres were united. Some confusion may have arisen, however, from misprinting the name of the actress who performed from 1677 to 1682, and who has been taken to be Nell Gwynn. The name appears in different forms as *Gwyu*, *Wyn*, and *Quyn*. Now, when in 1668 Nell Gwynn played the *Jacintha* of Dryden's comedy, "*An Evening's Love*," a certain Mrs. Quin, in the first instance, represented *Jacintha's* cousin, *Donna Aurelia*—the part being afterwards assigned to Mrs. Marshall. May not this Mrs. Quin be the actress who flourished after Nell Gwynn's retirement in 1670, and who has been mistaken for her? In the printed books of the plays in which she certainly performed, Nell Gwynn is usually described as "*Mrs. Ellen Gwynn*"—as though to distinguish her from some other performer. Moreover, several of the parts assigned to her between 1677 and 1682 could not have suited her in the least: were altogether "out of her line," as the players say. Would the audience have tolerated her performance of *Queen Elizabeth*, of the Amazonian *Thalestris*, of such a raving, ranting

tragedy queen as Southerne's Sunamire? An actress of robust proportions, of majestic presence, was surely indispensable to these impersonations. Lady Squeamish, and Lady Knowell, described as "an affected learned woman," are rather elderly characters. Lady Knowell indeed is the mother of Lodwick Knowell, who is in love with the heroine Isabella, and of Lucretia Knowell, "designed to marry Sir Credulous Easy, a foolish Devonshire knight, but in love with Leander, nephew to Sir Patient Fancy." Nell Gwynn's physical attributes disqualified her for such characters. She was of low stature, of plump form, with the smallest foot in the world. Her pictures do not agree well together. Of those collected in the National Portrait Exhibition of 1866, the late Mr. O'Neil, A.R.A. wrote that, like the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, they seemed to be drawn from the painters' fancy rather than from nature. One was fair; a second was dark with thin lips; a third boasted thick lips, and resembled the Garrick Club picture, which no one believed to be authentic. It was discovered subsequently that a painting from Windsor Castle, purporting to represent Nell Gwynn—seated, her right hand resting on a lamb, with a view of Windsor in the background—was in truth a portrait of Mary of Modena, the queen of James the Second. There has been agreement, however, that she was delicately featured, of fair complexion, with red or auburn hair, and "remarkably lively eyes, but so small that they became almost invisible when she laughed." A bust of her was to be seen late in the last century, at what had been her country house at Bagnigge Wells.

And the position occupied by the actress in relation to the King has to be considered. Could he have permitted the mother of the child he had acknowledged, and created Earl of Burford, to return to the stage? At Burford House, Windsor, her "gorgeous country residence," she lived after a madly extravagant fashion. Could she have descended from her grandeur to play inferior parts on the Dorset Garden stage, to strut and fret amid the fumes of tallow candles, to win the applause of prentices and footmen? Bishop Burnet, describing her as "the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was at a Court," says that the King never treated her "with the decencies of a mistress." At first the King had refused her application for an allowance of £500 a year; however, within four years she had obtained from him gifts to the amount of £60,000. Subsequently an annual payment to her of £6,000 was charged upon the Excise, with an additional £3,000 for the expenses of her son. According to Peter Cunningham she lived in 1670 on the east end,

north side of Pall Mall ; but this could have been for a few months only, after the birth of her first child, for in the following year she was to be found in a house on the south side, afterwards rebuilt, known as No. 79, and occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. There was a mount or terrace walk in the garden at the back looking into the royal garden. Evelyn writes, under date March 5, 1671 : "I thence walked with him [Charles the Second] through St. James's Park to the gardens, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between [the King] and Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and [the King] standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the King walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure and curse of our nation." Pennant describes her house in Pall Mall as "the first good one on the left hand of St. James's Square, as we enter from Pall Mall." The back room on the ground floor was, he writes, "within memory entirely of looking-glass, as was said to have been the ceiling ; over the chimney was her picture, and that of her sister was in a third room." The freehold of the house was conveyed to her under virtue of a special Act of Parliament ; she had declined a lease. Upon her death the freehold was sold, and for some time remained the property of the Waldegrave family.

The virtuous Evelyn had good reason to be shocked at the profligacy of the Court, at the general licence of the times. Even in 1654 he had observed with indignation that the women had begun to paint their faces, "formerly a most ignominious thing, and used only by" the most infamous of characters. In 1662 he noted that it was the vogue to describe as "misses" a certain worthless class of women. In 1682 he writes of a great banquet of sweetmeats and music given to the Ambassador from Morocco in the Duchess of Portsmouth's glorious apartments at Whitehall. Among the company was "Nelly," and "cattle of that sort," says Evelyn, "as splendid as jewels and excess of bravery could make them." He next mentions Nelly when he writes of the King's death on the 6th February, 1685, in the 36th year of his reign and 54th of his age, and tells how the dying monarch "entreated the Queen to pardon him (not without cause)," and how he "spake to the Duke to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and especially Portsmouth, and that Nelly might not starve."

She was the most popular of all the royal "cattle," the most acceptable to the nation. Her "plebeian birth" was perhaps counted

in her favour ; her charms as an actress were remembered ; her good spirits, her sauciness, the breadth and force of her wit, her impulsive generosity, her irresistible beauty, these commended her to the general regard. She was loudly contemned, and yet she was greatly applauded. She was a constant diversion to the King because of her liveliness of manner and her powers of mimicry ; he was said to have loved her to the last—and she long continued to amuse the public. She left her debts to be paid by those who came after her out of what funds they could find, but she was credited with many charitable actions. It is, as Peter Cunningham says, “a pleasant tradition”—perhaps it is nothing more—that she materially assisted in the founding of Chelsea Hospital. She is said to have left money to the ringers of St. Martin’s Church, where she lies buried, to be expended in roast mutton and beer ; and in her will she requested her son, the Duke of St. Alban’s, to lay out twenty pounds yearly in relieving the poor debtors confined in Whitecross Street prison. She was not as were certain of her rivals : she was English-born and a Protestant ; and she avowed with curious frankness her lowly origin and her lack of moral character. She fought with the other women of her class, and often triumphed, bearing away from them the King’s favour. In one of her letters, Madame de Sévigné describes Nell Gwynn’s contests with Mademoiselle Kerouaille, afterwards the Duchess of Portsmouth : “The actress is as haughty as Mademoiselle ; she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her, she frequently steals the King from her, and boasts when he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour. She sings, she dances, she acts her part with a good grace. She has a son by the King, and hopes to have him acknowledged.” Her Protestantism was not perhaps very deep-rooted, or she found it necessary to conciliate James the Second lest he should overlook his brother’s injunction and allow her to starve. Evelyn writes in 1686 : “Dryden, the famous play-writer, and his two sons, and Mrs. Nelly, *miss* to the late ——, were said to go to mass ; such proselytes were no great loss to the Church.”

Nell Gwynn did not survive to witness the fall of James the Second. She died, in her house in Pall Mall, of an apoplectic attack, in November 1687, having suffered in the preceding March from a seizure of the same nature. It was said of her that she made an edifying ending, expressing much penitence for her many sins. Apparently she had made peace with the Church of England. Dr. Tennison, Vicar of St. Martin’s, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon. At a later date, to

impede the doctor's preferment, Lord Jersey brought forward at Court the fact of his discourse over the grave of the actress. "What then?" demanded Queen Mary, with some discomposure of manner; "I have heard before of this matter. It is a sign that the poor woman died penitent. For if I can read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a pious and a Christian end, the doctor could never have been induced to speak well of her." Certainly there was nothing to be gained in 1687 by praising dead King Charles's dead mistress. Cibber claimed to express the "common fame" of Nell Gwynn, which in his memory had not been doubted, when he stated that she had less to be laid to her charge "than any other of the ladies in the same state of preferment." Her frailty was to be admitted with remembrance of "all the disadvantages of her rank and education." She was faithful to her royal lover, she never meddled in matters of serious moment, nor was the tool of working politicians, and was "as visibly distinguished by her particular inclination to the King as her rivals were by their titles and grandeur." Cibber had been "unquestionably informed" that in the last hours of her life the fair offender's repentance "appeared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity." The author of the Apology for his own life was defending the actress against what he conceived to be the attacks of that "mitred historian" of his "Own Time," Bishop Burnet.

DUTTON COOK.

MAY DAY IN THE CALIFORNIAN ALPS.

IT was on a bright beautiful May morning that I first awoke to a semi-consciousness that the lullaby which had soothed my slumbers was none other than the musical murmur of the clear Merced river, mingling with the voice of falling waters—the ceaseless pulsation of the mighty Yō Semité—the grandest of California's mighty waterfalls.

We had reached the valley on the last day of April, and I need scarcely say we were astir betimes on May morning, having determined to watch the Beltane¹ sunrise, reflected in that glassiest of mountain tarns, known as the Mirror Lake, distant about three miles from the house in which we had taken up our abode.

So when the stars began to pale in the eastern sky, we were astir, and with the earliest ray of dawn, set off like true pilgrims bound to drink of some holy spring.

For the first two miles our path lay across the quiet meadows, which as yet were but lightly sprinkled with blossom—merely a suggestion of the sheets of glowing colour which we had left on the plains a few days earlier, and which were soon to bloom at this high level. We found no cowslips to remind us of home, but we washed our faces in Californian May dew, which we brushed from the fresh young grass and ferns.

We passed by the orchard of the first settler in the valley: his peach and cherry trees were laden with pink and white blossom, his strawberry beds likewise promising an abundant crop.

It was a morning of calm beauty, and the massive grey crags all around the valley lay “like sleeping kings” robed in purple gloom, while the pale yellow light crept up behind them, the tall dark pines forming a belt of deeper hue round their base.

About two miles above the great Yō Semité Falls, the valley

¹ Beltane. The old Scotch name for May Day, familiar to every Highlander. It is derived from Beil-teine, which means Baal's fire, and marks the day as the great spring festival of our Pagan ancestors.

divides into three branches—canyons I should say ; or, more correctly, cañons. The central one is the main branch, through which the Merced itself descends from the High Sierras, passing through the Little Yö Semité Valley, and thence rushing down deep gorges, and leaping two precipices of 700 and 400 feet (which form the Neyada and Vernal Falls—mere pigmies in comparison of Yö Semité, but in themselves exquisitely beautiful), and so the river of Mercy enters the Great Valley, where for eight miles it finds rest.

The canyon which diverges to the right is that down which rushes the South Fork of the Merced, which bears the musical though modern name of Illillonette. It rises at the base of Mount Starr King, and enters the valley by the graceful falls which bear this pretty name.

The third canyon, branching off to the left, is that whither we were bound. It is called the Tenaya Fork of the Merced, a stream which flows from Mono Lake, past the foot of Cloud's Rest, and dashes down a wild gorge, in a series of cascades and rapids. Finally it calms down, as it flows through a quiet green glade, wherein lies a somewhat muddy pool, which in the summer time is the chosen home of yellow water-lilies. Having tasted the blessings of peace, the Tenaya takes the first opportunity of expanding and reposing, so it forms a broad pool, so still and motionless that it earns the name of Mirror Lake. But soon wearying of repose, it glides off again and hurries impetuously down-hill to join the main stream.

The little lake is exquisitely cradled in the very midst of stern granite mountains and mighty crags, which stand all around as sentinels guarding its placid sleep. The shores are fringed with willows, which on this May morning were covered with downy tufts, and just bursting into slender leaflets. Tall cedars and pines overshadow the waters, and, like the crags far overhead, are mirrored in the calm lakelet. But to see this fairy scene you must be early, for with the dawn comes a whispering breeze, and just as the sun's first gleam kisses the waters, the illusion vanishes, and there remains only a somewhat muddy and troubled pool.

It is just at the base of an extraordinary mountain called the Half Dome—a gigantic crest of granite which rises above the lake almost precipitously, to a height of 4,737 feet (only think what this means ! nearly a mile !). Of this, the upper two thousand is a sheer face of granite, absolutely vertical except that the extreme summit actually projects somewhat. Otherwise it is as clean cut as if the mighty dome had been cloven with a sword. A few dark streaks

near the summit (due, I believe, to a microscopic fungus or lichen) alone relieve the unbroken expanse of glistening, creamy white.

The lower half slopes at a very sharp incline, and is likewise a solid mass of granite—not made up of broken fragments, of which there are a wonderfully small proportion anywhere in the valley. So the inference is, that in the tremendous convulsion by which this mighty chasm was created, the Great South Dome was split from the base to the summit, and that half of it slid down into the yawning gulf. Thus the gently rounded base, between the precipice and the lake, was doubtless originally the summit of the missing half mountain.

I believe that geologists are now satisfied that this strange valley, with its clean-cut vertical walls, was produced by what is called in geology "A Fault," namely, that some of the earth's ribs having given way internally, a portion of the outer crust has subsided, leaving an unoccupied space. That such was the case in Yö Semité is proved by most scientific reasoning. It is shown that the two sides of the valley in no way correspond, so the idea of a mere gigantic fissure cannot be entertained. Besides, as the valley is as wide at the base as at the summit, the vertical walls must have moved apart bodily—a theory which would involve a movement of the whole chain of the Sierras for a distance of half a mile.

There is no trace of any glacier having passed through the valley, so that the ice giants have had no share in making it. Neither can it have been excavated by the long-continued action of rushing torrents, such as have carved great canyons in many parts of the Sierra Nevada. These never have vertical walls, and besides, the smoothest faces of granite in Yö Semité are turned towards the lower end of the valley, proving at once that they were never produced by forces moving downwards.

So it is simply supposed that a strip of the Sierras caved in, and that in time, the melting snows and streams formed a deep lake, which filled up the chasm to a level of the canyon, which is the present outlet from the valley. And as the glaciers on the Upper Sierras disappeared, and the water-supply grew less, the lake must have gradually dried up (and that in comparatively recent times), and its bed of white granite sand, mingled with vegetable mould, was transformed into a green meadow, through which the quiet river now glides peacefully.

We watched by the calm Mirror Lake till the sun had climbed so high in the heavens as to overlook a purple crag and see its own image in the quiet pool. Then we retraced our steps down the wooded canyon till we reached the open valley now bathed in sun-

light. Cloud shadows floated over the dewy grass-slopes and the bare summits of the Sierras, and the sunbeams played on the countless waterfalls, born of the melting snows—which veiled the crags with a rainbow-tinted gauze-like film of scattered spray, and faint floating mist, swaying with every breath of air.

That evening the sun set in a flood of crimson and gold—such a glorious glow as would have dazzled an eagle. Later, the pearly-green clouds were rose-flushed by an afterglow more vivid than the sunset itself—a rich full carmine, which quickly faded away to the cold intense blue of a Californian night. It was inexpressibly lovely.

Then the fitful wind rose in gusts—a melancholy moaning wail, vibrating among rocks, forests, and waters, with a low surging sound, a wild mountain melody.

Thus passed the evening and the morning of our first day in this green Paradise. It was enough to prove to me that the two or three days usually allotted by travellers “to see the valley” would certainly not suffice for me, and that weeks would be required ere I could feel as if I really knew its manifold beauties.

One great inducement to remain was the prospect of seeing the azaleas.

In our first ramble my attention had been arrested by thickets of leafless shrubs, which somehow were strangely suggestive of the fragrant pale-yellow azalea of our shrubberies. On enquiry I learned that they were the very plant, and that a month later they would perfume the whole air. And so it proved. Ere the close of beautiful May, the dense thickets all along the river and at the base of the crags were transformed from leafless sticks into sheets of most fragrant pale yellow blossom—the most heavenly of all delicate perfumes. To me this had the double charm of novelty, for though I had often wandered through groves of scarlet tree rhododendrons in the Himalayas and in Ceylon, I had never before been in a land of wild azalea, and there are few flowers I love so well.

I saw no indications of rhododendrons in the neighbourhood of the Yó Semité, but was told that in the north-west of California—in Humboldt County and its surroundings—there are great districts gorgeous with these gay shrubs, and clothing the hill-sides with a dense mass of rich colour, but lacking the enchanting fragrance of the azalea thickets, which extend far to the southward.

Having decided on prolonging my stay in the valley, it became a question which of the three little cottage hotels should have the preference. Their respective landlords are German, British, and American. I decided in favour of the last, as being in the finest situation. It is a cluster of wooden bungalows, built on the very

brink of the river. Its arrangements are of the simplest ; quite comfortable, but nothing fine.

The main bungalow contains on the ground-floor a minute post-office, booking-office, and bar. The centre is occupied by a large dining-room, with a row of windows on each side ; beyond it lies a clean, tidy kitchen, where a Chinese cook attends to the wants of hungry travellers.

An outside staircase leads to a wide verandah running round the upper story, which consists entirely of bedrooms. A separate wooden house stands just beyond it, also two-storied, and all divided into minute sleeping-rooms. I selected one of these, which commands a splendid view of the Great Falls, so that from the earliest dawn I could watch their dream-like loveliness in every changing effect of light, for sunshine and storm alike minister to their beauty.

It must be confessed that the rooms are rough-and-ready, and the partitions apparently consist of sheets of brown paper ; so that every word spoken in one room is heard in all the others. This sort of thing is startling to people accustomed only to substantial houses, but seems natural enough to such as have lived in tropical climates, where ventilation is secured by only running partitions to within a foot of the ceiling, so that, so far as quiet is concerned, each house is like one large room.

There are various other separate bungalows, one of which acts as sitting-room, and just beyond it, half hidden among huge mossy boulders and tall pines, stands a charming little cottage, which is generally assigned to any family or party likely to remain for some time.

At a little distance, nestling among rocks, or overshadowed by big oaks, are a whole village of little shanties and stores (*alias* shops) —a store, where you can buy dry goods and clothing on a moderate scale ; a blacksmith's forge ; a shop, where a neat-handed German sells beautifully-finished specimens of Californian woodwork of his own manufacture, and walking-sticks made of the rich claret-coloured manzanita. Then there are cottages for the guides and horse-keepers, and an office for Wells Fargo's invaluable Express Company, which delivers parcels all over America (I believe I may say all over the world). There is even a telegraph office, which, I confess, I view with small affection ; it seems so incongruous to have messages from the bustling outer world flashed into the heart of the great solemn Sierras.

As a matter of course, the glorious scenery attracts sundry photographers. The great Mr. Watkins, whose beautiful work first proved

to the world that no word-painting could approach the reality of its loveliness, was in the valley at the time of my visit, carrying his art treasures in a huge photographic van. I hear that he has now established a permanent studio in the Yó Semité, with which his name is so justly associated. A minor star had set up a tiny studio, to which he invited all visitors to come and be immortalised, by appearing as the foreground of the Great Falls !

And last—but certainly not least—are Mr. Haye's baths for ladies and gentlemen, got up, regardless of expense, in the most luxurious style. The attractions of the baths are greatly enhanced by the excellence of the iced drinks, compounded at the bar of such a bright, pleasant-looking billiard-room, that I do not much wonder that the tired men (who in the dining-room appear in the light of such strict tetotallers, as seems to be the custom at Californian *tables d'hôte*) do find strength left for evening billiards, with a running accompaniment of "brandy cocktails," "gin slings," "barber's poles," "eye-openers," "mint juleps," "Sampson with the hair on," "corpse revivers," "rattlesnakes," and other potent combinations.

Mr. Haye's special joy and pride is in a certain "Grand Register," in which all visitors to the valley are expected to inscribe their names. It is a huge ponderous book, about a foot thick, morocco-bound, and mounted and clasped with silver, and is said to be worth eight hundred dollars. It is divided into portions for every State in the Union, and for every country in the world beyond, so that each man, woman, and child may sign in his own locality, and so record the fact of his visit for the enlightenment of his own countrymen. The entries include names from every corner of the earth.

This ponderous tome is certainly suggestive of the great country it represents, but to me a more startling revelation offered itself one day when I was sitting quietly sketching beside the river, and a small boy came past, laden with school books, one of which was a very large volume of American history. As each State already furnishes a separate section as large as an average school history of any country in Europe, it is evident that the complete work must be the size of an encyclopædia, and I confess to having felt considerable pity for the unlucky rising generation, who had to digest so large a dish of home manufacture. However, they did not seem to be much troubled by the ancient or modern histories of other countries.

My little friend having been joined by several sisters (clustered on a tall horse, and all laden with school books), the family party volunteered to favour me with some choral hymns. If not strictly musical, the effort was kindly and characteristic. This done, all

climbed on to the tall horse, and, crossing the river at the ford, went on their way rejoicing.

I was much attracted by the frank cordiality, mingled with self-respecting independence, of such Californians as I chanced to meet ; and as life in the Valley soon rubs off conversational angles, it does not take long to establish a general friendship all round, and I soon became deeply interested in the various members of the little community, which has drifted from so many far countries, to find a home in this fair valley.

One who especially attracted me was a gentle graceful girl, rejoicing in the pretty name of Ida Howard, a true daughter of the Sierras ; her father has built himself a small home on the brink of the Mirror Lake, and lets boats to tourists, while his daughter supplies them with strawberries and cream. The girl seemed to me an admirable type of a Californian maiden—energetic and unselfish, relieving her mother of most household cares, devoted to a troop of younger brothers and sisters, coaxing them to prepare their school tasks, feeding them, starting them in time, mending their clothes, looking after the horses and cattle, and withal, finding time to carry on her own studies unaided, and intensely interested in working at Euclid and Algebra ! These still waters run deep !

My very first expedition in the valley had been to see her little rock-girt lake, and in the course of the summer the exquisite beauty of that walk in the early dawn often attracted me thither. One day I wandered up, with friends, who had arranged to have our food and sketching gear brought after us in a carriage chartered by a party of poor hurried tourists, who were struggling to “do” the valley in a couple of days, and who fulfilled their morning task by reaching Mirror Lake in time to see the sunrise, waken the echoes, and instantly depart.

We, rejoicing in our leisure, spent the long day in that delightfully secluded ravine. We kindled a camp fire, at which my companions cooked first a capital breakfast and then an equally excellent luncheon, with strawberries and cream for dessert, while I secured a sketch of the little willow-fringed lake in its deep granite setting.

Then we explored the narrow pine-clad Tenaya Canyon, till we came to the muddy pool, glorified by the golden cups of yellow water-lilies. It lies at the base of Cloud’s Rest, which sweeps upward from this forest belt in six thousand feet of smooth granite slabs, glacier polished, and overlying one another as if artificially built.

Returning, we lingered beside the lakelet till the purple shades

of evening had enfolded the base of the great hills, while (towering perpendicularly above us) the vertical face of the Split Dome, and the more distant summit of Cloud's Rest, glowed crimson in the red fire of the setting sun, and the lonely pool which had so faithfully mirrored its rising glory still gave back flush for flush, and shade for shade, like a rare friend, sympathetic in every changing mood.

On first arriving in the valley one has the sensation of being enclosed by great rock walls from which there is no escape. It seems as if nothing without wings could ever reach their summit. Yet are there carefully constructed trails, so skilfully contrived as to enable us to scale the precipitous crags, and reach apparently inaccessible spots without any serious difficulty. Sure-footed ponies are at our service, warranted to carry the most inexperienced riders up and down what appear to be most dangerous tracks, in perfect safety. They certainly are excellent animals—sturdy and intelligent, and seem rather to enjoy climbing trails steep as ladders, or a head-long scramble over rocks and rivers, fallen timber, or whatever comes in the way. Sometimes they have to scramble up a sort of stairway formed by the twisted roots of trees—paths which would make the hair of a low-country horse stand on end!

One of the first points which I craved to reach was the summit of a stupendous mass of glacier-polished granite, fitly named Glacier Point, towering upwards of three thousand feet above the valley. The trail leading thither winds to and fro—backwards and forwards in about sixty sharp zig-zags, till it reaches the base of a mighty rock needle, round the base of which it winds for some distance.

We found the snow lying pretty thick on the upper trail, and in some places passed through cuttings where it lay ten feet deep on either side. It had been cleared by men who were building a wooden rest-house on the summit, for the comfort of summer travellers—a very promising-looking place—perched like an eagle's eerie on a very commanding crag.

Having scaled the walls of the valley, we found ourselves in a pine forest where the snow lay pure and deep, and the breeze, sweeping across the broad snowfields of the Sierras, was piercingly chill. The sun, however, was shining brightly, and the views looking down to the valley, were beautiful beyond description, while in every other direction they were stern and wild—a bleak, cold expanse of grey granite ridges and snow, and dark pine forests.

Here and there—like crested waves on a grey billowy ocean—rose a cluster of snowy peaks, such as the "Obelisk" or "Merced" group, at least five of which are upwards of 13,000 feet in height.

One of these is so sharp a pinnacle of granite that the few adventurous climbers who have scaled it say they felt as if poised in mid-air.

This is a side-range, running parallel with the main crest of the Sierras, where a grand regiment of peaks, also rising to upwards of 13,000 feet, are known as the Mount Lyell group. Hundreds of points along this crest exceed 12,000 feet. The actual summit of Mount Lyell is an inaccessible pinnacle. These two ridges are connected by a transverse range which forms the divide between the head waters of the Merced and San Joaquin Rivers.

All this, with the intervening canyons, lay outstretched before us, as we stood on the giddy brink of the pine-fringed precipice of whitest granite, while right in front of us towered the Half Dome, which certainly is an altogether unique creation—utterly unlike anything known in any other country. From the point where we stood, we saw it *en profile*, with the stupendous crag facing the valley, and, on the other side, the wonderful curve of the Dome, from the crown to the base.

The cold breeze was so biting that we were thankful to take refuge, with our luncheon basket, in the newly built wooden house, and agreed that it would make delightful summer quarters, and would be a grand place from which to study sunrise and sunset effects. Then only, could one hope for rich colouring and broad shadows. But beneath cloudless blue skies, and bright noonday glare, the Sierras look unpleasantly cold and grey, and the scattered pines lie singly or in patches, giving the whole scene a speckled look, which is more wonderful than attractive to my eyes.

I confess that to me, the desolation of the scene is repellent. Those hard angular masses which show no symptoms of weathering, those jagged pinnacles which cut so sharp and clean against the cold blue sky, and those endless ranges all gashed and seamed, are savagely grand, but most unlovable.

I felt glad when our faces were once more set towards the valley, for each step revealed it in some new aspect of beauty, with ever-varying foreground of great rock boulders or sheer precipices, and gnarled, weather-beaten pines with weird arms, outstretched to the abyss. One foreground was so quaint that I felt compelled to stop and sketch it: a gigantic, somewhat oval boulder, poised on one end, so as to form a tall pillar. (I do not think that it is really a boulder, but it looks like one.) In honour of Agassiz, it is called his thumb.

Exactly facing me, while at this point, although distant two miles, on the opposite side of the tremendous gorge, were the great Yö-

Semité Falls, visible from the very summit to the base; and a multitude of temporary falls, born of the melting snows, floated in silvery rills, and clouds of white spray, at all manner of unaccustomed points. So, through the great stillness of the upper world, there floated faint murmurs from all these falling waters, mingling with the roar of the rivers, rushing down the canyons, but all softened and blended to one harmonious undertone—

The many mingling sounds of earth which men call silence.

On our way down through the snow-cuttings, we had rather an awkward meeting with a long file of mules, heavily laden with furniture, or rather, with portions of furniture, for the new house. There was some difficulty in backing to any spot where it might be possible to pass. However, this was safely accomplished. Further difficulties awaited us at the zig-zags, where we met a party upward bound and passed one another with many quakes. A skittish pony or mule would be fatal; but these are all, apparently, beyond suspicion of any such tendencies.

It felt warm and comfortable coming back to the sheltered valley, and the loveliness of the evening tempted me to a stroll along the flooded river, which now formed deep pools in which the stately pines and the tall poplars lay mirrored, framing the reflections of the great mountains—a series of beautiful pictures, solemn and still.

Gradually, as the evening wore onward, the blues in the valley intensified. The grey granite crags were flushed with warm rosy light, deepening, till for a few short moments they seemed ablaze, while the grey clouds above them were fringed with floating films, fire-tinted.

Then, suddenly, the red glow died away, to be replaced by a pale ashen grey, and the deepening gloom of twilight.

The green spires towered darker and darker against the glittering golden sky, till that too became darkened and gradually assumed that rich velvety blue which is so marked a characteristic of a Californian night, and seems to intensify the radiance of the brilliant moon.

The effect of moonlight on these white cliffs is most poetic. Every hard line is softened, and an even dreamy tone pervades the whole, though one side of the picture lies in deep blue-grey shadow, and the other in clear white light. And above the dark precipitous crags, tower the silvery grey domes, meet thrones for the moonbeams.

The annual May floods transform a large part of the meadows into a clear calm lake, wherein congregate innumerable frogs, which seem to have suddenly sprung into existence, and waken the echoes by their strange, yet not unmusical croaking chorus.

LORD LAWRENCE.¹

A GOOD biography is rare. Most rare is a biography which presents a true portrait of a great man, which presents it in such colours that while those who knew him recognise its truth, the most laborious critic cannot discover any embellishment arising from the natural partiality which all biographers are inclined to feel for the personage whose public and private life they have to record. Mr. Bosworth Smith has achieved this, and his success is the more remarkable as he has never been in India, never visited the scenes he describes, and was personally acquainted with the subject of his memoir only for a short time, and that in the decline of life.

It must be admitted, however, that one great reason why Lord Lawrence's character was not difficult to understand and to describe was, that it was not distorted by the passions, the ambition, and the gusty temperament of other great men, but was grandly simple and consistent. Thus Lord Stanley, in his speech at the Mansion House,² said, "Malice itself has never fastened upon Lord Lawrence's career the imputation of one discreditable incident, or one unworthy act. The impression he left upon my mind was that of a certain *heroic simplicity*. Even if his opportunity had never come, you felt that you were in the presence of a man capable of accomplishing great things, and capable, also, of leaving the credit of them to anybody who chose to take it." In this respect Lord Lawrence differed altogether from Cromwell, to whom some have compared him. He had the dauntless courage, the robust frame, the unswerving resolution, and the intuitive knowledge of military affairs which belonged to the Protector, but he was altogether free from his ambition, his self-seeking, and his duplicity. The more his character is studied, the more he seems to have been raised up to meet one terrible crisis, which but for him might have changed the history of two great nations, and severed them from one another at a time when their union was so essential to the well-being of both.

¹ *Life of Lord Lawrence*, by R. Bosworth Smith. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1883.

² Vol. ii. p. 381.

Let us here, then, pause and consider what Lord Lawrence was, as represented to us in the pages of this book. Nature had endued him with a tall athletic form. He was quite six feet high, and possessed remarkable muscular power. The rough schooling he went through at Foyle College, in Londonderry county, strengthened and developed his frame. The neighbourhood and its reminiscences were well adapted to foster military instincts. "The sports of the collegians partook of the spirit-stirring character of their surroundings." The students constructed a fortress of stiff clay in a field behind the college. This was manned and relieved by the boarders at six hours' intervals throughout the day and night, while the day-scholars would rise from their beds in a body, in the middle of the night, and march from Derry to the assault. The encounters were not those of carpet knights, and on one occasion Dr. Kennedy, as he himself relates, narrowly escaped with his life, and received a severe concussion of the brain.

Lord Lawrence's military instincts were shown, not only in his sports but in his studies. He made himself acquainted with the campaigns of the leading generals of ancient and modern times, and discussed them with the minute knowledge of a specialist. Plutarch was his favourite book, and he sometimes half-jestingly made use of it to draw from it a *sors Virgiliana*.

It is certain that the mind of Lord Lawrence was imbued with deep religious convictions, but this book leaves it uncertain whether these were derived from his mother, from his favourite sister Letitia, or from his aunt, the sister of the head master of Foyle College. The most striking characteristic of his religious belief was its reserve and its unobtrusiveness. He never talked of religion, but everyone was aware of its presence in his mind. It was "too sacred and too simple to admit of handling in common talk. It was a plant with roots so deep and tender, that he would not allow himself, still less anyone else, to examine how it grew."

Such was the man, whose heroic qualities waited only time and the occurrence of coming events to receive universal recognition, who landed at Calcutta on the 9th of February, 1830. His natural predilections had been always for the army, but the advice of friends, and particularly of his favourite sister, had induced him to waive his own inclinations and enter the Civil Service. By a strange, perhaps it may be said, a providential coincidence, he applied to be gazetted for Dhilli, and his request was granted. Thus his first appearance in the public service was at the city, which at a subsequent period was to owe its punishment and its preservation to him. Dhilli and the

surrounding districts were then full of turbulent inhabitants, whose pride was fed by the existence in their midst of a court which, though sunk from its former magnificence, was still the representative of the Mughul power. Here, John Lawrence became the Assistant-Judge, Magistrate, and Collector. For four years he worked in this appointment regularly and steadily without any change or intermission. At the expiration of that period he was placed in charge of the Pánipat District. Here, he had to conduct a settlement and survey of the land. He was thus led to visit every part of the country of which he was in charge, and he made the most of his opportunities. He was accessible at all times and at all places, even in his bedroom, to the people. He lived among the agricultural classes, and mastered every detail of revenue work.

But John Lawrence was not only a model civilian as regards office work, but he was still more strikingly a man of action. The Játs among whom he exercised authority were a tall, athletic, and intrepid race, jealous of their rights, and indisposed to pay the money required of them by Government. They evaded or opposed the collection of revenue, and it was only by a mixture of extraordinary firmness and skilful management that Lawrence obtained payment from them, without having recourse to force. Crime abounded, and wherever it appeared the arm of the Collector descended on the criminal with a vigour which appalled and deterred others. Amongst his many signal exploits, perhaps the most remarkable of all was the discovery and arrest of the murderers of William Fraser, the Commissioner of Dihlí.

The character of that officer was stern and peremptory. He was a famous hunter and lion-slayer, and the formidable three-pronged spear with a shaft of ebony, eight feet long, with which he was wont to encounter the monarchs of the jungle, was afterwards brought to Sindh by Mr. Ross Bell, where there were no lions to slay, or Nimrod to slay them.

William Fraser was returning from a visit to a neighbouring Rajá, when a trooper galloped up to him, and with a bullet from his carbine killed him on the spot. The news was brought to Lawrence just as he was going to his bath on the morning of March 23, 1835. He immediately mounted his horse, and rode from Pánipat to Dihlí under a blazing sun. There he learned from Simon Fraser, the younger brother of the murdered man, who twenty-two years after was himself murdered in Dihlí by the mutineers, that no clue had been found to the assassin. Trackers, however, had traced the hoof-prints of a horse from the scene of the murder for some dis-

tance in the direction of Dihlí. In this state of perplexity, a remark made by Fath Khán that he should not wonder if his nephew, the Núwáb of Fírúzpúr, knew something of the murder, impressed itself on the mind of Lawrence, and he soon discovered that there had been a quarrel between Fraser and the Núwáb. He, therefore, went off at once with Simon Fraser to the Núwáb's house in Dihlí. There he found a fine chestnut horse, whose shoes appeared to have been reversed, and whose hoofs were shown by one of the trackers to correspond to those of the animal that had been ridden from the scene of the murder. While this examination was going on, a trooper in undress lounged up and said he was an orderly of the Núwáb of Fírúzpúr, and had been sent to Dihlí on a special mission. The man said that the horse was sick and off his feed, and had done no work for a week. This gratuitous falsehood was at once exposed by Lawrence, who placed a nosebag over the horse's head, and the animal fed greedily. Some fragments of a note were also picked up, which when put together strengthened the evidence already obtained against the trooper and the Núwáb. After a few days conclusive proof was obtained by the confession of a notorious robber, who had been employed by the Núwáb, but had fled on discovering that he was to be put to death to secure secrecy. The crime having thus been proved, the Núwáb and the trooper were hanged together.

In November, 1838, Lawrence was appointed Settlement Officer in the district of Etáwa on the left bank of the Jamná. He had been selected by Robert Mertins Bird, under whom the North-west Provinces, with an area of 72,000 square miles, and a population of 23 millions, were surveyed and settled. It was a year of disastrous drought and famine. Lawrence worked with his usual zeal, and laid up fresh stores of knowledge, but before the end of 1839 he was struck down with jungle fever, and was sent off to Calcutta, where he arrived on December 22, underwent a dangerous relapse, was ordered by the doctors for three years to England, and arrived there in June 1840. On a visit to Ireland he met his future wife, Harriette Catherine Hamilton, the daughter of a clergyman, a man of singular energy and courage, renowned for his capture of agrarian offenders. The marriage took place on August 26, 1841, and thirty years after, Lord Lawrence spoke of it as the most important, and certainly the happiest, step in his life. His marriage tour on the Continent was brought to a close by the news of the Kábul disaster, and the imprisonment and probable death of his brother George. He hurried back to London, where he was seized with a long and dangerous illness, which made his doctors tell him that he must

renounce all idea of returning to India. His characteristic answer was, "If I cannot live in India I must go and die there." Accordingly, on October 1, 1842, he left Southampton for Bombay, where he arrived on November 14, and soon found himself once more at Dihli, in the scene of his early labours.

Lawrence was now appointed to the Karnal district. An epidemic had raged at the station, and the troops had been withdrawn from the cantonment. He traced the disease to the want of sanitary arrangements. The only scavengers had been vultures, dogs, and pigs. The cantonment was surrounded by rice fields, and, in consequence, the ground up to the houses of the Europeans was one vast marsh. He soon remedied all this, and turned his attention to two other subjects which involved the improvement of the people. Government was then in the habit of obliging the peasants to furnish carts and beasts of burden for the camps of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief without remuneration. The condition of native women also touched him. Men were in the habit of selling their wives or the widows of their brothers, and thus they became mere slaves. In both these matters Lawrence effected much good. In the end of 1844 he became Magistrate and Collector at Dihli and Pánipat. But a great change was at hand. So far he had been in training, he was now to receive his reward. On the 11th of November, 1845, Sir Henry Hardinge, Governor-General, came to Dihli and made the acquaintance of John Lawrence. He was impressed with his vigour and abilities, and he had soon urgent need to make use of them.

There can be no doubt that the Governor-General himself and all his leading officials, except one, Major Broadfoot, were blind to the danger which threatened them from the Sikh army. On the 11th of December, 1845, that army began to cross the Satlaj, and by the 15th, 60,000 soldiers of the Khalsa, with 150 heavy guns, were in British territory. On the 18th, the British troops at Mudki became aware of the proximity of the enemy by the rushing of cannon shot through the trees. There is a strange ignorance even now as to the number of the Sikh troops engaged. Lord Gough estimates them at 30,000 men with 40 guns, and the historian Cunningham at less than 2,000 infantry with 22 guns, and from 8,000 to 10,000 cavalry. This is probably as much too low as the other is too high an estimate. The British army numbered 11,000, of whom 872 were killed and wounded. The Sikhs were repulsed and lost 17 guns, but retired without molestation to their entrenched camp at Fírúzpúr. Here they had about 47,000 men, with 88 guns, and here, on the 21st of December, they were attacked by Lord Gough. The battle

the most desperate recorded in the annals of Anglo-Indian warfare. Night fell, but the battle raged ; darkness and the obstinacy of the contest threw the English into confusion. Men of all regiments and arms were mixed together, and colonels knew not what had become of the regiments they had commanded, or the army of which they formed a part. Some portions of the enemy's line had not been broken, and the uncaptured guns were turned by the Sikhs upon masses of English troops oppressed with cold, thirst, and fatigue. The position of the English was one of real danger and great perplexity ; they were hardly masters of the ground on which they stood, they had no reserve, while the Sikhs had fallen back on a second army and might have renewed the fight with increased numbers. On the morning of December 22 the Sikh reserve advanced in battle-array, and the wearied and famished English saw before them a desperate and in all probability a useless struggle. The artillery ammunition of the English had failed, a part of their army was already retiring on Firúzpúr, and nothing but the treachery of the Sikh general, Tez Singh, saved the British from destruction. He fled, leaving his subordinates without instructions, and seventy-three guns in the hands of the English, whose empire in India was thus saved, but who lost 2,415 men, killed and wounded.

Sir Henry Hardinge had won a most doubtful victory, but he was unable to follow it up owing to the want of ammunition, of siege guns, and of provisions, and unable to fall back, lest this should lead to another invasion of the still unbroken Sikh army. He therefore wrote with his own hand, and in hot haste, to John Lawrence to assist him. Lawrence, partly by personal influence, partly by promises of high pay, contrived in a very short space of time to bring together 4,000 carts, each to be driven by its owner—an arrangement which prevented the desertion of the drivers. On February 9 a long train of heavy guns drawn by elephants, of treasure and supplies of all kinds, sent by Lawrence, reached Sir Hugh Gough's camp. Next day the Sikhs were attacked in their fortified camp at Subraon by the British army. After a desperate conflict, in which the English loss was 2,383 men killed and wounded, the Sikhs were completely routed, and were driven across the Satlaj, in which thousands of them perished. On March 9, 1846, a treaty was signed which made the Panjáb dependent on the British power, and annexed the extensive district of the Jalandhar Doáb, with the hill-tracts right up to the borders of Thibet.

To the management of this new province the Governor-General was determined to appoint a man of vigour and of great working

power, and he fixed upon John Lawrence, whose energy in supplying the army with stores and ammunition had been so conspicuous. He accordingly directed the Lieut.-Governor of the North-western Provinces to send Lawrence at once to Simla. The Lieut.-Governor, Mr. Thomason, usually a man of great judgment and discretion, on this occasion showed great want of tact, and did a thing which might well have exposed him to a severe reprimand. He thought Lawrence could not be spared from Dihlí, and, instead of him, sent up another officer, whom he represented as well qualified for the post. But Sir H. Hardinge was not the man to submit to such an infringement of his orders. He dismissed the well-qualified officer back to his post, and peremptorily reiterated, "Send me up John Lawrence." Thus Lawrence found himself controlling a region considerably larger than Belgium, and in the hill-parts bristling with forts held by men who knew how to defend them. He was soon surrounded by a staff of excellent officers, of whom Robert Cust, Henry Lumsden, Edward Lake, and Hercules Scott, were the most remarkable. But he was to remain in Jalandhar only three months, at the expiration of which time, he, at the request of the Governor-General, took up the duties of Resident at Lahor, in place of his brother Henry who had fallen ill. He did not, however, resign his appointment at Jalandhar, although he could only give his supervision from a distance, as his presence at Lahor was absolutely necessary. But in the short time he had resided at Jalandhar he had already accomplished a great work. In two months he completed the settlement of the division; that is, he fixed the amount of the revenue, and how it was to be drawn. Here he effected a most beneficial change. The revenue had always been drawn in kind, but Lawrence was determined it should be a money payment, thus sweeping away a whole brood of middle-men who were fattening on the vitals of the country. The people were very averse to the change, but they gave way before the resolute purpose of the Collector, and soon recognised the great advantages they reaped from the adoption of his views.

The next great act of Lawrence, and on which alone his fame might have been founded, was the abolition of infanticide. And here we must pause for a moment to notice the strange habit the biographer has of dragging in whatever can tend to praise of the Kuran and the great reformer in Arabia, the great prophet as Mr. Smith styles him. The polygamist teacher naturally desired to save as many females as possible for the harims of the faithful, and since Mr. Smith refers to the seventh century, it is as well to remember that it was then Muhammad bin Kásim sent the princesses of Sindh

to the seraglio of the Khalif, and that they revenged themselves for their dishonour by procuring the cruel murder of the man who sent them. A comparison of the pure-minded and Christian efforts of Lawrence and Raikes to abolish infanticide in the Panjáb with those of the sensual originator of Islám was as unnecessary as it is odious. With conscious rectitude, Lawrence at once issued proclamations and letters to all the chiefs, in which he denounced, under the highest displeasure of Government and the severest penalties, infanticide, satí, and the destruction of leprous persons by burying them alive or throwing them into water.

Besides these great reforms, Lawrence put down what might have been a formidable insurrection at Kangra. The fort there, surrounded by scarped precipices, and before which a heavy gun had never been brought, seemed impregnable, and so the Governor with his garrison of hardy Sikh veterans thought it. But Lawrence, with his intuitive perception of military matters, at once sent for a battery of heavy guns, made Henry Lumsden prepare a road for them, and brought them along the edge of precipices into position against the fort. The effect was decisive; the Sikhs hoisted the white flag: and thus a place which had stood a siege of three years by the Gurkhas surrendered in a day to the British.

As Acting Resident at Lahor the duties of Lawrence became even more onerous and important than those which he discharged before. On the 26th of August he writes to his brother Henry, "The work keeps me busy all day, and the heat is so excessive that I feel I have as much to do as I can well get through." Of those, however, with whom he had to deal his opinion was in the highest degree unfavourable. "There is not, in my judgment," he writes, "the slightest trust to be placed in any person or any party here. There is an utter want of truth and honour in all; every man is ready to plot, to intrigue, to cavil against his neighbour—there is no oath and no bond which they will not take, and take in order to be the better able to deceive."

The first act of flagrant duplicity which forced itself on the notice of Lawrence was in Kashmír, where Imámu'd'din, the Governor, resisted the transfer of the province to Guláb Singh, to whom we had sold it for £750,000. The Governor was secretly supported by Lál Singh, and carried his insubordination to such an extent that he slew one of the chief officers deputed to take over the country and drove off his troops. Lord Hardinge insisted on the Sikh Government fulfilling its engagements and expelling Imámu'd'din. After much evasion, a force of 7,000 Sikh soldiers marched to Kashmír

with Henry Lawrence to control them. Imámu'd'din surrendered at the very moment when the troops sent against him were debating whether they should not go over to his side. Imámu'd'din was sent down to Lahor, and on the way produced the secret orders from Lál Singh on which he had been acting. Lál Singh was tried, and sent as a prisoner to Fírúzpúr.

Henry Lawrence now returned to his post as Resident, and John Lawrence went back to Jalandhar. And here we must observe that the want of an index is much felt, and Mr. Smith will do well to add one at the earliest opportunity. There is also a great looseness in the dates, a too common fault in writers of the present day. In July, 1847, a riot occurred at Jalandhar in consequence of killing cows. Lawrence's servants were attacked and beaten, and fifteen horsemen who attempted to disperse the mob were pulled off their horses. Lawrence himself was pelted with stones, and was obliged to call up a company of Sipáhis, who received orders to fix bayonets, whereupon the rioters dispersed.

It will hardly be believed that in spite of this serious disturbance and others that have subsequently occurred from the same cause, a gentleman was mad enough not long ago to exasperate the Sikhs by nailing the head of a cow just slaughtered in front of his house. Still more incredible it would seem, but it is not less true, that after the judges had disbarred the offender, the home authorities not only restored him, but fined the judges. It is indeed difficult, if not impossible, for an Englishman to understand what a Hindu feels with regard to the slaughter of cows. The present Maharájá of Kashmír said that he would engage in company with a number of Hindu princes to pay the utmost sum the British Government had ever levied by the income tax, if it would follow the example of Akbar and prohibit the killing of cows. "You might then reduce the number of your English soldiers," he said; "as we are sure no other government would consent to the same prohibition, we would uphold your power to the death as a religious duty."

Twice more John Lawrence was called upon to act for his brother, but in January, 1848, Lord Hardinge sailed for England, and Henry Lawrence accompanied him. It would be thought that John Lawrence would be appointed to succeed his brother, as he was notoriously the most fit man; but an old civilian, Frederick Currie, was appointed, and arrived at Lahor on March 6, and on April 3, John Lawrence, with his family, started for Jalandhar. On April 20 Messrs. Agnew and Anderson, who had been deputed to see that Mulráj, the Governor of Multán, resigned his appointment to

Khan Singh, were murdered, and Mulráj, and the troops with him, rebelled. On the news reaching Lawrence, he advised that a brigade, with two European regiments, should march at once from Firúzpur on Multán. He urged upon Currie that our troops should go as principals, not as supporters of a Sikh force. But Currie was new to the Panjáb, and against the advice of Lawrence he sent a Sikh force under Shir Singh to assist in the siege of Multán; and then what Lawrence had predicted happened. Shir Singh went over to Mulráj, and the Sikh troops rose everywhere in rebellion. Dost Muhammed, with his Afghans, joined them on condition of receiving back Pesháwar. In November Lord Gough took command of a large army which had been assembled at Firúzpur, and proceeded to crush a revolt, which would never have grown to formidable dimensions had a single brigade been sent in time to assist Herbert Edwardes in his struggle with Mulráj. On November 22 a portion of Gough's forces suffered a severe check at Ramnagar, in which Cureton and W. Havelock were killed. On December 3, a doubtful engagement took place at Sadullahpur, and the Sikhs retired to the battle-field of Porus and Alexander, on the Jhelam, where Lord Gough attacked them. In this disastrous battle the 14th Dragoons went to the right about and rode down our own guns and gunners, as well as the ambulance party in charge of the wounded. We lost the colours of three regiments, and four guns and 89 officers and 2,350 men killed and wounded. Lawrence in Jalandhar had a little war to himself. He defeated the Rájahs of Katorh and Jeswan, and made them both prisoners. He also expelled the refractory Bedi Unah from his territory, and thus completely quieted the Jalandhar Doab. In the mean time Henry Lawrence, hearing of the outbreak at Multán, returned from England to Bombay in December, 1848, was present in the final siege of Multán, and brought the first news of the capture of the town to Lord Dalhousie. He was also present at the battle of Chilianwála, and on February 1, 1849, took charge of his former post as Resident of Lahor. On February 21, 1849, the Sikhs were utterly routed at the battle of Gujarát, and Lord Dalhousie resolved to annex the Panjáb.

To govern the new province, Lord Dalhousie appointed a board of three members, of whom the senior was Henry Lawrence, the second Charles Greville Mansel, and the third was John Lawrence. The first great measure was the disbanding of the Sikh army, and next was a general disarmament. A frontier force of ten regiments, five of cavalry and five of infantry, was then raised. To

these were added three horse field batteries, a camel corps, and the famous corps of Guides. The Pesháwar valley was to be held by a division of the regular army of 10,000 men, of whom 3,000 were Europeans. From Hazára to Dera Ismail Khan forts were built capable of standing a siege, and thence down to Sindh a chain of fortified posts was established, with good roads leading to the river, and from thence to the hills. Following upon these measures the Thags, the gang robbers and cattle stealers, who had been rampant in the Panjáb, were put down.

Of the dissensions between Henry Lawrence and his brother, it is unnecessary to say much. Henry Lawrence was inclined to deal too liberally with the Sardárs and Sikh aristocracy, who had been dispossessed of some of their estates, and John Lawrence and Lord Dalhousie looked almost entirely to the welfare of the middling and lower classes.

In 1848, John Lawrence had a very narrow escape from a bear, who rolled down a steep declivity with him, and being attacked by several of the other sportsmen, turned on them, and bit off the nose of a tall, handsome Sipáhi, who was engaged to be married. The poor fellow suffered agony from his wound, but was even more perturbed at the thought of meeting his beloved in such a state. It so happened that there was an Indian doctor at the place who was famed for making new noses, and John Lawrence employed him to restore the lost feature of the Sipáhi's face, which he did with such success that the betrothed declared she liked the new nose better than the original one.

In October, 1851, Robert Montgomery, an old schoolfellow of the Lawrences, was appointed to the Board of Commissioners, and at first the friction between the two brothers was lessened, but it soon increased, and came to such a point that both brothers sent in their resignations, and that of Henry Lawrence was accepted by Lord Dalhousie, who appointed him his Agent in Rájputána. So on January 20, 1853, Henry Lawrence departed from the Panjáb, and John Lawrence became Chief Commissioner.

Being now quite unfettered, John Lawrence displayed an energy which was truly remarkable. Among the most important and difficult of his duties was the management of his staff, a body of extraordinarily able men. They were men of decided characters and strong wills, and required to control them a man of still stronger will and still greater ability than any of them, and one, above all, endued with an almost inexhaustible supply of patience and forbearance, of tact and discrimination of character. Lawrence was

man naturally of a violent temper, but he controlled himself in a way which was truly marvellous. Sir Richard Temple said, "No one he ever knew was equal to him in this respect." Among his assistants, Nicholson was a noble soldier equal to any emergency, but he was almost ungovernable. It happened that his most favourite officer, Zamán Khán, was killed in the rear of the frontier posts, who failed to come to his assistance. Nicholson wrote to Lawrence a bitter accusation of the force of which Chamberlain, also a noble soldier, was the head. He naturally resented the charge made by Nicholson, and threatened to resign unless an *amende* was made. Nothing but the extreme tact of Lawrence healed this very serious affair. In the same way, a fierce disagreement broke out between Coke and Herbert Edwardes, which required great tact to manage. Hodson, too, a gallant soldier, but with some glaring defects of character, gave much trouble until he was removed by Lord Dalhousie. Through all these difficulties Lawrence passed successfully. He retained his assistants, and acquired such influence in the Panjáb as made him a tower of strength when the great crisis, which was now hastening on, arrived.

On May 10, 1857, the mutiny of the Bengal army commenced at Mírat, and, through the fatuity of the officer commanding there, spread immediately to Dihlí. Lawrence, with his usual farsightedness, had not been altogether without anticipations of what would happen. So long back as 1846, we find him writing, "Government will get as many Rájputés on the hills as it can want, either for regular or irregular corps. Thousands served in the Sikh army, and would do so in ours. I do not think that they will object to go anywhere or do anything. In our regular corps these men would be very useful, as coming from a different part of the country and having different ideas and interests from our Oudh Sepoys. As it is now, our Sepoys are nearly all from Oudh and its vicinity, and the majority are Bráhmans ; hence it is that in any quarrel they so readily combine. The Rájputés here are a very fine people, and having little to live on at home, they are glad to take service." No one, however, could have anticipated after the rebellious conduct of the Sipáhís at Calcutta, that the imbecility of Government could have been carried so far as to leave the great arsenal at Dihlí without a single European soldier to protect it. No one could have anticipated the astounding fatuity of the officer commanding at Mírat, who, with a regiment of European cavalry and a body of European artillerymen, allowed the mutineers to burn the cantonment there and take possession of

It was in this tremendous crisis that the heroic character of John Lawrence displayed itself in a way which ought never to be forgotten by Englishmen. In this part of his book, where the biographer describes how Lawrence kept the Panjáb quiet, notwithstanding the elements of danger which a large number of Sipáhí regiments implied, and the hostile attitude of the Afgháns and other tribes increased, the writer appears at his best, and we fully indorse every word of praise which he bestows upon the subject of his memoir. From the first Lawrence discerned that the fate of our Indian empire was bound up with the recapture of Dihlí ; from this great aim he never swerved, and contemning the dangers which surrounded himself, he sent down corps after corps to swell the army of General Wilson. As is truly said by Mr. Smith, "What must have been the result, the inevitable result, had Sir John Lawrence yielded to the reiterated, the egregiously short-sighted appeals to him not to send a man more to Dihlí? What but the certain destruction of our force before that place? An assault had been given up by the military authorities unless, or until, large reinforcements should arrive from the Panjáb. A regular siege was obviously impossible. The enemy were receiving weekly or daily reinforcements, and had at their disposal an unlimited amount of all the material of war."

Even that gallant soldier, Sir Herbert Edwardes, wrote on the 26th of June : "We are all of opinion that you must not go on throwing away your resources in detail by meeting General Reed's demands for reinforcements. Dihlí is not India. However important a point, it is only a point, and enough has been done for it." Against these remonstrances Lawrence set his face like a flint, and on the 17th of June he wrote to Harvey Greathed : "We are sending you down every soldier we can spare. I calculate that by July 1st you ought to have 3,250 men from us. Thus :

7 companies of H.M.'s 8th	600
5 companies of H.M.'s 61st	450
European artillerymen	200
1st Panjáb Rifles (Coke's)	800
4th Sikhs (Rothney's)	800
Panjáb Cavalry	400
		<hr/>
		3,250
		<hr/> <hr/>

In fifteen days afterwards, we could send the 1st Panjáb Cavalry, now on its way from Multán—say, 500 sabres—and probably twenty days after this the 2nd Panjáb Rifles now at Multán."

But even these efforts were to be transcended. In July, Lawrence sent off Nicholson, the finest soldier in India, at the head of a column, which, when it arrived at Dihlí, amounted to no less than 2,000 men. Nicholson, with the audacious freedom which could only be excused by his surpassing merit, carried off two batteries of artillery which could ill be spared from the Panjáb. One of these was Dawes', which afterwards did such remarkable service. Nicholson posted on in front of his column, examined the camp, and saw General Wilson, from whom he learned that the mutineers were about to make an effort to cut off the siege train, and that the Nímach brigade had gone to Najafgarh for this purpose. Although the weather was most unpropitious and the mud so deep that the horses could hardly flounder through it, Nicholson pushed off to attack the Nímach mutineers, routed them with great slaughter, and captured the whole of their artillery, thirteen guns. This was the greatest blow that had been inflicted on the mutineers, and from that time the scales inclined against them. The siege train came up, and the heavy guns were placed in position against the walls of Dihlí, which soon crumbled under their fire. Besides Nicholson's column, Lawrence was able to send down to the siege of Dihlí a large number of troops in the service of Rambír Singh, the Mahárájá of Kashmír. "They were," he wrote to Edwardes, "a fine body of men, young, active, and well made, just the lads for a hillside, but not showing the bone and muscle of the Sikhs." They formed the third column of attack at the storming of Dihlí, and though they were repulsed, they drew off the attention of large bodies of the enemy from the two other columns.

Enough has been said to show that the eulogies of his biographer with regard to Lawrence are strictly true ; that the tranquillity of the Panjáb and the capture of Dihlí were to be ascribed to him, and that he was therefore the saviour of India. In all this we agree with Mr. Bosworth Smith, and also in his proposition that Pesháwar and the Trans-Indus territory should have been abandoned if Dihlí could not otherwise have been taken. But there are some passages, on which we must animadvert, which we think disfigure the biography, and have nothing to do with the subject of the memoir. The first passage is where Mr. Smith compares the suffocation of some mutineers of the 26th N.I. with the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta. In both instances a number of prisoners were stifled ; but that is the only point of comparison, which Mr. Smith appears to have made simply to show how superior Muslims are to Christians. Siráju'd Daulah was fast asleep while the English were suffocated in the

Black Hole, and his subordinate fiends were afraid to awaken him ; but from what we know of his character we are quite certain that he was more likely to regard the matter as a good joke had he been told of it, than to interfere.

But the great point of difference between the two cases is that the victims of the Black Hole were entirely innocent, and had done nothing to deserve the horrid death they suffered, whereas the Sipáhís of the 26th N. I. were atrocious criminals, stained with the blood of their own officers, and ready to murder any European, man, woman, or child, that fell in their way. Time effaces the record of both good and bad deeds ; but had Mr. Smith been in the Memorial Church at Dihlí, he would have read epitaphs which would have proved to him that no punishment was too severe for the miscreants, who perpetrated acts of atrocity unequalled in the history of mankind. In one epitaph, the death of thirty-one persons, all of the same family, are recorded, from the aged folk down to children of a few years old, and ending with the murder of a baby in arms. Mr. Smith seems altogether unable to realise the feelings of Englishmen who were living at that period.

The next passage is where the biographer deals with the slaughter of the three Dihlí princes by Hodson. These princes had seen men, women, and children cruelly murdered by the Sipáhís without an effort to save them ; and though it might have been wiser to have tried them by court-martial, it is not for an outsider to say how far Hodson was justified or not in pleading the danger of a rescue. At all events, it is going much too far to say, as Mr. Smith does, that Hodson was, in proportion to his lights, at least as guilty as the guiltiest of the Royal Family of Dihlí.

The viceroyalty of Lawrence was not marked by any act of exceptional merit. On the other hand, it was defaced by an unpardonable blunder. It was a sign, no doubt, of failing mental power that Lawrence should have listened to the platitudes of Sir Cecil Beadon about the famine in Orissa. In the old days when his energies were in their prime, Lawrence would himself have gone down and seen with his own eyes the state of that unhappy province. But he listened to the glozing words of some careless civilians, and the consequence was, that when urged by the remonstrances of a philanthropic merchant to import rice from Barmah it was too late. The monsoon had set in, and the grain-ships could not reach their destination. Mr. Smith makes various ingenious efforts to shift the blame on to Beadon and other subjects, but every candid mind will see that the man who had the

power, and whose word would have been law, was the most to blame.

To come now to the Afghan question, with which this biography concludes, and which was the last public matter in which Lord Lawrence engaged ; and this, we think, is the weakest part of Mr. Bosworth Smith's book. Lord Lawrence was strong in his convictions on this subject, but he was never vituperative. He did not talk of the sin and shame of those who thought differently from him. His objections to a war with the Afghans were twofold. The first and foremost was on account of the expense ; the second was, that we should make the Afghans hostile to us, and induce them to join any power, like that of Russia, which might launch itself against our territory along what Mr. Smith calls "the fords of the Indus." Why this expression should be repeatedly used as it is passes comprehension, seeing that a letter from Lawrence is here printed, in which he expressly says that there are no fords, and that Ranjit Singh on one occasion, endeavouring to cross without boats, lost five hundred cavalry, both men and horses. However, to let that pass, we object strongly to the miserably incomplete exposition of the case which is here given. One would think, to read Mr. Smith's pages, that the Afghans were a patriotic people, jealous of their liberties, but not infringing the rights of others, instead of being a set of merciless savages, with knives always red with the blood of strangers. Were it worth while, a death-roll of gallant officers might be given, who, without the slightest provocation, have been brutally murdered in taking quiet walks or rides on our own territory, but within reach of the Afghan's assassin knife. To these must be added a long list of victims who have been slaughtered by Afghans who have crossed the border with the deliberate purpose of shedding the blood of Europeans or British subjects. Thus in 1876 a young Afghan came from Dera Glazi Khan to indulge in a mad frolic at Multan, and having spent his money, entered a shop of a Hindu trader and beat him to death with his fists, and having taken what money the man had in his house, recrossed the river, but was pursued and captured. He was a perfect Achilles in appearance, and the wretched old man he murdered was a mere dwarf in comparison with him. In the same year a horse-dealer came up from Sindh and sold some horses to an Afghan chief, who paid him, but had him waylaid and murdered and the money taken back. The corpse was thrown from village to village in the hope of eluding detection, but the law was in pursuit of him when the writer of this review saw him flaunting in all his bravery. These are only two instances

among hundreds which have occurred, and the whole frontier was a scene of rapine and bloodshed, which was alone sufficient to justify a war with the Afghans.

Then there was the rejection of our request to be allowed to send an envoy to the Amír's Court. Is there any great power that would submit to such treatment from a small one, especially when the denial was accompanied with an intimation that if an envoy was sent he would be murdered, as indeed subsequently turned out to be the case? Then there was the fact that Shir Ali, a half-insane bigot, had formed an intrigue with Russia and was inventing a number of imaginary grounds for quarrelling with the English. What right had he to complain of our occupation of Quetta, which even in the time of the Sadozai kings had ceased to be a dependency of Kabul? It belonged to a nation which differed as much from the Afghans as from the English, and we had treaty-rights which entitled us to occupy it. In short, we were fully justified in making war upon the Afghans, and it is only to be regretted, in the interests of civilisation, that we retired from our conquest. We are told by a high authority, the able negotiator of our treaties with Abdu'r Rahman, that in abandoning Kandahar the present Government only carried out what had been intended by the Conservatives ; but we do not think that the step was a wise one. We had expended eighteen millions and a half in subjugating Afghanistan, and fully admitting the wisdom of leaving that hotbed of sedition, Kabul, to itself, we still think that we ought to have made ourselves strong at Kandahar, and thus placed ourselves in the flank and rear of any intending invader. Besides, Kandahar would have, in a short time, defrayed the expenses of its occupation. As it is, we have only to adopt the suggestions of Sir Lepel Griffin by making a broad-gauge railway to Quetta and fortifying it in such a way as to give it the command of Kandahar and the surrounding country.

We close this paper with one remark on the exaggerated account which is given by Mr. Smith of the danger of the approaches to Quetta. There is, it is true, a sandy desert on the Sindh side of the Bolan, but at no time of the year "is it swept by the blast of death." The writer of this review has ridden through it during the hottest months, and can testify to the fact that there is no danger if ordinary precaution be used.

EDWARD B. EASTWICK.

CARLYLE AND HIS WIFE.

IN the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1882, I was allowed to make some remarks, chiefly based on the evidence adduced by Mr. Froude himself, in contradiction of the theory put forward as to the relations between Carlyle and his wife in Mr. J. A. Froude's "Thomas Carlyle: a History of the First Forty Years of his Life." That work has now been supplemented by "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle," in which Mr. Froude, making ample use of what he claims to be his right, as his friend's literary executor, has interpolated letters and extracts from diaries, as well as comments of his own, by way of supporting his former assertions. By what rule of right, or of honour, Mr. Froude considers himself justified in printing the secret confidences of a dead woman, written for no eye but her own at a time of great bodily weakness and mental depression—confidences that her own husband chose to keep sacred, except that he made such extracts from them as seemed to him necessary to complete an act of penance which he thought incumbent on him—I need not here inquire. Nor is it necessary to quote at length from volumes of such exceptional interest that they are certain to be read by all who concern themselves with the Carlyle biography, and by many others too. I ask leave, however, to point out in a few sentences that Mr. Froude's new publication appears altogether to confirm the view that I advanced last year, and to satisfy his own ungracious interpretation of the materials he was permitted to handle.

The letters and memorials now published extend in date from September 1, 1834, to April 21, 1866, the day of her death, and thus, with the exception of three months, cover the whole term of Mrs. Carlyle's residence in the famous Chelsea house to which her husband had migrated from Craigenputtock, partly to increase his own literary opportunities and intellectual enjoyments, partly to rescue her from her monotonous and lonely life in the Scotch farmhouse, and to bring her a little nearer to the social comforts for which she had been pining. This term of something like two-and-thirty years falls into two halves of tolerably equal length. How went matters with Carlyle

and his wife, in their relations with one another, and in the relations of each and both with the outside world, during these two acts of a very memorable life-drama, a drama of two lives in one, of which, in accidental agreement with the playwright's law, there were five acts in all?

The first act showed us a brave Scotch peasant, prompted by uncontrollable genius and guided by the influence of Goethe and other masters, and a clear-headed and true-hearted Scotch maiden, socially above him and intellectually hardly his inferior, gradually drawn together by a strange and—perhaps, or perhaps not—inimical fate, until they became man and wife. The second act showed us their joint, but not quite comfortably joined, lives at Craigenputtock and elsewhere—his, the life of a man of genius, struggling amid galling circumstances to fulfil what he held to be his solemn mission, in the world, and producing especially his “*Sartor Resartus* ;” hers, the life of an heroic and self-sacrificing woman, a willing, anxious helpmeet of the husband of her choice, a wife loyal almost to slavishness. The third act shows us the couple in London—him, winning a certain amount of fame and success as the producer of the “*French Revolution*,” the “*Cromwell*,” and other works ; her, aiding him as bravely as ever by making the most of a small income and taking pleasure in her difficulties to some extent, partly because she was a Martha as well as a Mary, partly because her great love for her husband, and her consciousness that her love was helpful to him, and was answered back with equal, if different, love, made the heaviest troubles easy to bear for his sake—both finding much satisfaction in the intellectual society that they shared with one another and with their mutual friends, John Stuart Mill, Charles Buller, John Stirling, John Forster, and a host of others. In the fourth act there is a change. Carlyle, earning more money and winning more fame, becomes a “lion” and likes to be lionised a little by wealthy friends, among whom his wife does not care to wear her simple home-made dresses, and who are not refined enough to conceal their preference for the clever man's company over his clever wife's ; and when that unhappy time for her, and not happy time for him, is over, he is so absorbed in his last great work, the “*Friedrich*,” that he does not see how her health, always bad, is failing, and that, in spite of the honest zeal with which she urges him to persevere in it, it is helping to kill her, until the great shock comes, and her sudden death informs him that he has not prized enough the treasure he has now lost. The fifth act shows us, besides other things, the widower's remorse, genuine throughout and warranted in part, though in part

morbid and unreasonable ; and, as a cruel Nemesis, discrediting his memory by charges and innuendos in gross exaggeration of the faults he deplored, Mr. Froude's sacrilegious abuse of the trust assigned to him as Carlyle's literary executor and custodian of Mrs. Carlyle's private letters.

It is with the third and fourth acts that Mr. Froude's latest publication deals. None of his insinuations and interpolations, however, should mislead any impartial and intelligent reader as to the true significance of the letters printed by him.

Many of these, addressed to her husband when they were separated, and to divers friends and kinswomen, contain graphic descriptions of Mrs. Carlyle's domestic troubles, her worries with her servants, her house-cleaning embarrassments, the economies imposed on her by her scanty allowance for food and clothing, and so forth ; but even the vigour and humour with which these minor details are set forth tend to make it plain that, like every other good and honest housekeeper, she found more pleasure than pain in mastering all her difficulties. "Our little household has been set up again at a quite moderate expense of money and trouble," she said in one letter, "wherein I cannot help thinking with a *chastened vanity* that the superior shiftiness and thriftiness of the Scotch character has strikingly manifested itself." That sentiment, expressed in one letter, is clearly implied in a hundred others. Until her health broke down, Mrs. Carlyle found agreeable opportunities for every laudable indulgence in "chastened vanity" over her more than ordinary shifty and thrifty housekeeping of the Scotch sort.

And she was a good housekeeper, not only for her own pleasure and credit, but also for her husband's sake. It was she who always urged him to work his best, not for money, and not even so much for fame, but for the solid good his work was to do. That he was sometimes harsh and often irritable she never concealed from herself and her intimate friends, but she accepted his infirmities as accessories of his genius, and loved and honoured him none the less on account of them. If, always somewhat selfish, he became more selfish as the years went on, this was partly due to her petting him and humouring him too much.

Nor do the letters, printed by Mr. Froude, at all confirm his assertion that Mrs. Carlyle was debarred from his intellectual society. They prove just the opposite. They prove that she heartily sympathised with all his literary work, not excluding even the "Friedrich," through which he plodded wearily quite as much at her bidding as in obedience to his rigid conscience. They prove, too, that all his best

literary friends were hers, and among the choicest letters now printed, joyous, graceful, and revealing full intellectual equality, are those to Stirling, Forster, and others, with whom she was in frequent personal intercourse, and to Emerson and others at a distance. "Carlyle and his wife live on beautiful terms," Emerson wrote in his diary while visiting England in 1847. "Their ways are very engaging, and in her bookcase all his books are inscribed to her, as they came from year to year, each with some significant lines."

Undoubtedly Mrs. Carlyle had some grievances against her husband, and her heart must have been very sore in 1855 and 1856 when she wrote the passages in her diary which Mr. Froude has been, to use no stronger term, disloyal enough to publish. These passages, however, and the contemporary letters show no more than that, a martyr to headaches and sleeplessness, she resented the patronage offered to her husband by Lady Ashburton and other aristocratic ladies, and was distressed by his liking to be flattered and feasted by them while she was too ill, and too much out of sorts in every way, to enjoy the favours that they rather grudgingly invited her to share with him. That, unfortunately, is a common accident in the careers of literary men, raised late in life to a social dignity, more or less spurious, in which their wives cannot or will not participate. In Carlyle's case it was a shortlived and comparatively blameless accident. Carlyle soon returned to the strait lines of domestic life, although, alas, to groan under the Herculean task of his "Friedrich" history, to find, when it was done, that his poor wife's life was nearly done too, and, then and afterwards, to bitterly repent of all his faults in not showing her by words and deeds that his love for her was as great as her great love for him. "'Oh!' he often said to me after she was gone," writes Mr. Froude, "'if I could but see her for five minutes to assure her that I had really cared for her throughout all that! But she never knew it, she never knew it.'"

Mrs. Carlyle began her diary in 1855 with these very characteristic words: "I remember Charles Buller saying of the Duchess de Praslin's murder, 'What could a poor fellow do with a wife who kept a journal but murder her?' There was a certain truth hidden in this light remark." Carlyle never thought of murdering his wife. When he knew too late how he had thoughtlessly grieved her by unkindness that was not meant to be unkind, he only reproached himself. It was reserved for Mr. Froude to handle the assassin's weapon. But happily the outrage he has attempted against those who believed him their friend, though it is causing a little commotion just now, will in the end injure no one but himself.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A SCIENTIFIC VETERAN.

ABOUT a year ago I succeeded, with some difficulty, in obtaining a copy of an old classical treatise, Chevreul's "Recherches Chimiques sur le Corps Gras d'Origine animale," a series of papers published in a collected form in 1823, and I assumed, as a matter of course, that the author had long since joined his contemporaries, Cavendish, Priestley, Lavoisier, Wollaston, Davy, Dalton, Berzelius, &c.

This is by no means the case, for only the other day he read a paper at the Academy of Sciences, in the course of which he said: "Moreover, gentlemen, the observation is not a new one to me. I had the honour to mention it here, at a meeting of the Academy, on the 10th May, 1812."

Here is a chemist who was born before phlogiston was dead and buried, when the composition of air and water was newly discovered, and who is therefore just as old as modern chemistry, and is now vigorous enough in body and brain to still contribute to its advancement. May his venerable voice long continue to be heard from his old, old place in the Academy!

ELECTRIC FISHING.

WHEN July has ended, and the darkness of night again comes over the lakes and fjords, the sturdy Scandinavian bonder patches and caulks his rough home-made boat, and fixes on its bow an overhanging fire grate preparatory to the prolific sport of fish-spearing by night. The fire, made of resinous pine knots and beech bark, is lighted on the grate, which is placed as near to the surface of the water as possible. The fish swim towards the light, are speared and captured easily.

A trial has been made in France, by "Government permission," of a great improvement upon this. An electric light, enclosed, like Swan's, Edison's, &c., in a small glass globe, is sunk in the water, and the fish come to it with very commendable docility (from the

fisherman's point of view). Other boats then surround them with the nets, and the fête concludes fatally for the guests.

The account I read states that this method of capture is so deadly that "there seems to be much doubt whether it will ever be allowed as a recognised kind of fishing within territorial waters."

This appears to me a very odd mode of looking upon the question, much about the same as doubting whether an improvement in the mode of winning coal from the seam too easily, or extracting gold from quartz reefs with superlative facility, should be permitted.

If it prove to be practically as effectual as imagined, it might be made a means of preserving and enriching the fisheries, for with such advantage on the side of the fisherman, the Government might introduce most desirable restrictions, as regards the meshes of the nets and the sale of fish, whereby the wasteful destruction of young half-grown fish should be prevented.

If heavy penalties were inflicted on all who offered for sale any salmon under 10 lbs. weight, any turbot under 5 lbs., any red mullet under 12 ounces, and so on, our supplies of all these fish would be materially improved both in quantity and quality.

The electric light might thus be made a means of selecting our fish before catching them, to the mutual advantage of both the ichthyophagi and the fish themselves. The growth of fish is so rapid and their multiplication, when once they attain a fair growth is so prolific, that no possible human efforts, if restricted to full-grown specimens, could materially damage the prospective supplies.

FIREPROOF UPHOLSTERY.

JUST a short note, by way of suggestion. Now that asbestos is obtained so abundantly, and the possibility of weaving it into fireproof fabrics is solved, why should not all the upholstery of our libraries, picture galleries, museums, and other receptacles of unreplaceable treasures be made of this material?

Such a furnishing might have saved the Shakespeare Library, especially if the book-shelves had been made of an asbestos papier-maché, the production of which is fairly within the range of Birmingham ingenuity and enterprise.

ELECTRICITY AS A SOURCE OF POWER.

SIGNORI BARTOLI and PAPASOGLI have recently made some experiments in which, by substituting carbon for the zinc of ordinary batteries, they obtain a respectable amount of electro-

motive result, from the oxidation of the carbon at ordinary atmospheric temperatures.

The amount of force they now obtain is quite as great as that brought forth by their fellow-countrymen Galvani and Volta at their beginnings with metals. If we can make as much progress with cold carbon oxidation in voltaic batteries as we have made with zinc, electricity would really become the rival to steam of which so many are dreaming.

As it is, we burn coal to make steam, use that steam to drive a dynamo, and then apply the electrical result to purposes to which the steam is directly applicable. Power is lost at every step, and the greater the number of steps the smaller the final mechanical result per ton of coal consumed.

Or we may obtain our electric power directly by the oxidation of a metal, such as zinc, in the voltaic battery; but here again the primary source of power is the carbon which was used to reduce or deoxidize the ore, and thus supply the metal for reoxidation. But zinc costs £16 per ton, and the chemical equivalent of zinc being 65, and that of carbon 12, twelve tons of carbon do as much combining work as 65 tons of zinc. Hydrogen has, weight for weight, twelve times the chemical energy of carbon, or 65 times that of zinc.

As coal consists (with the exception of a little ash and water) of carbon and hydrogen, the economy of a battery in which coal should be substituted for zinc is easily calculated.

Those who dream of superseding steam power by electric power should look in this direction instead of trusting to the joint-stock company mongers of the day, whose schemes consist of driving a steam engine to drive a dynamo to produce the electricity, and then use the electricity to do work that the steam engine might have done directly.

A vast amount of power is lost in converting the mechanical force of the steam engine into electrical force in the dynamo, and another similar loss in reconverting this force into mechanical force. The introduction of a storage battery only adds another source of loss. The electrical engineer would be wonderfully clever who should so combine these as to obtain at the working end of the series one-third of the power exerted by the steam engine that animates the plaything.

My readers need not be alarmed. I am not about to start a rival to these gentlemen in the form of a coal battery. I merely indicate the direction in which something practical may possibly be produced by the end of the twentieth or twenty-first century, *i.e.*, when, at our

present wasteful rate of consumption, all our readily attainable coal will be exhausted.

The electric transmission and storage of water power is quite another affair. In a country like Norway or Switzerland, for example, where torrents are everywhere near at hand and no home coal attainable, it may pay to use electricity, even though nine-tenths of the original power be wasted in its conversion and reconversion.

NORDENSKJÖLD'S NEW EXPEDITION.

IN the *Gentleman's Magazine* of July 1880 is a contribution on the subject of Arctic Exploration (reprinted in "Science in Short Chapters"), in which I ventured to suggest that "it is the physical configuration of the fringing zone of the Arctic regions, not its mere latitude, that bars the way to the Pole"; this fringing zone being a mountain region which pours down its glaciers into its own valleys and fjords, filling them up to sea-level and throwing off icebergs beyond.

If I am right, there may be at 100 miles farther north than the northernmost point attained by our Arctic explorers, a region as much milder than that which baffled them, as the Arctic Ocean at the North Cape is milder than the Gulf of Bothnia, which is nearly 500 miles farther south.

The old geographers described Tornea at the head of this gulf as the *Ultima Thule*, the uttermost northern limit of man's possible wanderings, and they were not without some justification, as the hills that rise above it seem to bar all farther progress. Yet if a traveller has the hardihood to struggle over about 400 miles of this frigid wilderness, keeping a northerly course all the while, he will come upon the beautiful verdant valley of the Alten and the outspreading waters of the Altenfjord, which he would recognise as rather resembling an Alpine Italian lake than an arm of the Arctic Ocean, in latitude $3\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north of the Arctic circle. Not only would he find this remarkable contrast of climate, but also a corresponding social contrast. Instead of the dreary desolation, with here and there a Lapp encampment, he had left to the southward, he would come upon a flourishing community with a good inn at Bosekop, and men of business and men of pleasure congregated; Englishmen engaged in copper mining and others in salmon fishing.

It is quite possible that something analogous to this may be discovered by the exploring traveller who shall penetrate about 100 miles to the north of our present *Ultima Thule*, or one or two hundred miles inland from some parts of the Greenland coast.

Nordenskjöld is about to attempt such an expedition. He evidently takes a view of Arctic physical geography similar to that which I expounded in the above-named essay ; he believes in the existence of an Arctic oasis in Greenland, and is about to explore the interior of that unknown land in search of it.

If I rightly understand his project, he is not going to play at "follow my leader" up Smith's Sound merely to achieve the glory of being frozen in half a degree farther north than any previous explorer, and then turning back.

I suppose that he will sail to Greenland, and select a safe resting place for his ship in a suitable bay that is *not* the outlet fjord of a system of inland valleys, and consequently a great glacier highway ; and that when he starts on his inland journey he will avoid the so-called "paleocrystic ice" over which Markham travelled so laboriously at the rate of about one mile per day.

But can he do so? the reader will ask. The reply to this question is afforded by considering that Greenland, like other lands, is made up of hills and dales, valleys and slopes, craggy mountains, rounded humpy mountains, and rolling tablelands, or "fjelds," as they are called in Norway, to distinguish them from *Tinds* and *Pigs*, *i.e.* peaks ; *Næbs*, beaks ; *Horns*, horns ; &c. These fjelds when covered with snow and ice, as they are in Greenland, constitute the "*fond*," as it is called in Norway, or the "*nevé*" in Switzerland, which is the upper region or source of the glaciers which pour down the valleys.

Once attained, this "fond" region may be traversed with comparative ease, the uniformly frozen surface being an aid rather than a hindrance to locomotion. As an example of this, the journey from Tornea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, to Alten, on the Arctic Ocean (430 miles), occupies six or seven days in winter, and double that time in summer. The worst months for traversing Greenland will be, I presume, July and August, because these are the warmest, when the continuous Arctic sunshine has done its work in turning crisp snow into wretched sludge ; the best months probably May and June, when the sun is always above the horizon, but has not had time to spoil the snow for sledging.

WHAT NORDENSKJÖLD MAY FIND.

HE may not find such a genial, luxurious, sunny resting-place as the Kaafjord (the terminal branch of the Altenfjord above described), and he may not be startled, as I was when, on landing there twenty-seven years ago, I heard my name pronounced in friendly

greeting by two fashionably-dressed young ladies¹ residing there in N. lat. 70°, where I expected to find only Lapps and Quains; but he may, if he gets a few degrees farther north, or even no farther north, in the midst of Greenland, meet with a somewhat similar and still more startling greeting.

He may come upon a people speaking a language like his own, and linking it with the old classic tongue of the Icelandic poets; for it is about the year 1000, when the "old Norse" of the Skalds was still a living language and Greenland was really green, a colony of Norwegians settled there, and were still heard of up to about the end of the fourteenth century. Where are they now?

They *may* have perished, but from what I have seen of the Norwegians who now cultivate on fjelds above the Geirangerfjord farms that are inaccessible to ordinary English tourists, and which remain in the same family that held them when William the Norman conquered England, it is evident that a colony of "hardy Norsemen" could not be exterminated easily.

When the change came that glaciated their original settlements, the Greenland colonists probably moved as the ice advanced. If I am right concerning the fringing zone of Arctic mountains, this advance took place along their two prevailing slopes, *i.e.* landward and seaward.

Had the colonists retreated seaward, they must have perished, unless they had the means of embarkation, and this they probably understood. If they retreated landward, a long inland range was open to them, where they might ultimately find gentler slopes and low-lying land, and better climate, where a hardy Norseman could obtain the means of subsistence; but having done this, they would be shut out from further communication with us by the same barrier that resists our approach to them.

The flight of birds and other facts indicate the existence of such a food-producing region in the interior of Greenland. With the knowledge of the country possessed by these colonists, they would naturally proceed towards it. The absence of their remains on the Greenland coast indicates that they did not move seawards, and affords presumptive evidence of their movement in the contrary direction. It is, therefore, probable that the discovery of either their living descendants, or the remains of their handiwork, may reward the explorer who shall intelligently avail himself of the

¹ They had attended my lectures at Miss Murray's, in Edinburgh, where they were boarders, and their father (or uncle, I forget which), Mr. Thomas, was managing the copper mines, and just elected Member of the Norwegian Parliament, the Storting.

physical configuration of the land, and proceed along the lines of smallest difficulty, to wherever they may lead him. He would thus follow the natural course of the Norse colonists when they retreated from the grasp of the advancing glaciation of the fourteenth century.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF METEORIC IRON.

ONE of the objects of Nordenskjöld's Arctic expedition is a search for cosmic dust and examination of the metallic masses, chiefly composed of iron, that have been observed to lie on the surface of Greenland.

If these are really meteors that have fallen on the earth, and if they come from the regions of space towards which the earth is travelling, they should be most abundant in the Arctic regions, seeing that the earth is drifting through space north side foremost.

In one of my Science Notes in this Magazine of May, 1881, I suggested that the peculiar distribution of iron as an almost universal yet irregular constituent, or I may say impurity, of all the rocks of the earth's crust, may be due to its meteoric origin. This idea opens out an interesting subject for geological inquiry. Are corresponding rocks of the Southern hemisphere as greatly impregnated with iron as those of the North?

The answer to this question is not very easily given, as it demands an average obtained from a large number of different analyses. For example, I find in Bischof's "Chemical and Physical Geology" thirty-four analyses of granites, all North-hemisphere specimens, and in these the quantity of iron varies from a mere trace to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of protoxide, with intermediate random variations indicating accidental introduction; similar irregularities as regards the quantity of iron are shown by the analyses of other rocks or rock constituents.

Very few analyses of the geological material of the Southern hemisphere have yet been made.

A SCIENTIFIC SWINDLE.

AT the meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, on October 30, 1882, MM. Chatrain and Jacobs described a method of converting the yellow-tinged Cape diamonds into stones of the purest water, by simply immersing them for a while in violet solutions. The colour used being complementary to the yellow, neutralises it, and produces pure white if the light is sufficiently reflected, or it gives what artists describe as "neutral tint" when the reflection is more

imperfect. The purchaser of the diamond soon discovers the fraud, as upon washing it regains its original yellow colour.

The device is no novelty in principle. The laundress applies it systematically and avowedly in using the familiar "blue" for the purpose of neutralising the inherent yellowness of her results. When pure water is abundantly used and grass bleaching is available there is no need (so far as linen and cotton are concerned) for this familiar sophistication. I knew one family that sent all the linen of a large household to Switzerland to be washed, and I was told that the difference of laundry charges fully covered the cost of carriage.

All ordinary white silks and white flannels are dyed blue before coming to the market, the blue sometimes being in excess and plainly visible, as in "Welsh flannels" and some of the "China silks."

Raw silk, as it is wound from the cocoon, varies from deep orange to pale lemon or greenish yellow. After bleaching and boiling in potash, *i.e.* when brought to what is technically known in Coventry as "boiled silk," it is dipped into pale aniline blue to neutralise its still remaining yellow tinge, when white silk is demanded. Hence the disappointment of gentlemen who purchase those elegant white silk pocket-handkerchiefs which, after a few washings, become of dirty yellow colour.

But this mere tinting, or neutralisation of tint, is but a very innocent sophistication compared with another that is practised in the dyeing of silk. Some years ago a Coventry dyer showed me a sample of boiled silk which he had to return as "black glacé" at the rate of 60 ounces to the pound. I am told that 70 and 80 are now commonly produced, *i.e.* the dyer has to impregnate the silk with gummy and mineral matters (such as salts of tin and lead) to such an extent that sixteen ounces of the raw material shall be brought up to the above-named weights. The black silks are the worst, so bad that the crystals of the weighting abominations stiffen the fabric and cut through the small proportion of fibre it contains, with results that are quite familiar to ladies who are victimised by the manufacturers of these weighted fabrics.

Even the faint blue dye of white silks is too often weighted with acetate of lead, as may be easily proved by tasting samples of the silk—of "China sewings," for example. Acetate of lead has a sweet taste, hence its name "sugar of lead," and cases have occurred of lead poisoning, to the extent of colic, where the seamstresses who sew the button-holes of white waistcoats have persistently bitten off and sucked the ends of the silk they use when threading their needles.

TABLE TALK.

MODERN PISCICULTURE.

AS a question of food supply, and as a means of testing our scientific knowledge, which is, I fear, with regard to fishes, far from exact, the Fish Culture Exhibition to be opened this month by Her Majesty at Kensington has the highest interest. A complete revolution in our method of fish supply may be expected as an outcome of the proceedings, and will probably be accompanied by a reduction in the price of fish that will be especially grateful in presence of the prospects with regard to meat. It does not come within my province to impart information with regard to this exhibition with which I have been supplied, more especially as this must soon be public property. Besides, however, the inmates of the tanks, and the processes of breeding that will be shown, there will be a curious display of the various birds and animals that live chiefly upon fish. The Marquis of Bute has thus contributed a dozen beavers, and other animals are arriving from India, Canada, and elsewhere.

MR. DUTTON COOK'S REPUBLISHED CRITICISMS.

STRIKING testimony to the augmented interest that is inspired in intellectual circles by the stage is supplied in the appearance of the collected criticisms of Mr. Dutton Cook, entitled *Nights at the Play*. During the last half-century no work of this class has seen the light. George Henry Lewes reprinted a few scattered papers upon actors of past times whose performances he had seen, and Professor Morley gave, in a volume which is without an index and is in other respects incomplete, a selection of notes upon matters theatrical and musical. Following the example of Théophile Gautier, whose six volumes on "L'Art Dramatique" constitute the most precious possession the lover of the stage can boast, Mr. Cook supplies a practical history of the stage during fifteen years. I assign his volumes, for practical utility, a place next those of Gautier, since the collected criticisms of Jules Janin treat of everything except the stage of his day, and those of M. Monselet and other writers of less

reputation are lacking in consecutiveness. The only fault I feel disposed to find with Mr. Cook is the omission of notices of foreign performances on the English stage. His book, I am aware, claims to be a history of the English stage. To the presence of foreign companies, and the influence they exercised, I am inclined to ascribe the marvellous renaissance which theatrical art has witnessed. First among the agencies to which our stage is indebted is the appearance of the Dutch comedians. Far behind this, though still potent, comes the influence of the Comédie Française and the Saxe-Meiningen Company. On the accuracy of Mr. Cook's verdicts, and the picturesque accessories with which they are expressed, I have not attempted to dwell.

THE PROMISE OF MAY.

AMONG the superstitions which are now exploded, and of which it is time to get rid, must surely be counted Spring. To the dwellers on the Riviera, Spring may possibly present some of the attractions on which poets love to dwell. To the Londoner, who finds the November fog lasting into mid April, who watches leaf and blossom shrivel before the spring frosts, who knows that the east wind is a deadlier foe than any wind of mid-winter, and who finds, by prolonged experience, that its dominion is over the entire spring quarter, the praise of Spring sounds a little ironical. To the influence of classic models rather than to any change in the seasons, must be attributed the mistake of our poets, who copy Theocritus and forget to be taught by their own experience. That things were not different in days gone by is attested in the poems and proverbs concerning May which form a portion of northern folk-lore :—

Till May's gone out
Cast not a clout,

is one record of Yorkshire experience ; another, from a description of the various months, is even more suggestive :—

Then comes May,
Whose withering sway
Drives all April flowers away.

Of all delusions in which men hug themselves, the Promise of May is the most baseless.

LITERARY FUND PENSIONS.

I WISH to join in a protest, already heard from several quarters, against the misappropriation of the small sum chargeable upon

the Consolidated Fund for the relief of those following the professions of literature and art. The amount, £1,200 per annum, is discreditably small. So trenched upon is it, however, on behalf of those who, whatever their claims, do not belong to the professions indicated, its exiguous proportions become absolutely contemptible. While those accordingly for whom, as the widow of my valued friend Professor Palmer or Miss Burke, the nation should provide are thrust upon the pension, literary men, with claims absolutely the highest, are rejected by successive Governments under circumstances of absolute cruelty. In no other country are matters of imperial interest treated in so niggardly and parochial a fashion.

CHINESE IMPRESSIONS CONCERNING ENGLAND.

IT is pleasant to be told by an educated visitor of Eastern origin that we have learned how to treat the masses. Such an assertion may be received with a smile not wholly devoid of incredulity by those who know how far we yet are from any scheme of ideal government. Quoting, however, the words of Mencius, next to Confucius the greatest thinker of China, to the effect that "If the people are made to share in the means of enjoyment, they will cherish no feelings of discontent," His Excellency 'Tseng-'Hou-Yeh, late Chinese Minister in London, expresses his opinion that we are successful in carrying out the views they express. In common with less observant travellers, his Excellency has, I fear, seen only the show portions of London, in which some attempt to provide recreation grounds is visible. A more intimate acquaintance with the capital would leave him very much in doubt as to whether enough enjoyment to keep him contented reaches the average worker in Eastern London.

The fact, however, that our management of parks and recreation grounds commends itself to a singularly enlightened and observant visitor trained in a civilisation other than our own, is a subject for congratulation. The diary from which the views in question are taken is being translated into English in the *China Review* of Hong Kong. Of the first Chinese visitor whose utterances were held worthy of note, it is recorded that on being asked what he thought of our dancing, he simply said, "In China we make our servants do that kind of thing for us." No less perplexed with the aspect of our social proceedings than was the first visitor appears to be the latest, who cannot repress his surprise at the spectacle of "men and women skipping and gambolling together."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1883.

THE NEW ABELARD.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE COUSINS.

Madam, our house's honour is in question !
I prithee, when you play at wantonness,
Remember that our blood flows clean and pure,
In one unbroken and unmuddied line,
From crystal sources. I'm your champion,
Madam, against yourself !

The Will and the Way.

GEORGE CRAIK was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet when he was moving with set purpose to any object.

As we have already hinted, he possessed a certain bull-dog tenacity, very dangerous to his opponents. And now all the suspicions of a nature naturally suspicious, all the spitefulness of a disposition naturally spiteful, being fully and unexpectedly aroused, his furious instinct urged him to seek, without a moment's breathing-time, the presence of his refractory cousin.

Coupled with his jealous excitement was a lofty moral indignation.

The family credit was at stake—so at least he assured himself—and he had a perfect right to demand an explanation. Had he reflected a little, he might have known that Alma was the last person in the world to give any explanation whatever if peremptorily demanded, or to admit her cousin's right to demand it ; her spirit was

stubborn as his own, and her attitude of intellectual superiority was, he should have known by old experience, quite invincible.

Quitting the theatre, he leapt into a hansom, and was driven direct to Alma's rooms. It was by this time about five in the afternoon, and he made certain of finding his cousin at home.

He was mistaken. Miss Craik was out, and had been out the greater part of the day.

"Do you know where I can find her?" he asked of the domestic, a smart servant maid.

"I don't know, sir," was the reply. "She went out in the morning with Mr. Bradley, and has not been home to lunch."

"Does she dine at home?"

"Yes, sir—at seven."

"Then I will wait for her." And so saying he walked into the drawing-room and sat down.

He had cooled a little by this time, and before Alma made her appearance he had time to cool a good deal more. Fidgetting impatiently in his chair, he began to ask himself how he could best approach the subject on which he had come. He regretted now that he had not called for his father and brought him with him; that, no doubt, would have been the most diplomatic course to adopt. The more he thought over the information he had received, the more he questioned its authenticity; and if, after all, the actress had made a mistake, as he began to suspect and fear, what a fool he would be made to look in his cousin's eyes! The prospect of being made to appear absurd sent a thrill of horror through his blood; for this young person, as has already been seen, dreaded, above all things in the world, the shaft of ridicule.

Time slipped by, and George Craik grew more and more uneasy. At last seven o'clock struck, and Alma had not appeared.

Growling to himself like an irritable dog, the young man rose and touched the electric bell.

"My cousin is very late," he said to the servant when she appeared.

"Yes, sir; she is very uncertain."

"It is seven o'clock. You said she dined at seven."

"Yes, sir. But sometimes she does not return to dinner. If she is not here at the hour we don't expect her."

George Craik uttered an angry exclamation.

"Where the deuce can she be?" he cried, scowling ominously.

"I can't say, sir," returned the servant smiling. "Miss Craik is

most uncertain, as I told you. She may be dining out—with Mr. Bradley.”

The young man seized his hat, and began striding up and down the room. Then he stopped, and seeing a curious smile still lingering on the servant's face, said sharply :

“What are you laughing at? This is no laughing matter. I tell you I must see my cousin !”

“I'm very sorry, sir, but——”

George moved towards the door.

“I'll go and look for her,” he said. “If she returns before I find her, tell her I'll come the first thing in the morning.”

And, fuming savagely, he left the house. His temper, never very amiable, was now aroused to the extreme point of irritation, and the servant's suggestion that Alma might at that very moment be in his rival's company roused in him a certain frenzy. It was scandalous ; it was insufferable. If he could not have it out that night with her, he would seek the clergyman, and force him to some sort of an avowal. Bent on that purpose, he hurried away towards Bradley's house.

He passed on foot round Regent's Park, and came to the neighbourhood of the New Church and the adjoining house where Bradley dwelt. It was quite dark now, and the outskirts of the park were quite deserted. As he approached the house he saw the street-door standing open, and heard the sound of voices. He pricked up his ears and drew back into the shadow.

A light silvery laugh rose upon the air, followed by the low, deep tones of a man's voice. Then the door was closed, and two figures stepped out into the road, crossing to the opposite side, under the shadow of the trees.

They passed across the lamplight on the other side of the way, and he recognised his cousin's figure, arm-in-arm with that of the clergyman. They passed on, laughing and talking merrily together.

Keeping them well at a distance, he quietly followed.

They passed round the park, following the road by which he himself had come. Happy and unsuspecting, they continued to talk as they went ; and though he was not near enough to follow their conversation, he heard enough to show him that they were on the tenderest and the most loving terms.

More than once he felt inclined to stride forward, confront them, and have it out with his rival ; but, his courage failing him, he continued to follow like a spy. At last they reached the quiet street where Alma dwelt, and paused on the doorstep of her house.

He drew back, waited, and listened.

"Will you not come in?" he heard his cousin say.

He could not hear the reply, but it was accompanied by a kiss and an embrace, which made the jealous blood boil and burn along his veins.

"Good-night, dearest!" said Alma.

"Good-night, my darling!" answered the deep voice of the clergyman.

Then the two seemed to embrace and kiss again, and the next moment the house door opened and closed.

George Craik stepped forward, and stood waiting on the pavement for Bradley to pass, right under the light of a street lamp. Almost immediately Bradley came up quietly, and they were face to face.

The clergyman started, and at first George Craik thought that he was recognised; but the next moment Bradley passed by, without any sign of recognition, and before the other could make up his mind what to do, he was out of sight.

George Craik looked at his watch; it was still early, and he determined at once to interview his cousin. He knocked at the door and asked for her; she heard his voice and came out into the lobby, charmingly attired in an evening dress of the "crushed strawberry" tint, so much favoured by ladies of æsthetic leaning. Never had she looked more bright and beautiful. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling, and she looked radiantly happy.

"Is it you, George?" she cried. "What brings you so late? I hope no one is ill. My uncle——"

"O, *he's* all right!" answered George, entering the drawing-room. "No one is ill, or dead, or that kind of thing; so make your mind easy. Besides, it's only nine o'clock, and you don't call *that* late, do you?"

His manner was peculiar, and she noticed that he hardly looked her in the face. Closing the room door, she stood facing him on the hearth-rug, and by his side she looked a queen. The miserable young man was immediately submerged in the sense of inferiority irksome to him, and he looked at once cowed and savage.

"Well, George, what is it?" continued Alma. "I suppose it's some new trouble about yourself. Uncle told me the other day you were rather worried about money, and I offered to help you out of it if I could."

George threw himself on a sofa and leant forward, sucking the end of his cane.

"It isn't that," he replied. "If it were, you know I shouldn't come to you."

"Why not?"

"Because I have no right, Alma; you have never given me any right. I hope you don't think me mean enough to sponge upon you because you happen to be my cousin, and much richer than I am! But I *am* your cousin, after all, and I think I have a right to protect you, when I see you likely to get into trouble."

This was quite a magnificent speech for George Craik; for anger and moral indignation had made him eloquent. Alma looked down upon him in all the pleasurable pride of her beauty, half smiling; for to her poor George was always a small boy, whose attempts to lecture her were absurd. Her arms and neck were bare, there were jewels on her neck and heaving bosom, her complexion was dazzlingly clear and bright, and altogether she looked superb. There was a large mirror opposite to her, covering half the side of the room; and within it another Alma, her counterpart, shone dimly in the faint pink light of the lamps, with their rose-coloured shades.

George Craik was obtuse in some respects, but he did not fail to notice that his cousin was unusually resplendent. She had never been extravagant in her toilette, and he had seldom seen her in such bright colours as on the present occasion. Everything about her betokened an abundant happiness, which she could scarcely conceal.

"What do you mean by getting into trouble?" she inquired carelessly. "Surely I am old enough to take care of myself."

"I don't think you are," he answered. "At any rate, people are talking about you, and—and I don't like it!"

Alma shrugged her white shoulders.

"Why shouldn't people talk, if it pleases them? But what are they saying?"

The ice was broken, and now was the time for George to take the plunge. He hesitated seriously for a moment, and then proceeded.

"They are saying scandalous things, and I think you ought to know."

"About *me*, George?"

"About you and that man Bradley."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alma, and she laughed quite joyously.

"It's no laughing matter," cried Craik angrily. "It's a matter that concerns our family, and our family honour. I tell you they couple your name with his in a way that makes a fellow shudder. That is why I came here to remonstrate with you. I heard this

afternoon that you and this man were seen in Normandy together, at a time when everybody supposed you to be here in London."

Alma started and flushed crimson. Was her secret discovered? For her own part, she did not much care; indeed, she would have rejoiced greatly to publish her great happiness to all the world; but she respected Bradley's wishes, and was resolute in keeping silence.

The young man rose to his feet, and continued eagerly:

"Let me tell you, Alma, that I don't believe a word of it. I know you are indiscreet, of course; but I am sure you would never compromise yourself or us in any way. But it's all over the place that you were seen together over at Rouen, and I want you to give me the authority to say it's an infernal lie!"

Alma was rather disconcerted. She was at a loss how to reply. But she was so secure in her own sense of happy safety, that she was more amused than annoyed by her cousin's indignation.

"Suppose it were the truth, George? Where would be the harm?"

"Good God! you don't mean to tell me it *is* true!"

"Perhaps not," was the quiet reply. "I don't mean to answer such accusations, one way or the other."

George Craik went livid.

"But you don't deny it!"

"Certainly not. Let people talk what nonsense they please; it is quite indifferent to me."

"Indifferent!" echoed George Craik. "Do you know your character is at stake? Do you know they say that you are this man's mistress?"

Even yet, Alma betrayed less anger and astonishment than one might have thought possible; for, though the infamous charge shocked her, she was too confident in her own security, in the knowledge of her happy secret, which she could at any moment publish to the world, to be greatly or deeply moved. But if the matter of her cousin's discourse failed to disconcert her, its manner irritated her not a little. She made an eager movement towards the door, as if to leave the room; but, wheeling round suddenly, she raked him from head to foot with a broadside from her scornful eyes.

"And I suppose *you* are quite ready to accept such a calumny!" she cried scornfully.

"Nothing of the sort," returned George. "I'm sure you'd never go as far as that!"

She gave a gesture of supreme disdain, and repeated the sense word for word with contemptuous emphasis.

“ You’re sure I’d never go as far as that ! How good and kind of you to have so much faith in me ! Do you know that every syllable you utter to me is an insult and an outrage, and that if Mr. Bradley heard you talk as you have done, he would give you the whipping you so richly deserve ! ”

Here George Craik’s self-control gave way ; his face grew black as thunder, and, clenching his fist, he gave vent to an angry oath.

“ D—— him ! I should like to see him try it on. But I see what it is. He has dragged you down to his level at last, the infernal atheist ! He thinks nothing sacred, and his New Church, as he calls it, is as foul as himself. O, I know ! He preaches that marriage isn’t a sacrament at all, but only a contract to be broken by the will of either party ; and as you agree with him in everything, I suppose you agree with him in *that*, and are his mistress after all ! ”

“ That is enough ! ” exclaimed Alma, who was now pale as death. “ Leave this place at once, and never let me see your face again. ”

“ I won’t go till I have spoken my mind ; and don’t make any mistake ; I shall speak it to him as well as to you ! ”

“ If you have any sense left, you will do nothing of the kind. ”

“ Won’t I ? Wait and see ! ” returned George, perfectly beside himself with rage. “ As for you, I wonder you have the courage to look me in the face. I followed you both to-night, and watched you ; I saw you embracing and kissing, and it turned me sick with shame. There, the secret’s out ! I shall speak to my father, and see what *he* has to say about your goings on. ”

As he spoke, Alma approached him and looked him steadily in the face. She was still ghastly pale, and her voice trembled as she spoke, but her entire manner expressed, not fear, but lofty indignation.

“ It is like you to play the spy ! It is just what I should have expected ! Well, I hope you are satisfied. I love Mr. Bradley ; I have loved him since the day we first met. Will you go now ? ”

George Craik seized his hat and stick, and crossed to the door, where he turned.

“ I will take care all the world knows of your shameless conduct ! ” he cried. “ You have brought disgrace upon us all. As for this man, he shall be exposed ; he shall, by — ! He is a scoundrel not fit to live ! ”

Without replying, Alma pointed to the door ; and, after one last look of concentrated rage, George Craik rushed from the house.

She heard the outer door close behind him, but still stood like marble, holding her hand upon her heart. Then, with a low cry, she sank shuddering into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

The scene which we have described had tortured her delicate spirit more than she at first knew; and her cousin's bitter taunts and reproaches, though they missed their mark at first, had struck home in the end. She was a woman of infinite sensitiveness, exceeding sweetness of disposition; and she could not bear harsh words, even from one she cordially despised. Above all, she shrank, like all good women, even the most intellectual, before the evil judgment of the world. Could it be true, as George Craik had said, that people were connecting her name infamously with that of Bradley? If so, then surely it was time to let all the world know her happiness.

She drew forth from her bosom a photographic miniature of Bradley, set in a golden locket. For a long time she looked at it intently, through a mist of loving tears. Then she kissed it fondly.

"He loves me!" she murmured to herself. "I will tell him what they are saying, and then he will know that it is time to throw away all disguise. Ah! how proud I shall be when I can stand by his side, holding his hand, and say 'This is my husband!'"

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE VESTRY.

The Nemesis of Greece wore—nothing,
 A naked goddess without clothing,
 Quite statue-like in form and feature;
 Ours, Adam, is a different creature:
 She wears neat boots of patent leather,
 A hat of plush with ostrich feather,
 Her lips are painted, and beneath
 You see the gleam of ivory teeth.
 She, though the virtuous cut her daily,
 Drinks her champagne, and warbles gaily;
 But at the fatal hour she faces
 Her victim, folds him in embraces,
 With dainty teeth in lieu of knife
 Bites through the crimson thread of life!

Mayfair: a Medley.

THE next day was Sunday, and one of those golden days when all things seem to keep the happy Sabbath. The chestnuts in the great avenue of Regent's Park were in full bloom, and happy throngs were wandering in their shade. On the open green spaces pale children of

the great city were playing in the sunlight, and filling the air with their cries.

There was a large attendance at the temple of the New Church that morning. It had been whispered about that the Prime Minister was coming to hear the new preacher for the first time; and sure enough he came, sitting, the observed of all observers, with his grave keen eyes on the preacher, and holding his hand to his ear to catch each syllable. Close by him, eager to kiss the hem of his garment, fidgetting for one glance of the face whose favour meant a baronetcy, was Josuah Abednego, proprietor of the great daily newspaper containing the gospel of God and Jingo according to the Jews. Sprinkled among the ordinary congregation were well-known politicians, authors, artists, actors, journalists.

Bradley's text that day was a significant and, as it ultimately turned out, an ominous one. It was this—"What God has joined, let not man put asunder."

Not every day did the preacher take his text from the Christian Bible; frequently enough, he chose a passage from the Greek tragedians, or from Shakespeare, or from Wordsworth; on the previous Sunday, indeed, he had scandalised many people by opening with a quotation from the eccentric American, Walt Whitman—of whose rhapsodies he was an ardent admirer.

As he entered the pulpit, he glanced down and met the earnest gaze of the Prime Minister. Curiously enough, he had that very morning, when revising his sermon, been reading the great statesman's "Ecclesiastical Essays," and more particularly the famous essay on "Divorce;"—wherein it is shown by numberless illustrations, chiefly from the Christian fathers, that marriage is a permanent sacrament between man and woman, not under any circumstances to be broken, and that men like Milton, who have pleaded so eloquently for the privilege of divorce, are hopelessly committed to Antichrist. Now, as the reader doubtless guesses, Bradley ranged himself on the side of the blind Puritan, and endeavoured to show that marriage, although indeed a sacrament, was one which could be performed more than once in a lifetime. He argued the matter on theological, on moral, and as far as he could on physiological grounds; and he illustrated his argument by glancing at the lives of Milton himself, and even of Shelley. As his theme became more and more delicate, and his treatment of it more fearless, he saw the face of the great politician kindle almost angrily. For a moment, indeed, the Prime Minister seemed about to spring to his feet and begin an impassioned reply, but suddenly remembering that he was

in a church, and not in the House of Commons, he relapsed into his seat and listened with a gloomy smile.

It was a curious sermon, and very characteristic of both the place and the man. People looked at one another, and wondered whether they were in a church at all. Two elderly unmarried ladies, who had come out of curiosity, got up indignantly and walked out of the building.

Bradley paused and followed them with his eyes until they had disappeared. Then suddenly, as he glanced round the congregation and resumed his discourse, he looked full into the eyes of the goddess Nemesis, who was regarding him quietly from a seat in the centre of the church.

Nemesis in widow's weeds, exquisitely cut by a Parisian *modiste*, and with a charming black bonnet set upon her classic head. Nemesis with bold black eyes, jet black hair, and a smiling mouth. In other words, Mrs. Montmorency, seated by the side of George Craik and his father the baronet.

The preacher started as if stabbed, and for a moment lost the thread of his discourse ; but controlling himself with a mighty effort, he proceeded. For a few minutes his thoughts wandered, and his words were vague and incoherent ; but presently his brain cleared, and his voice rose like loud thunder, as he pictured to his hearers those shameless women, from Delilah downwards, who have betrayed men, wasted their substance, and dragged them down to disgrace and death. Were unions with such women, then, eternal? Was a man to be tied in this world, perhaps in another too, to foulness and uncleanness, to a hearth where there was no sympathy, to a home where there was no love? In words of veritable fire, he pictured what some women were, their impurity, their treachery, their mental and moral degradation ; and, as a contrast, he drew a glorious picture of what true conjugal love should be—the one fair thing which sanctifies the common uses of the world, and turns its sordid paths into the flower-strewn ways that lead to heaven.

Alma, who was there, seated close under the pulpit, listened in a very rapture of sympathetic idolatry ; while Mrs. Montmorency heard both denunciation and peroration with unmoved complacency, though her lips were soon wreathed in a venomous and dangerous smile.

The sermon ended, a prayer was said and a hymn sung ; then Bradley walked with a firm tread from the pulpit and entered the vestry. Once there his self-possession left him, and, trembling like a leaf from head to foot, he sank upon a seat.

His sin had come home to him indeed, at last. At the very moment when he was touching on that fatal theme, and justifying himself to his own conscience, Nemesis had arisen, horrible, shameless, and forbidding; had entered the very temple of his shallow creed, smiling and looking into his eyes; had come to remind him that, justify himself as he might, he could never escape the consequence of his rash contempt of the divine sanction.

He had scarcely realised the whole danger of his situation, when he heard a light foot-tread close to him, and, looking up with haggard face, saw Alma approaching. She had used her customary privilege, and entered at the outer door, which stood open.

“Ambrose!” she cried, seeing his distress, “what is the matter?”

He could not reply, but turned his head away in agony. She came close, and put her arms tenderly around him.

“I was afraid you were ill, dear—you went so pale as you were preaching.”

“No, I am not ill,” he managed to reply. “I felt a little faint, that was all. I think I need rest; I have been overworking.”

“You must take a holiday,” she answered fondly. “You must go right away into the country, far from here; and I—I shall go with you, shall I not?”

He drew her to him, and looked long and lovingly into her face, till the sense of her infinite tenderness and devotion overcame him, and he almost wept.

“If I could only go away for ever!” he cried. “If I could put the world behind me, and see no face but yours, my darling, till my last hour came, and I died in your faithful arms. Here in London, my life seems a mockery, a daily weariness, an air too close and black to breathe in freedom. I hate it, Alma! I hate everything in the world but *you*!”

Alma smiled, and, smoothing back his hair with her white hand, kissed his forehead.

“My Abelard must not talk like that! Every day you continue to fulfil your ministry, your fame and influence grows greater. How eloquent you were to-day! I heard the Prime Minister say that you were the most wonderful preacher he had ever heard, and that though he disagreed with your opinions ——”

“Do not speak of it!” he cried, interrupting her eagerly. “I care for no one’s praise but yours. Oh! Alma, what would it all be to me, if I were to lose your love, your good esteem!”

And he held her to him passionately, as if fearing some violent

hand might snatch her away. At that moment he heard the sound of a door opening, and looking up saw, standing on the threshold of the vestry, Mrs. Montmorency.

He started up wildly, while Alma, turning quickly, saw the cause of his alarm.

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer with a curious smile. "I knocked at the door, but you did not hear me; so I took the liberty to enter."

As she spoke, she advanced into the room, and stood complacently looking at the pair. The sickly smell of her favourite scent filled the air, and clung about her like incense around some Cytherean altar.

"Do you—do you—wish to speak to me?" murmured Bradley with a shudder.

"Yes, if you please," was the quiet reply. "I wish to ask your advice as a clergyman, in a matter which concerns me very closely. It is a private matter, but, if you *wish* it, this lady may remain until I have finished."

And she smiled significantly, fixing her black eyes upon the clergyman's face.

"Can you not come some other time?" he asked nervously. "To day I am very busy, and not very well."

"I shall not detain you many minutes," was the reply.

Bradley turned in despair to Alma, who was looking on in no little surprise.

"Will you leave us? I will see you later on in the day."

Alma nodded, and then looked again at the intruder, surveying her from head to foot with instinctive dislike and dread. She belonged to a type with which Alma was little familiar. Her eyebrows were blackened, her lips painted, and her whole style of dress was *prononcé* and extraordinary.

The eyes of the two women met. Then Alma left the vestry, unconsciously shrinking away from the stranger as she passed her by.

Bradley followed her to the door, closed it quietly, and turning, faced his tormentor.

"What brings you here?" he demanded sternly. "What do you want with me?"

"I'm not quite sure," replied Mrs. Montmorency, shrugging her shoulders. "Before I try to tell you, let me apologise for interrupting your *tête-à-tête* with that charming lady."

"Do not speak of her! She is too good and pure even to be mentioned by such as you."

Mrs. Montmorency's eyes flashed viciously, and she showed her teeth, as animals, wild or only half tame, do when they are dangerous.

"You are very polite," she returned. "As to her goodness and her purity, you know more about them than I do. She seems fond of you, at any rate; even fonder than when I saw you travelling together the other day, over in France."

This was a home-thrust, and Bradley at once showed that he was disconcerted.

"In France! travelling together!" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

"What I saw. You don't mean to deny that I saw you in Normandy some weeks ago, in company with Miss Craik?"

He took an angry turn across the room, and then, wheeling suddenly, faced her again.

"I mean to deny nothing," he cried with unexpected passion. "I wish to have no communication whatever with you, by word or deed. I wish never to see your face again. As to Miss Craik, I tell you again that I will not discuss her with you, that I hold her name too sacred for you even to name. What has brought you back, to shadow my life with your infamous presence? Our paths divided long ago; they should never have crossed again in this world. Live your life; I mean to live mine; and now leave this sacred place, which you profane."

But though her first impulse was to shrink before him, she remembered her position, and stood her ground.

"If I go, I shall go straight to her, and tell her that I am your wife."

"It is a falsehood—you are no wife of mine."

"Pardon me," she answered with a sneer, "I can show her my marriage lines."

As she spoke, he advanced upon her threateningly, with clenched hands.

"Do so, and I will kill you. Yes, kill you! And it would be just. You have been my curse and bane; you are no more fit to live than a reptile or a venomous snake, and before God I would take your wicked life."

His passion was so terrible, so overmastering, that she shrank before it, and cowered. He seized her by the wrist, and continued in the same tone of menace:

"From the first, you were infamous. In an evil hour we met; I tried to lift you from the mud, but you were too base. I th ht

you were dead. I thought that you might have died penitent, and I forgave you. Then, after long years, you rose again, like a ghost from the grave. The shock of your resurrection nearly killed me, but I survived. Then I remembered your promise—never willingly to molest me; and, hearing you had left England, I breathed again. And now you have returned!—Woman, take care! As surely as we are now standing in the Temple of God, so surely will I free myself from you for ever, if you torment me any more.”

He was mad, and scarcely knew what he was saying. Never before in his whole life had he been so carried away by passion. But the woman with whom he had to deal was no coward, and his taunts awoke all the angry resentment in her heart. She tore herself free from his hold, and moved towards the vestry door.

“You are a brave man,” she said, “to threaten a woman! But the law will protect me from you, and I shall claim my rights.”

Pale as death, he blocked her passage.

“Let me pass!” she cried.

“Not yet. Before you go, you shall tell me what you mean to do!”

“Never mind,” she answered, setting her lips together.

“I *will* know. Do you mean to proclaim my infamy to the world?”

“I mean,” she replied, “to prevent you from passing yourself off as a free man, when you are bound to *me*. Our marriage has never been dissolved; you can never marry another woman, till you are divorced from me.”

He threw his arms up into the air, and uttered a sharp despairing cry:

“O God, my God!”

Then, changing his tone to one of wild entreaty, he proceeded:

“Woman, have pity! I will do anything that you wish, if you will only keep our secret. It is not for my own sake that I ask this, but for the sake of one who is innocent, and who loves me. I have never injured you; I tried to do my duty by you; our union has been annulled over and over again by your infidelities. Have pity, for God’s sake, have pity!”

She saw that he was at her mercy, and, woman-like, proceeded to encroach.

“Why did you preach at me from the pulpit?” she demanded. “I am not a saint, but I am as good as most women. They say that, though you are a clergyman, you don’t even believe in God at all. Every one is saying you are an atheist, and this church of yours, which

you call sacred, is a wicked place. Yet you set yourself up as my superior. Why should you? I am as good as you; perhaps better. You pass yourself off as a free man, because you are running after a rich woman; and you have taken money from her, everyone knows that. I think she ought to know the truth concerning you, to know that she can never be anything more than your mistress—never your wife. You say I am infamous. I think *you* are more infamous, to deceive a lady you pretend to love.”

She paused, and looked at him. He stood trembling like a leaf, white as death. Every word that she uttered went like a knife into his heart.

“You are right,” he murmured. “I should not have reproached you; for I have behaved like a villain. I should have told Miss Craik the whole truth.”

“Just so; but you have left that disagreeable task to me!”

“You will not tell her! No, no! It will break her heart.”

Mrs. Montmorency shrugged her shoulders.

“Promise me at least one thing,” he cried. “Give me time to think how to act. Keep our secret until I see you again.”

And as he spoke, he stretched out his arms imploringly, touching her with his trembling hands. After a moment’s hesitation, she replied:

“I think I can promise that!”

“You do? you will?”

“Well, yes; only let me warn you to treat me civilly. I won’t be insulted, or preached at; remember that.”

So saying, she left the vestry, leaving the miserable clergyman plunged in desolation, and more dead than alive.

CHAPTER XVII.

COUNTERPLOT.

Master L. Good morrow, Mistress Light-o’-Love.

Mistress L. Good morrow, Master Lackland. What’s the news?

Master L. News enow, I warrant. One Greatheart hath stolen my sweetling away to a green nook i’ the forest, where an old hermit hath made them one. Canst thou give me a philtre to poison the well wherein they drink—or a charm to steal upon them while they sleep i’ the bower, and slay them? Do so, good dame, and by Hecate’s crows I will make thee rich, when I come unto mine own.

The Game at Chess: a Comedy.

MRS. MONTMORENCY passed out into the sunshine, and speedily found herself on the quiet carriage-way which encircles Regent’s

Park. Living not far away, she had come without her victoria, in which she generally took the air ; and as she strolled along, her dress and general style were sufficiently peculiar to attract considerable attention among the passers-by. For her dress, as usual, was resplendent.

She carried on her back and round her neck
A poor man's revenue.

Amorous shop-walkers, emancipated for the day, stared impudently into her face, and wheeled round on their heels to look at her. Shop-girls in their Sunday finery giggled as they passed her. Quite unconscious of and indifferent to the attention she attracted, she walked lightly on, holding up a black parasol lavishly ornamented with valuable lace.

As she walked, she reflected. In reality, she was rather sorry for Bradley than otherwise, though she still resented the indignant and scornful terms in which he had described her class to his congregation. But she was not malicious for the mere sake of malice ; and she was altogether too indifferent to Bradley personally to feel the slightest interest in his affairs. She knew she had used him ill, that he and she were altogether unfit persons ever to have come together, and no persuasion whatever would have made her resume her old position in relation to him. Thus, unless she could gain something substantial by molesting him and reminding society of her existence, she was quite content to let him alone.

As she reached the south side of the park, she heard a footstep behind her, and the next moment George Craik joined her, out of breath.

“Well ?” he said questioningly.

“Well !” she repeated, smiling.

“Did you see him ?”

“Yes. I found him in the vestry of his church, and reminded him that we had met before.”

“Just so,” said the young man ; “but now I want you to tell me, as you promised to do, exactly what you know about him. I’ve put this and that together, and I suppose there used to be something between you. Is it anything which gives you a hold upon the scoundrel *now* ?”

“Perhaps,” she replied quietly. “However, I’ve made up my mind not to tell you anything more at present.”

“But you promised,” said the young man, scowling.

“I dare say I did, but ladies’ promises are seldom *cher.*”

Besides, what do you want me to tell, and, above all, what am I to get by siding with you against him?"

"If you can do or say anything to convince my cousin he is a rascal," said George eagerly, "if you can make her break off her friendship with him, my father would pay you any amount of money."

"I'm not hard up, or likely to be. Money is of no consequence. Really, I think this is no affair of mine."

"But what's the mystery?" demanded the other. "I mean to find out, whether you tell me or not; and I have my suspicions, mind you! Dottie DeStrange tells me that you were once *married*. Is that true? and is this the man? I'd give a thousand pounds to hear you answer 'yes.'"

Mrs. Montmorency smiled, and then laughed aloud, while George Craik continued:

"Even if you could show that you and Bradley once lived together, I think it would serve the purpose. I know my cousin's temper. She thinks the fellow a saint, but if he were once degraded in her opinion, she would throw him over like a shot."

"And take you in his place, you think?"

"Perhaps; I don't know."

"What a fool you must think me!" said Mrs. Montmorency, sarcastically. "I am to rake up all my past life, make myself the common talk of the world, all to oblige *you*. Can't do it, *mon cher*. It wouldn't be fair, either to myself or to the man."

At that moment a hansom passed, and she beckoned to the driver with her parasol.

"*Au revoir*," she cried, stepping into the vehicle. "Come and see me in a few days, and I shall have had time to think it over."

(To be continued.)

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

THE Parliamentary victory of the Conservative party on the Affirmation Bill is not unlikely to lead them, if they are not careful, into a serious disaster. To a careless observer that victory may seem to prove the wisdom of the tactics recommended by Lord Randolph Churchill on various occasions, and especially in his recent article on "Elijah's Mantle." The true Tory policy for an Opposition, according to him, is to lose no opportunity of harming the Ministry. Never mind principle; never mind consistency; never mind the character and aims of the allies whose votes enable you to beat the Government; never mind whether the measures of the Government are good or bad—oppose them all the same. If they are bad, that is a sufficient argument against them. If they are good, all the more reason why they should be opposed; for if allowed to pass, they enhance the credit of the Ministry. But the *raison d'être* of an Opposition, its providential mission, is to damage the credit of the Government—"the business of an Opposition is to oppose."

Lord Randolph Churchill's ideal leader is naturally Lord Beaconsfield, and he falls foul accordingly of an opposite theory of the business of an Opposition which Lord Salisbury lately propounded. A few days before the unveiling of Lord Beaconsfield's statue "Lord Salisbury condemned in forcible language the 'temptation' which (he said) 'was strong to many politicians, to attempt to gain the victory by bringing into the lobby men whose principles were divergent, and whose combined forces therefore could not lead to any wholesome victory.'" This Lord Randolph Churchill stigmatises as a "puritanical theory." "Discrimination between wholesome and unwholesome victories is idle and unpractical. Obtain the victory, know how to follow it up, and leave the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness to critics." Lord Randolph Churchill adds, with perfect truth, that Lord Beaconsfield was "a statesman whose whole political life was absolutely at variance with Lord Salisbury's maxim;" and therefore

Lord Salisbury's maxim "was, in reality, a condemnation of the political career of the Earl of Beaconsfield." Hansard furnishes Lord Randolph Churchill with an easy proof of this allegation. Lord Beaconsfield led his party to victory and office on various occasions by the help of heterogeneous allies. One of those occasions was in 1866, when Lord Beaconsfield "enabled the Tories, by allying themselves with the Radicals, to hold office for two years, and during that period to pass a Reform Bill which laid the foundation of the modern Tory party." In short, "the moral of Mr. Disraeli's long series of Parliamentary tactics"—was: "Take office only when it suits you; put the Government in a minority whenever you decently can."

One of two things follows logically from this theory of statesmanship. Either politics are merely a grand game of skill, in which the great object is to bowl out your opponents and get your own innings; or a political leader must consider the opposite party so bad—"scrofulous" is Lord Randolph's term—that their policy must be obstructed "whenever you decently can." Indeed his lordship goes beyond his model in this line of tactics, for he actually suggests that the Lords should have rejected the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill after a dissolution on that very question. "A second" opportunity for a similar display of heroic statesmanship "may be upon us before long," and Lord Randolph Churchill trusts that the Lords will be equal to the occasion. "It is magnificent," said the Russian General Liprandi of the Balaclava charge, "but it is not war." If the Lords obey the bidding of their political Captain Nolan they are exceedingly likely to come out of the fray in the plight of the famous Six Hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.
.
.
.
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd.
.
.
.
Then they rode back, but
Not the Six Hundred.

Those who desire the destruction or radical reform of the House of Lords could wish for no better cry than that which Lord Randolph Churchill offers to provide for them. But he is hardly likely to have his way on that point at least. Lord Salisbury is committed to an opposite policy. In his speech in support of Mr. Gladstone's Ir

Church Bill—one of the most statesmanlike speeches delivered in that controversy—he laid down the principle that it was the duty of the House of Lords to give way on questions on which the nation, after fair notice, had declared its opinion.

Save on this one point, however, Lord Randolph Churchill describes fairly enough the parliamentary tactics of Lord Beaconsfield. But his advice to the Conservative party to adopt the tactics of their late chieftain suggests the inquiry how far those tactics were justified by results.

Lord Beaconsfield led his party for thirty-three years. During that period he led his party four times into office, but only once into power. His first administration lasted a year, his second less than a year, and his third over two years. On each of these occasions he ousted the Government of the day by means of the tactics deprecated by Lord Salisbury and recommended by Lord Randolph Churchill, namely, “by bringing into the lobby men whose principles were divergent.” Do the victories gained by this combination of mutually hostile forces deserve to be called “unwholesome”? Let us see. I put all questions of political morality aside, and merely consider the effect of Lord Beaconsfield’s tactics on the fortunes of his party.

I suppose there is little doubt that he was himself at heart more of a Free-Trader than a Protectionist, and it was probably this consciousness that made him take up so extreme an attitude against Free-Trade when he quarrelled with Peel. Certainly no leader ever broke down his bridge and burnt his boats behind him more effectually than he did on that question. “For my part,” he said, in one of his speeches against Peel, “if we are to have Free-Trade, I, who honour genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the hon. member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden) than by one who, through skilful Parliamentary manœuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party. . . . For me there remains this at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy.” And again: “I believe I belong to a party which can triumph no more, for we have nothing left us but the constituencies which we have not betrayed.”

Lord Beaconsfield was too sagacious a man, even thus early in his career, to believe that the cause of Protection would triumph in the long run against the cause of Free-Trade. Was it good tactics then to commit his party irrevocably to a falling cause—so irrevocably that they could not abandon it without discredit and humiliation? Six years later Mr. Disraeli had to choose between abandoning office

and abandoning the cause of Protection ; and he abandoned the cause of Protection. "The spirit of the age," he said, "tends to free intercourse, and no statesman can disregard with impunity the genius of the epoch in which he lives." That may be ; but Mr. Disraeli should have foreseen that contingency when "he nailed his colours to the mast and vowed to sink or swim with the sacred cause of Protection." The result was a great humiliation for himself and his party. One of his own supporters, the Marquis of Granby, was constrained to say that "some reparation was due to the memory of Sir Robert Peel." Mr. Sidney Herbert was provoked out of his habitual gentleness, and, pointing to Mr. Disraeli, exclaimed : "If you wish to see humiliation, look there !" The end soon came, and the Conservative party found themselves back in the cold shades of Opposition with a damaged reputation.

In 1858 Mr. Disraeli led his party again to office by the aid of allies whose alliance ceased with the division which destroyed the Liberal Ministry. He remained a Minister on sufferance for ten months, and was again driven from office with damage to his party.

The same tactics gave him his next victory in 1866, and enabled him to pass a Reform Bill, "which," according to Lord Randolph Churchill, "laid the foundation of the modern Tory Party." Does Lord Randolph Churchill seriously believe that the Reform Bill of 1867 was the genuine outcome of Mr. Disraeli's own mind upon the subject ? If he does, it is clear that he has not yet mastered Mr. Disraeli's views on the question of Parliamentary reform. Those views are elaborated in Mr. Disraeli's "Vindication of the British Constitution," and are summarised in the following extract from his address to his constituents at the general election of 1865 :—

It was only a few nights ago when the House of Commons, impatient of protracted investigation, reflected the candour of the community, and declared, by a vast majority, that the franchise in boroughs should not be lowered, and that the principle on which Lord Derby (in 1857) wished to extend it was the just one—namely, "lateral, not vertical," extension. It appears to me that the primary plan of our ancient constitution, so rich in various wisdom, indicates the course that we ought to pursue in this matter. It secured our popular rights by entrusting power, not to an indiscriminate multitude, but to the Estate or Order of the Commons ; and a wise Government should be careful that the elements of that Estate should bear a due relation to the moral and material development of the country. Public opinion may not, perhaps, be ripe enough to legislate on the subject, but it is sufficiently interested in the question to ponder over it with advantage ; so that when the time comes for action we may legislate in that spirit of the English Constitution which would absorb the best of every class, and not fall into a democracy, which is the tyranny of one class, and that one the least enlightened.

This passage undoubtedly expresses Mr. Disraeli's real convictions, and he stuck to them down to the year 1867. His main objection to the Liberal Reform Bill of 1866 was that it violated his own pet doctrine of "lateral, not vertical; extension" of the franchise. The main provisions of the Reform Bill of 1866 were: (1) The creation of an occupation franchise in counties for houses alone, or houses with land, beginning at a rental of £14, and reaching up to the old occupation rental of £50; (2) Copyholders and leaseholders in Parliamentary boroughs to be placed on the same footing as freeholders in boroughs, who already possessed the county franchise; (3) a savings bank franchise, applicable both to towns and counties; (4) reduction of the borough franchise from £10 clear annual value to £7 clear annual value; (5) a lodger franchise.

These proposals will now appear singularly moderate. Yet Mr. Disraeli denounced them as a scheme for Americanising the British Constitution, of which the effect would be that "the great elements of our civilisation would disappear, and England, from being a first-rate kingdom, would become a third-rate republic." For himself, he wished to be guided "by the original scheme of the Plantagenets. The elements of the Estate of the Commons must be numerous, and they must be ample, in an age like this; but they must be choice. I think that this House should remain a House of Commons, and not become a House of the People—the House of a mere indiscriminate multitude, devoid of any definite character."

Mr. Disraeli, aided by the powerful advocacy of Mr. Lowe, succeeded in converting a majority of the House of Commons to his views, and the Liberal Ministry and Reform Bill of 1866 perished. There can hardly be a doubt that Mr. Disraeli at that time was of opinion that the majority of the House of Commons reflected the convictions of a majority of the constituencies. He published editions of his Parliamentary speeches on Reform, extending from 1848 (when he became leader of his party) to the end of 1866. Those speeches give no uncertain sound. The key-note of them all is "lateral, not vertical, extension of the franchise;" a "choice body of men endowed with privileges," not "an indiscriminate multitude." Household suffrage he denounced in 1848 as "an absurdity;" and all his speeches down to 1867 are in the same key. In 1865 he declared: "I have not changed my opinion upon what is called Parliamentary Reform. All that has occurred, all that I have observed, all the results of my reflections, lead me to this more and more—that the principle upon which the constituencies should be

increased is one, not of radical, but, I would say, of lateral reform—the extension of the franchise, not its degradation”—such an extension as would leave the constitution still “founded upon an aristocratic basis.” In his principal speech against the Liberal Bill of 1866 he referred to his own Bill of 1859 as illustrating the true theory of the Parliamentary franchise. “We believed it was dangerous to reduce the borough franchise. We did not see where it would end if we commenced to reduce that franchise.”

It is perfectly clear, therefore, that down to the end of 1866 household suffrage, or any reduction of the franchise, was the very last thing he thought of or approved. By the time Parliament met, however, in 1867, the agitation in favour of Reform had apparently convinced him that at least some semblance of a “vertical extension of the franchise” was inevitable. But not feeling sure how far it was safe to go or to refrain, he proposed a series of resolutions which virtually surrendered to the House the initiative and responsibility of drawing up a scheme of Parliamentary reform. In introducing his resolutions Mr. Disraeli expressed the hope that the House would not think that he was “angling for a policy.” The House very speedily gave him to understand that that was precisely what it did think. The resolutions fell still-born, and were summarily withdrawn. Then followed a Reform Bill which reduced the franchise somewhat, but neutralised the reduction by a multitude of restrictions and checks that made the reduction quite illusory. Mr. Disraeli, however, carried the second reading of his Bill against an amendment moved by Mr. Gladstone, who thereupon gave notice of ten amendments in Committee. This challenge Mr. Disraeli met by an appeal to his supporters in a letter in which he said of Mr. Gladstone’s amendments, that “if any one of them were adopted it would be impossible for the Government to proceed with the Bill.” They were all adopted, and sundry other amendments in addition; yet the Government proceeded with the Bill and passed it in a form so different from its original features that the Duke of Buccleuch was justified in declaring publicly at the time, that of the Bill which passed the second reading in the House of Commons “nothing remained when it received the Royal Assent but the first word, ‘Whereas.’”

If the chief excellence of a political tactician be to persuade his own party to retain office on condition of passing the measures of their opponents, then undoubtedly Mr. Disraeli’s tactics in 1867 were eminently successful. I do not, however, impute Mr. Disraeli’s conduct on that occasion to any sordid love of office overmastering his

convictions. I can easily understand how difficult he would find it to retrace his steps when once he found himself on the slope to Avernus. The mistake was to have placed himself on the slope at all. His victory over Mr. Gladstone on the second reading of the Bill was well calculated to inspire him with confidence in his own skill to manœuvre the measure in its main lineaments through the dangers which beset it. And as each concession was extorted from him he persuaded himself, doubtless, that it would be the last, and that he might possibly be able to counteract it subsequently by a counter move. When all this failed, and the Bill emerged from Committee a full-blown Radical measure, it was too late to look back, and there was nothing for it but that plunge into the unknown which the late Lord Derby characterised, in moving the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, as "a leap in the dark."

Would it not have been better tactics, from a Conservative point of view, to have accepted the Reform Bill of 1866, with such amendments as the Opposition might have been able to engraft upon it? Experience shows that a Conservative Government in a minority—in other words, on sufferance—is more likely to pass Radical measures than a Liberal Government confronted by a compact and powerful Opposition.

But Mr. Disraeli made another great blunder in his tactics on the question of Reform in 1867. A politician never suffers in public estimation in the long run by changing his opinions, or even by a change of policy though his opinions remain unchanged, if he frankly admits the change, and can plead the inexorable exigency of unavoidable circumstances. The late Lord Derby lost nothing in reputation by his change of politics; and the Duke of Wellington has been more honoured for passing Roman Catholic Emancipation while still retaining his convictions, than he would have been if either he had continued to oppose it, or, after he had changed his policy, he had protested that he had never changed at all.

The second serious tactical blunder, therefore, which Mr. Disraeli made in 1867 was not to avow candidly that circumstances were too strong for him; that he had subordinated his own long-cherished convictions, hoping for the best, to what he conceived to be the best interests of the country; and that he would be only too glad to find that the conduct of the newly enfranchised masses had proved the unreasonableness of his objection to their enfranchisement. An appeal of that kind hardly ever fails with the British public. But it was too simple a plan for Mr. Disraeli's scheming and subtle brain. He attempted the impossible task of persuading the British

nation that neither his opinions nor his policy on the question of Parliamentary reform had undergone any change at all, that household suffrage had always been the darling dream of his life, and that there was nothing he abhorred so much as the notion that the indiscriminate multitude were less qualified for the franchise than the educated classes. "The consequence of what you call a moderate reduction of the borough franchise," said the earnest champion of "a lateral, not a vertical, extension of the franchise," in his speech in support of the third reading of his Reform Bill on July 15, 1867, "would have been that a certain portion of the working classes—a favoured portion, always spoken of in this House and elsewhere publicly in terms of great eulogium, and fed with 'soft dedications all day long'—were to be assured that they were very much superior to any other portion of the working classes, and therefore they were to be invested with the franchise on the implied condition that they were to form a sort of Prætorian Guard, in order to prevent another portion of the working classes from getting the franchise. This system of policy, under different shapes and in different degrees, was constantly before the public. We were highly opposed to it. We believed it was a dangerous policy—more dangerous to the institutions of the country than if we admitted into the political arena the great body of the working classes."

If the reader will look back at the previous extracts which I have given from Mr. Disraeli's speeches, he will find that the doctrine of which Mr. Disraeli here says, "We were always highly opposed to it," is precisely the doctrine which he had himself always preached down to the very moment of his denouncing it as a political heresy, to which he had been always opposed.

It is curious that so able a man could have believed that he could in this way *take in* the British public. But there is no doubt that he did believe it. His journey to and from Scotland, on the occasion of the Edinburgh banquet in the autumn of 1867, was a kind of triumphal progress, and he evidently mistook the curiosity and interest which his unique career excited for an outburst of enthusiastic gratitude for his Reform Bill. In the second week of the dissolution of 1868 a member of the Government told me that Lord Beaconsfield assured him that he expected a majority of 60 at least. Instead of that he was beaten by a majority of 118. All his finessing went for nothing. The constituencies regarded him as a highly interesting figure in English politics, but they gave him no credit whatever for the Reform Bill of 1867; and when the day of reckoning came they gave their confidence and votes to his opponents.

Mr. Disraeli's next opportunity was in 1874. The dissolution of that year gave him, greatly to his own surprise, a good working majority of nearly 70. Lord Randolph Churchill attributes this success to Mr. Disraeli's tactics and provident organisation. It was really due to very different causes. Mr. Forster's Education Act gave mortal offence—unreasonably as I think—to the Nonconformists, and when the dissolution came masses of them stood aloof from the Liberal cause—sullen, apathetic, and in many cases hostile. In addition to this, one or two members of the Liberal Government managed to offend a multitude of Liberals by a wanton display of what almost amounted to a genius for giving needless offence. And, in the third place, Mr. Gladstone's Government, by the impartial thoroughness of its reforming zeal, alienated a host of classes and cliques who valued their own interests more than the public weal. Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, the result of the general election of 1874 was that the aggregate of votes was largely in favour of the Liberals. Leaving Ireland out of the reckoning, the total of Liberal votes in England was 1,156,722, as against 1,046,692 Conservatives. In Scotland the figures were 153,806 Liberals to 77,708 Conservatives. In the general election of 1874 therefore the Liberals had a net majority in Great Britain of 206,128. It was therefore by a mere fluke that Mr. Disraeli got his majority on that occasion. The Liberals were taken unawares, they were wretchedly organised, they were in a mutinous humour, and I believe that as many as thirteen Liberal seats, counting twenty-six on a division, were lost through a plethora of Liberal candidates going to the poll. It is quite a mistake, therefore, to suppose that the general election of 1874 affords any proof that Mr. Disraeli had the confidence of the country. His majority was fortuitous, and turned upon issues which were quite apart from Mr. Disraeli's personality or policy. Indeed, one of the most instructive facts connected with the general election of 1874 is the general reticence observed towards their chief by Conservative candidates. Their addresses and speeches are marked by the conspicuous absence of any expression of confidence in Mr. Disraeli.

When Lord Beaconsfield dissolved, in 1880, he expected some losses, but he confidently calculated on getting a good working majority. Certainly that was the information which he conveyed to the foreign embassies and legations in London; and his conversations with Lord Ronald Gower after the Conservative collapse show how poignantly he felt the unexpected humiliation.

“A succession of six bad harvests” was his explanation of the

disaster. His followers generally attribute it to the torrent of eloquence and invective—naturally deemed by them misrepresentation—which Mr. Gladstone hailed upon them, especially from Midlothian. Bad harvests had, no doubt, some influence, and Mr. Gladstone's eloquence had much more. But if the harvests had been good, and Mr. Gladstone had never spoken or written a word, the Conservatives would have been beaten in 1880, though not so disastrously. What Mr. Gladstone did was to turn a defeat into a rout. Even before the emergence of the Eastern Question, the Government of Lord Beaconsfield had been losing ground. The Slave Circular had greatly damaged it, and its efforts in domestic legislation were not happy. Then came the Eastern Question, which, skilfully managed, might have established for Lord Beaconsfield's Government an enduring reputation. Never were the gifts of fortune so wantonly flung away. Not once, but several times, during that controversy, might the British Government have led the diplomacy of Europe, and settled the Eastern Question, without the spilling of a drop of blood, on equitable terms—terms more advantageous to freedom and civilisation, as well as to British interests, than the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin. Midhat Pasha, who was Grand Vizier during the Conference of Constantinople, declared afterwards in an English magazine that he would have accepted Lord Salisbury's original terms, to say nothing of the "irreducible minimum," if he had not been encouraged to resistance by the attitude of the British Government and the Conservative party; and Server Pasha, after the collapse of the Turkish defence, authorised the publication of a similar declaration in the English newspapers. The simple truth is that Lord Beaconsfield's own speech at Aylesbury on September 20, 1876, contributed nearly as much to the downfall of his Government as Mr. Gladstone's three years' campaign of versatile oratory. What Mr. Gladstone did was to give voice and shape and policy to the thoughts which were burning in the heart of the nation. Even Mr. Gladstone could not have bewitched the people into agreement with him if he had not been able to appeal to facts in support of his indictment. In these days of telegrams and cheap newspapers, no orator, if he had the tongue of an angel, could pervert the judgment of the people to the extent credited by Tory speakers and writers to Mr. Gladstone's eloquence.

The Government itself, and its chief in particular, had more to do with its downfall than Mr. Gladstone's influence, great as that influence was. This is not a mere opinion on my part. From the summer of 1877 to the Congress of Berlin I was honorary secretary

to a Committee formed for the purpose of aiding the sick and wounded of the various armies which were in the field against the Turks. The Committee, which was non-political, was a most influential one, both from the social position, intellectual eminence, and representative character of its members. It was nearly equally divided between Liberals and Conservatives. We formed branch committees all over the country, and I was thus placed, in my capacity of honorary secretary, in contact with currents of political feeling to which neither the public at large nor even the official agents of either political party had access. I carefully eschewed all politics in connection with the work of the Committee ; but my numerous correspondents did not. I have by me now a large bundle of letters which breathe indignation and vengeance against Lord Beaconsfield's Government. And many of the letters are from men who describe themselves as Conservatives : country squires, clergymen, professional men, tradesmen. Lord Beaconsfield's Aylesbury speech roused a degree of resentment which would have astonished himself, had he known it. I mean the speech in which, after admitting that "it would be affectation for him to pretend that he was backed by the country," he went on to declare that Mr. Gladstone's conduct "might be fairly described as worse than any of those Bulgarian atrocities which now occupy attention." Those who knew Lord Beaconsfield in the intimacy of private life describe him, no doubt truly, as a man of kind and amiable disposition. And Lord Beaconsfield himself would doubtless have been the first to laugh at the idea of his reference to Mr. Gladstone being taken seriously. But the public, for the most part, did take him seriously both in his reference to Mr. Gladstone and in his subsequent description of the report of a certain massacre as resting on "coffee-house babble." People were not in a mood to appreciate jokes or levity, however innocently intended, in a matter where their feelings were so deeply engaged. Lord Beaconsfield made the mistake of believing that the glory of empire and the cry of "British interests" would prove stronger than sympathy for suffering and indignation against wrong. When he returned from the Congress of Berlin he had a map published showing the large amount of territory which he had rescued from the Treaty of San Stefano and restored to the Sultan ; little imagining that in the day of reckoning that achievement would be regarded as an additional article in the indictment against him. He thought the people would regard it as a great triumph over Russia. They really regarded it as the handing back of liberated Christians to the yoke of a hateful slavery. Lord Beaconsfield had one great chance, and he flung it away. Lord

Beaconsfield's Cabinet at home might have made Lord Salisbury's mission to Constantinople a brilliant success. There was then indeed a golden opportunity of making "peace with honour," and thus earning the gratitude of a united people. But Lord Beaconsfield's speech about the "three campaigns" doomed Lord Salisbury's mission to failure before the negotiations were opened.

A dissolution any time after that failure would have been ruinous to Lord Beaconsfield's Government. I was thought little better than a lunatic, both by Liberal and Conservative friends, for predicting, a year before the dissolution, that the Liberals would have a majority of not less than fifty in England, Scotland, and Wales. I had no data for forming an opinion about Ireland. Even as late as the eve of Mr. Gladstone's first campaign Mr. Adam thought my estimate preposterous. He did not expect to do more than reduce the Conservative majority "almost to zero." After that campaign he told me that he was "half converted to my opinion." Still, he did not expect more than a majority of from twenty to thirty. I think I remember an article by Mr. Gladstone in one of the magazines, in which he took a much more sanguine view than Mr. Adam.

My calculation was very simple. The Liberal disaster of 1874 was caused by Liberal apathy and disunion more than by Conservative strength. It was clear that in the election of 1880 the Liberals would close their ranks and present a united front. My private correspondence showed me, in addition, that a considerable number of Conservatives would, for the first time, turn their votes against their party, while others would remain neutral. The Liberals, too, would be the assailants along the whole line; and the attacking party, if it believes in its cause and its leaders, has an enormous advantage in all warfare.

It seems to me evident, then, that if Lord Beaconsfield's tactics are to be tested by results, they ought to be shunned rather than imitated by the inheritor of "Elijah's mantle," whoever he may be. Lord Beaconsfield appealed to the constituencies four times; twice under the auspices of the late Lord Derby, once under his own. He was beaten on all four occasions, but only disastrously when he appealed as Premier—that is, with nothing but his own name and tactics to fall back upon. In 1874 he expected to be beaten, and to his own great surprise he won. With that solitary victory, however, his own tactics had very little to do.

Now suppose Lord Randolph Churchill were to persuade his party to adopt his tactics, and that he could thus force an appeal to the country. What then? He frankly admits that he has no hope of

getting a majority in England, Scotland, or Wales. "In Ireland, however, something might be done; and if Lord Beaconsfield's spirit could for a moment animate his statue, an Irish policy might be suggested which would captivate the Celtic race. This, however, is so dangerous that" Lord Randolph Churchill "passes from it with haste."

The result of a general election under present circumstances would therefore, even on Lord Randolph Churchill's own showing, leave the Tories in a minority; and they could only beat the Government by an alliance with Mr. Parnell's party. This coalition might very possibly put the Government in a minority. In that event, one of two results would follow. Either the Conservatives would take office, or refuse to form a ministry. In the latter case the Liberals would probably appeal at once to the country again, on the cry of an unprincipled coalition between the Tory party and the enemies of the Empire, for the purpose of making government impossible. The consequence would almost certainly be such a defeat as the Tory party has not experienced in our generation, and a victory for the Liberals which would overwhelm the combined forces of Mr. Parnell and the Tories.

If, on the other hand, the Tories were to take office under the ægis of Mr. Parnell, they would be obliged to act on Lord Randolph Churchill's suggestion, and attempt "an Irish policy which would captivate the Celtic race;" in plain language, Home Rule in some shape, and the expropriation of the Irish landlords. It may be said that any policy of this kind which would be acceptable to the Parnellites would shiver the Tory party, and would be repudiated by the British nation.

So that in either case the too probable result of the tactics recommended by Lord Randolph Churchill would be the discomfiture of the Tory party. Sir Stafford Northcote has recently defended the tactics of obstruction by the example of Leonidas and his Spartans in the pass of Thermopylæ. But the end of that obstruction was that the Persians outmanœuvred the Spartans, who perished with their leader as soon as the scene of battle changed from the narrow Pass of Obstruction to the open field, and Leonidas and his band had to face the general host of their foes.

It is with no unfriendly feeling to the Conservative party that I write. On the contrary, I should regard any serious disaster to them as a grave misfortune to the country. The best hope for wholesome legislation in the future is that the Liberal and Conservative parties respectively should remain strong and homogeneous, and faithful to

their principles, but eschew alliances which lead only to Pyrrhic victories. With all deference to Lord Randolph Churchill, I question whether "the business of an Opposition is to oppose." The business of an Opposition is to criticise and amend, and only reject what they believe incapable of amendment. Indiscriminate opposition can only lead to deadlock and chaos, ending in the discredit and damage of the party that resorts to it. Above all, beware of appealing to religious prejudices. Lord Beaconsfield tried that game in 1868, and again on the subject of the Public Worship Bill in 1874, and with signal injury to himself on both occasions. The Tories will make a similar mistake if they attempt to persuade the constituencies that Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet is in active sympathy with Atheism. The accusation will beget resentment instead of credence.

The turn of the Conservatives will come, but whether its advent is near or distant depends chiefly on the tactics and policy they pursue before the next dissolution. Are they going to follow the tactics and the sober Conservatism of the late Sir Robert Peel, or the tactics and neo-Toryism of the late Lord Beaconsfield? On the answer to that question hang issues momentous to their own future.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

FASHIONABLE ENGLISH.

HAS the extension of popular education tended to the conservation of the English language in its literary purity? Is not the word education, to some extent, a misnomer? And should not the process which we designate by that name be more properly called "instruction," that is to say, in the arts and accomplishments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, which are but the tools of education, and not education itself? These questions are important, and opinion will greatly vary as to the answers that ought to be given to them. It is true, that in the late Lord Brougham's phrase, the schoolmaster has been abroad, and that the operations of that elementary functionary have been widely extended since Lord Brougham's time; and it is also true, that between the primary power of reading, and the secondary but more important power of turning that reading to profitable account, there exists a mighty difference. Lord Brougham's schoolmaster taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and Mr. Forster's schoolmasters teach little more. But this is not education, though unthinking people consider it to be so—and though paying the school-rate with more or less unwillingness, they pride themselves on doing their duty, though perfunctorily, in the cause of education. In our day, as in every other, everybody speaks; and in our day, as in every other, few people speak well; and in our time, more perhaps than in any other—almost everybody writes. But very few authors in the last quarter of the nineteenth century write much better than they talk.

The late Mr. G. P. Marsh, of Massachusetts, who died recently in the position of American Ambassador to the kingdom of Italy, in his excellent lectures on the English language, originally delivered at Columbia College, New York, and afterwards reprinted in the United States and in England, records "that a distinguished British scholar of the last century, declared that he had known but three or four of his countrymen who spoke their native language with uniform grammatical accuracy, and that the great French writer, Paul Louis Courier, asserted that in his day there might have been five or six persons who knew Greek thoroughly, but that the

French who could speak or write French correctly were still fewer in number.”

In our day it may be said with still greater truth—as applied to the writing of English—that of the great multitude of writers whom the extension of elementary education and the vast increase of periodical literature have produced, few take the trouble or possess the taste and ability to write their native language as it ought to be written by all who aspire to see their compositions in print.

Thousands of articles are published every day in the newspapers, and possibly thousands of novels and volumes of verse are annually given to the world without the excuse of haste which may be accepted on behalf of periodical writers. In consequence of this profusion of literary work performed by neophytes, who write as fluently as they talk, and with as little preliminary study, the standard of literary taste has fallen. Men and women who adopt the literary profession without adequate qualification, except a little smattering of everything, or who, having the qualification, are not able to afford themselves the time to give their talents fair play, seldom or never take the trouble to study critically the language which is the vehicle of their thoughts. A man may not practise as a physician or a surgeon, a barrister or an attorney, without qualifying himself for his vocation by time and study, and the approval of the heads of the profession to which he aspires to belong; but any man or woman can become an author—or a cook—without leave asked of anybody; and the cookery in these instances is often better than the authorship.

At the same time it would be unjust to deny that many leading articles and many books, written by careless and imperfectly educated people, reflect the highest credit upon the ability of their authors. A slipshod and even a vulgar style of writing is quite compatible with persuasive power, critical acumen, irrefragable logic, and even with eloquence, inasmuch as all these intellectual gifts are sometimes found in the possession of wholly illiterate people, and even of savages. But, granted the possession of the critical acumen, the logical power, and the eloquence, all these qualities would be enhanced and adorned if they were accompanied by a thorough mastery of the language in which they were exhibited, and by the graces of style which distinguish all writers of genius, and even of commanding talent.

In the days in which our lot is cast, days when in consequence of the annually increasing multiplicity of our numbers in the limited area of these islands, creating a pressure which a copious emigration does but little to remove or even to alleviate, the struggle for bare

subsistence is abnormally severe ; and when that for wealth and social pre-eminence is severer still, all literature of the highest order, requiring thought and study, stands but a slender chance of appreciation. People are too much pre-occupied with all-engrossing and grinding cares to find time or inclination for much reading beyond that which the newspapers supply. And the newspapers, without meaning any disrespect to them, are so prolix, that, not contented with telling the news once, they make *crambe repetita* of it, by telling it again in their editorial columns, interlarding the narrative with a needless commentary, or deducing a too obvious moral from the tritest of stories. In addition to this unnecessary repetition, they invade what used to be the function of books and purely literary periodicals, and diurnally publish essays, often very readable, on a variety of social subjects that do not come properly within the category of current events, or diurnal history. One of the results is that those who make it a point to read the newspapers and magazines, can rarely find time to read anything else. If perchance these busy people desire to read a book, they generally prefer one that does not overtax their mental energies, or which ministers solely to their amusement, or, at the best, prevents them from falling asleep after the business of the day is concluded.

In the great and increasing army of newspaper writers, it is not to be expected that every private in the ranks is, or ever can be, a master of style, or one who can afford time to cultivate the graces of a Steele, an Addison, or a Junius. It is sufficient for the rank and file that they make themselves intelligible, and that they do not preach above the heads and the understandings of their readers. But writers may be simple and intelligible—and on a level with the intelligence of those whom they address—whilst grinding out as from a barrel-organ the old similitudes, the old and worn-out phrases of their predecessors. For a good or apt word, and a happy phrase, all readers ought to be grateful, but writers ought to beware of repeating them too often, or introducing them on all occasions relevant or irrelevant, especially if they be inferior writers—mere parrots and mocking-birds—who catch a word by the ear and use it without intelligence or necessity. Such words and phrases soon degenerate into slang.

Among these stock phrases continually employed by careless writers, mere echoes of the sounds that others have made, are the following old acquaintances of the daily press :—

“ *For a moment.* ”—Thus if a thing is not to be endured, believed, tolerated, or thought of, it is inevitably added that they are not to be believed, &c. *for a moment.*

“*At large.*”—The community, the nation, society, the public, are scarcely ever mentioned in leading articles, or in speeches, without the unnecessary addendum “at large,” though each of these substantives would be sufficient without it.

“*Conspicuous by its absence.*”—This figure of speech was first made with happy effect by the late Earl Russell, in commenting upon the absence on a great occasion of one who ought to have been present. Since that day—more than twenty years ago—the phrase, paradoxical though it be, but effective and intelligible, has taken the fancy of a vast multitude of over-ready writers, and has done duty almost diurnally, to prove the penury of idea of those who habitually make use of it.

“*The irony of Fate*” was an excellent phrase originally, but when employed without discretion by people who have not considered what irony means, or what Fate is (the stern, the unbending, the invincible, the inevitable), it becomes a locution as idle as the parrot’s utterance of “pretty Poll.” Irony is a jest, and a mockery; but there is no jesting, no mockery in Fate. Jestings and mockery are human, but Fate is divine.

“*History repeats itself.*”—This is an untruth, or at best a half truth, which is constantly dinned into the ears of the unthinking. The phrase is acceptable to people who would accept anything if uttered *ex cathedra* and in a loud voice of authority. But the assertion is baseless. Similar incidents occur in all ages and in all countries; but the germs of those incidents, their surroundings, their developments, and their results are infinitely varied in the progress of the ages. The execution of Charles I. in England, and of Louis XVI. in France, have been triumphantly cited as proofs of the so-called fact that there is nothing new in history; but where is the repetition in the fate of Charles I. and Louis XVI. in the subsequent history of both countries? It does not exist, and the constant iteration of the phrase is not merely a misleading platitude, but a weariness of spirit to the thoughtful few who study history for themselves and draw rational conclusions from its teachings.

“*Reading between the lines.*”—This well-worn phrase is constantly employed by writers who imagine themselves to be wiser than their neighbours, and who fancy they can discover ambiguous meanings in the plainest statements, and detect treachery in the mere assertion that two and two are four. They “read between the lines,” as they say, and find that two and two are intended to represent five, or perhaps five hundred, in the apparently plain statement to which they give their sinister interpretation.

Several other phrases, unobjectionable in themselves, but rendered offensive by perpetual reiteration, affront the eyes of newspaper readers every morning and evening ; and infest the pages of the multitudinous novels that serve to amuse or to weary the leisure of those who have nothing to think about. Among these are "The spur of the occasion ;" "The courage of his convictions ;" "That goes without saying ;" "We are *free* to confess ;" "We have a *shrewd* suspicion ;" "Equal to the occasion ;" "The devouring element ;" "Within an *inch* of his life," and many others equally familiar.

Among single words that may fairly come under the designation of newspaper slang, are *ventilate*, instead of to discuss, *succumb* instead of to die, *demise* instead of death ; *form* instead of condition or manners ; *lengthy*, instead of long. It must be said for lengthy when used for tediously long, that it is a good word in itself, as marking a difference between *long*, which is not too long—and long which is much too long ; but when a writer describes a "*lengthy* journey by rail," the adjective is so misapplied, that the reader may be justified in asking if the traveller did not undertake the journey in a *strengtheny* carriage ?

The novelists in some respects are greater adepts in slang than the newspapers ; and borrow the language of the sculptor and the stonemason. In describing the personal beauty of their heroes or heroines, they almost invariably write that their noses are beautifully *cut*, and their lips and chins finely or delicately *chiselled* ; while eyebrows are neither *cut* nor *chiselled* but *carved*.

Paint is a word applied to the colour of natural objects, for which may be pleaded the great example of Shakespeare, when he wrote—

When daisies pied and violets blue
Do *paint* the meadows with delight.

But it is an example which ought not to be frequently followed—and never by any one whose genius does not warrant him in taking liberties with the language. *Transpire* is a word that careless writers continually employ instead of to "happen." *Transpire* originally signified to emit insensible vapour through the pores of the skin. It was afterwards used metaphorically in the sense of to become known, to emerge from secrecy into comparative or positive publicity. This was a perfectly permissible and correct employment of the word ; but when a newspaper writer, commenting upon the outrages committed by the Communists of Paris in 1870, spoke of "the events that have recently *transpired* in France," he used a word without comprehending its meaning, and outraged his mother

tongue. We have not yet come to the barbarism of writing, "An accident *transpired* in the streets yesterday," but there is no knowing how soon the superfine penny-a-liner may accustom us to the solecism.

Among the recent vulgarisms that have crept into the press is an abuse of the suffix *dom*, from the Teutonic *thum*, as legitimately used in *kingdom*, *christendom*, *popedom*, *czardom*, *dukedom*, *earldom*, *wisdom*, *martyrdom*, *freedom*, &c. The word, however, does not admit of unlimited extension at the hands either of neologists or of would-be comic writers.

"Officialdom is strong in France, in Germany, and in Russia."—*Globe*. Still worse than *officialdom*, is *womandom* for the female sex, and *trouserdom*, as used by a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 27, 1882, for the male sex—as the wearers of trousers. But as Mademoiselle Thérèse used to sing in the *cafés chantants* of Paris "Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur," so nothing is sacred to the grinning sciolists who aspire to be facetious.

The much-abused system of competitive examination for public employment, which threatens to reduce all our young men to one dead level of Chinese mediocrity, has enriched the already too copious vocabulary of literary slang—by two words: to *cram*, and to *coach*. *Cram* is a term of disparagement, but to *coach* is considered legitimate, as in the following advertisement: "A professor of elocution and dramatic art, privately *coaches* amateurs in acting or reading." (The *coach* or the man who *coaches*, is sometimes irreverently but not inappropriately called a *grinder*.)

Persuasion is a word that, besides its ordinary and familiar meaning—which it is unnecessary to set forth—has come to signify the particular belief of any class of dissenters from the doctrines or observances of the Church of Rome. Thus, it is correct to say that a man is of the "Protestant persuasion," the "Methodist persuasion," the "Baptist persuasion," the "Presbyterian persuasion," &c.; but it is not correct to say that he is of the "Jewish persuasion," the "Mahomedan persuasion," the "Buddhist persuasion," &c., because these are not sects of any greater faiths or religions. But the prevalence of the word in religious matters has led, in the newspapers, to a wholly unjustifiable abuse of it, by the illiterate vulgar, or by the semi-educated vulgar, who are more to blame for their ignorance than the utterly ignorant. Thus, a reporter for the daily press, when examined as a witness, was asked, what was his business or profession—and replied that he was of the *reportorial persuasion*! just as, if an ass could speak, he might reply, if a similar question were put to him, that he was "of the asinine persuasion."

Equally, or even more, detestable is the use of the word as applied to sex. In a letter from West Hampstead, in the *Daily Telegraph* of September 8, 1882, in reference to the alarm created by a recent burglary; the writer recommends every householder to discharge his revolver whenever he shall find any unauthorised person of "the *male persuasion* on his premises during the hours of darkness." More flagrant still is the use of the word applied to a girl or woman, as a "friend of the *female persuasion*." "One of the *female persuasion*, if she be a cook in a good family, is an awfully good friend of the unmarried policeman," is the statement of a would-be comic writer in the columns of a would-be comic periodical.

The loss of the good old English word "*clepe*," which long ago dropped out of the language, and which signified to call a thing by its name, has never been satisfactorily supplied. Two irreverent and vulgar substitutes have recently been found for it, both in the press and in conversation—in "baptise" and "christen." These two words ought to be reserved for the solemn ceremony of naming a child of Christian parents at the font—or of receiving a convert into the Christian Church—but of late years both have been indiscriminately and most improperly used for naming anything—from a battle to a ship, a street, or even a dog or a horse. For instance, in commenting upon the question of the removal of the grates to the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons, the *Times* in a leading article remarked (July 12, 1869): "The *grate* question of the ladies' gallery, as Mr. Lowe *christened* it." That horses are "*christened*" may be learned from a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, October 7, 1882, who tells the world that subsequent to the great Civil War in the United States, "Many a favourite hunter was *christened* after Stonewall Jackson." Even stones are *christened*, according to a writer in the same newspaper, October 22, 1882: "This quaint, strange fossil, commonly called thunderbolt, which is to be found everywhere in all the oolitic and cretaceous strata, from the lowest lias to the upper chalk, resembles nothing so much as a large ten-penny nail or slate pin, and its appearance is sufficiently indicated by its name, which, in effect, signifies arrow-head. The Germans called the strange object *Pfeilstein* and *Donnerstein*, and the French *christen* it *pierre de foudre*." "Weights and measures" may also be *licitly christened*" according to the *Echo*, May 25, 1880: "On a recent of the weights and measures inspector the unfortunate standards outraged, and Dr. Siemens was summoned in due form and of "the evetwo marks (2s.)—a warning to all philosophers who may a word without properly *christened* by the authorities." Writing of a

fashionable hairdresser in Paris, the *Globe*, November, 1881, went so far as to *baptise* the action of his scissors: "His place has become the fashionable shaving shop of all Paris and has obtained an almost European reputation. Shaving and hair-cutting are a branch of art in his eyes. He studies the dress, appearance, and profession of his sitters, giving instructions to his acolytes who wield the shears, condescending at times to add the finishing touches. *He has baptised each snip of the scissors with some peculiar name.*" Even the "club" of a savage, according to the *Daily News*, February 25, 1879, is christened. "The great hero of the Zulus, before they met Europeans, was a warrior who christened his club 'the watcher of the fords.'" The *Globe*, April 10, 1879, speaks of the "christening of our streets,"—which certainly, if it could be effected with success upon many of the male and female frequenters, would be a commendation devoutly to be wished. "It is quite surprising little use our modern Ædiles make of history when they christen or re-christen the streets and squares of our great cities."

Ilk.—This word has been borrowed from the Lowland Scotch and signifies the same—or of the same place—as in Mackintosh, Mackintosh, Forbes of Forbes, Macnab of Macnab, &c. In all these phrases it signifies that the man's name is the same as the estate, and *ilk* is substituted, to avoid a repetition, as Mackintosh of that *Ilk*, Forbes of that *Ilk*, Macnab of that *Ilk*—*i.e.*, of that estate. Modern writers in the press, ignorant of the true meaning of "of the same kind, sort, description, or genus," and supposing that it signifies of the same kind, sort, description, or genus, continually make use of it in a sense that would make Mackintosh of that *Ilk* either laugh or shudder. Thus the *Standard*, December 14, 1880, speaking of several Parisian journals of the same shade of politics, says: "The *Défense*, the *Univers*, and their confrères of the same *ilk*, are loud in their appeals to the President to throw the Chamber and the Republicans overboard." In the *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 24, 1869, occurs, "Many barbarians of this *ilk*, and even of later times;" and in the *Daily Telegraph*, February 8, 1870, a writer informed his readers that "Matilda lived in St. John's Villas, Twickenham, and Mr. Passmore in King Street of the same *ilk*."

Among the many corruptions which have long been creeping into the newspapers are the present tenses of the verbs to *bid* and to *dare*, which hasty writers persistently use for the preterite and past participle: *bade* and *bidden*; *dared* and *durst*. The fact is that *bade* and *durst* and even *dares*, have become all but obsolete in our day, without any possible reason either in grammar or in euphony. Why, for example, should not *bade* or *bidden* be used in the following instances?

the *Times* and the *Quarterly Review*?—"Mr. Charles Dickens finally *bid* farewell to Philadelphia."—*Times*. "Uncertain even at that epoch (1864) of Austria's fidelity, Prussia *bid* high for German leadership."—*Times*. "He called his servants and *bid* them procure firearms."—*Times*. "The competition is so sharp and general that the leader of to-day can never be sure that he will not be *outbid* to morrow."—*Quarterly Review*. And why not *durst* in the following extract from the Rev. Charles Kingsley? "Neither her maidens nor the priest *dare* speak to her for half an hour."—*Here-ward the Wake*.

It is scarcely possible to take up any newspaper—daily or weekly—metropolitan or provincial, or any magazine or periodical whatever, without finding the mathematical word "factor" employed on every variety of occasion. No doubt the word is sometimes convenient, and if only used sparingly might be accepted as a welcome substitute for many an awkward periphrasis; but its constant iteration, without reason or relevancy, is a nuisance. Take for instance the following examples of its misuse, selected at random from recent newspapers. Writing of the desire of the Americans to possess a monolith or obelisk, such as that conveyed from Egypt to London by the liberality and public spirit of Sir Erasmus Wilson, the *Daily Telegraph* remarks, October 12, 1880: "If Americans really travel abroad, as the *New York World* seems to think, because they have no obelisks at home, defeated Europe will not grudge them the most superior monolith. It seems that a man of wealth and leisure 'finds no interest to keep him in New York compared to what allures him to foreign capitals.' If obelisks make a *factor* in the sum of foreign allurements, by all means let New York have one or more all to herself." The weather has also its "factor," according to the *Globe*, May 28, 1877: "As one of the *factors* of weather, such as temperature, humidity, or atmospheric pressure." So also the decline of English opera is to be attributed to a "factor." "But we, while lamenting that no English Opera exists, overlook the most essential *factor* in the case. Take our music schools, for example. What is the Royal Academy of Music doing on behalf of opera? Absolutely nothing beyond providing a small supply of men for the orchestra."—*Daily Telegraph*, October 25, 1877. The Jesuits and Jesuitism have also their "factor." "Jesuitism has been charged with atrocious crimes, credited with fabulous influence, supposed to possess almost superhuman cunning. But through evil report and good were it has preserved its existence, and has made itself a *factor* mulcted neglected by any statesman or historian."—*Daily News*, have weigh

November, 1879. Mr. Gladstone, with his influential name and real scholarship, is also responsible for the misuse of the word. Mr. Gladstone's article on "The Hellenic *Factor* in the Eastern Question" appears translated into Spanish in the *Revista Contemporanea* of April 30. Following the example of Mr. Gladstone—and writing on the Eastern Question and Mr. Gladstone's attempted solution of it—the *Daily Telegraph*, November 30, 1879, says: "Another delusion dispelled by this war is that which apprehends Russia to be a civilising *factor* in the East-European problem." Soap and water are also declared to come under the category of *factors*: "The Revising Barrister appears fully to appreciate the value of soap and water as an important *factor* in the progress of civilisation." Crabs, lobsters, oysters are "factors," though not of the highest order, according to the *Standard*, September 26, 1882: "Shell-fish in the past, even more than at the present date, occupied an important place in the history of man's dietary, though, indeed, if we are to accept without cavil Brillat-Savarin's famous dictum, '*Dis-moi ce que tu manges, et je te dirai qui tu es,*' they cannot be accorded a lofty grade among the *factors* of civilization."

Nihilism in Russia is also a *factor*, or it might be said a *male-factor*. "The desperation of the reckless minority organized against the Czar is a serious *factor*, which cannot be left out of the account."—*Daily Telegraph*, September 22, 1882. "The false prophet of the Soudan is a *factor* in the situation with which the British Government will promptly have to reckon."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, October 24, 1882. A culinary artist who, in a popular penny journal, endeavours to instruct the public on the secrets of gastronomy, informs his readers that "the great *factor* in the dressing of a salad is good Lucca oil and plenty of it;" while another periodical says that "the essential *factor* of a good pancake is an egg." "A profuse expenditure of the coin of the realm, applied in a practical manner, has been a very powerful *factor* amongst not a few potent agencies in bringing ignorant, neutral, and apathetic voters to the poll."—*Globe*, March 12, 1882. A fashionable *society* paper, as journals of that class are absurdly called, declares that "one of the *factors* of her Majesty's health is a residence in the Highlands." A few further specimens of the abuse of the word in literary composition are selected at random: "Russia has once more become a mighty *factor* in Europe."—*Daily Telegraph*, April 26, 1880. "The hostile attitude of Secocoeni is no new *factor* in the general situation in Africa."—*Times*, March 10, 1879. "The prepossession of the police against prisoners is a *factor* in any case for the prosecution."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 17, 1880. "Which made the

old boots an expressive *factor* in the character of the man."—*May Fair*, April 5, 1879. "A good digestion is always quoted as a *factor* in the composition of happiness."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, April 29, 1880. "Whether Mr. Gladstone wishes it or not, he must be its (the new Ministry's) vital *factor*."—*Standard*, April 13, 1880. "This country is still an important *factor* in the affairs of Europe."—*World*, March 24, 1880. "Fifty years ago the duel was still a recognized and important *factor* in English politics."—*Globe*, March 15, 1880. "A few years ago M. Rochefort was a serious *factor* in French politics."—*Daily News*, March 24, 1880. "The elector who, without being actually illiterate, is merely stupid, is one of the most perplexing *factors* that the wire-pullers have to reckon with."—*Daily Telegraph*, April 8, 1880.

Had and Would.—The colloquial use of the same contraction *I'd* for *I had* and *I would* has been extended imperceptibly into writing and printing, with results that threaten to supersede *would* altogether and to replace it most improperly by *had*. Some of our ablest writers have fallen into this inelegancy, or allowed their printers to do so—among others Mr. Thackeray, who says in the "Virginians," "I *had* rather have lost an arm," instead of "I *would* rather have lost an arm"; and Mr. Carlyle, who has "A doom for Quashee (the negro) which I *had* rather not contemplate," instead of "*would* rather not." Instances of this unnecessary corruption of the word are to be found so far back as the days of Shakespeare, and a century later in the usually well written and classical pages of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*.

When *had* is followed by the word *better*, as in the phrase "you *had* better," it is an improper substitute for *would*, though "you *had* better do so and so" has the small advantage of being more laconic than the synonymous phrase, "*It would be better* if you did so and so." When *had* is followed by *have*, its use is still more ungrammatical. Thus when the *Times*, March 12, 1879, says, "Sir Wilfrid Lawson *had* better *have* kept to his original proposal," it means that "Sir Wilfrid Lawson *would have* done better to keep, or to have kept, to his original proposal." So also the *Spectator*, March 2, 1879, when it wrote "The motion *had* better be withdrawn," was guilty of a permissible colloquialism, but was grammatically incorrect, and should have written "It *would be better* if the motion were withdrawn." In like manner the *Examiner* fell into the prevalent carelessness, when it wrote, March 2, 1879, "If the University of London, after an existence of forty years, cannot produce a competent man, it *had better* cease to exist."

The style oratorical first prominently introduced by Lord Macaulay in his Critical Essays has been, and is, imitated *ad nauseam* by writers of the present day. It is intended to be forcible, but is only forcibly feeble at the best. When an orator, in the height of his argument or his passion, omits his adjective and stops the flow of his words to supply it, as in the phrase, "It has been *said*, and *excellently well said*," he is perfectly justified in strengthening his meaning by an afterthought, even though it lead to a surplusage of words ; but when a writer, who can supply the missing epithet in its proper place by a stroke of the pen in the manuscript, writes as if he were making a speech, the mannerism, if too often repeated, becomes painful to the reader. Thus, when the *Standard*, May 10, 1882, writes, "Though direct proof may as yet be wanting, the vast majority of the English people *will believe, and rightly believe*, that the Phœnix Park victims were butchered with American knives, and their murderers paid with American gold," the two *believes* are neither necessary nor in good taste ; and "the English people will rightly believe" would be better than "*believe, and rightly believe*."

The *Freeman's Journal* on the same subject has, "Ireland would welcome with a sense of profound relief the appointment to the Chief Secretaryship of any English politician except Mr. Forster, because it would be *assumed, and naturally assumed*, that the appointment of Mr. Forster means a return in a more intense form to the policy of coercion." Why the repetition of *assumed* ? and does the repetition add either to the sense or the elegance of the phrase ?

The *Pall Mall Gazette* possesses a writer or writers with whom this mannerism appears to be a favourite. Thus, on November 1, 1882, we find in its columns, "The usually apathetic majority of disappointed citizens have *revolted, and successfully revolted*." On October 26, 1882, it has, "The constituency will *conclude, and properly conclude*." On September 20, 1882, the same journal has two examples of this affectation—"Who do not *prepare, and carefully prepare*," and "Which are all *items, and important items*." The *Standard* offends in the same manner—"Everything obliges us to *assume, and to assume with much confidence*"; and "We *say it, and say it advisedly*." So also the *Morning Advertiser* of November 1, 1882, has, "They *think, and rightly think*, the question of procedure one which especially concerns the dignity of the House of Commons." The *Daily Telegraph*, November 6, 1882, in expatiating on the beauties and amenities of Hampstead Heath as a recreation ground for London, says that the neighbouring inhabitants "*thought, and very properly thought, that cricket ought not to be forbidden*."

Exaggeration, or attempted intensification of language, especially in the use of epithets, is one of the colloquial or literary vices of the age, and is by no means peculiar to the newspapers. If a thing is very good, or exceedingly good, it is not sufficient to say so in simple terms. *Very*, is but a weak word in the requirements of modern times, which insist on the stronger epithets of awfully, or dreadfully, to express a becoming sense of the charms either of beauty, health, wealth, or mirth. Awfully handsome, awfully well, awfully rich, or awfully funny, are common colloquialisms. Then "awfully" is varied *ad libitum* by dreadfully, or even by excruciatingly. A very funny farce would be but a poor thing in the parlance of to-day, and must be described as "*screamingly* funny," if it were expected to be acceptable to the jaded frequenters of any modern theatre. To burst into tears is no longer a permissible phrase in the language of novelists, nothing less than a flood or a deluge of tears will suffice for their exigencies; while to be applauded, signifies nothing unless the recipient of the public favour be applauded "to the skies."

The introduction of new words into the language, or the formation of new words upon the old Greek and Latin bases, is no difficult process. The difficulty lies in procuring their acceptance. It is almost impossible to force them into favour or into general use if prematurely or unnecessarily compounded. In the "New World of Words," 1678, by Edward Phillips, which borrowed its title from a previous work by Florio, "The World of Words," there is inserted by way of appendix a list of 240 words, which he declared "to be formed of such affected words from the Latin or Greek as are either to be used warily, and upon occasion only, or totally to be rejected as barbarous, or illegally compounded and derived." Of these prohibited or partially prohibited words, only eleven have made good their footing in the language during more than two centuries. These eleven, which in our day could not well be dispensed with, and to which it seems strange that anyone could ever have objected, are "autograph, aurist, bibliograph, circumstantiate, evangelize, ferocious, holograph, inimical, misanthropist, misogynist, and syllogize." Possibly, during the next two centuries, a few more of the strange words collected by Phillips may force their way into colloquial or literary favour; but there seems to be little chance of the adoption of the greater part of them, such as *fallaciloquent*, speaking deceitfully or fallaciously; *floccification*, setting at nought; *homodox*, of the same opinion; *lubidinity*, obscenity; *mauricide*, a mouse-killer; *nugipolyloquous*, speaking much about trifles; *spurcical*, obscene; *vulpinarity*, fox-like, cunning; and *alpicide*, a mole-

catcher, and others equally egregious. It is to be remarked, that very many of the words which met with his approval, and found a place in his "World of Words," have died out, and are wholly unintelligible to the present generation. Who, for instance, could divine that *Ferre-urigh* meant adorned with precious stones or pierreries? or even guess at the signification of *passundation*?

Of late years, especially since the abolition of what were called the taxes on knowledge, viz. the excise duty on paper and the newspaper stamp, and the consequent establishment of the penny press, many new words have been introduced by the rapid and careless, and also by the semi-educated penmen who cater for the daily and weekly press. A number of old English words—current in the United States—have been re-introduced into English with the gloss of apparent novelty, but also with the unmistakable stamp of vulgarity broadly impressed upon them. And not alone in the press, but in society. Men of education, some of them moving in high or the highest circles, have condescended to repeat in their daily or customary conversation the language of costermongers and of grooms and jockeys, and to use it as if it were good English. The basest slang of the streets is but too frequently heard among educated people, who ought to know better than to use it, and has invaded the forum and the senate—if it have not yet penetrated into the pulpit. "Bloke," "duffer," and "cad" are words familiar to aristocratic lips. "Who is that awfully fine filly?" says Fitz-Noodle to his companion at an evening party; "she's dreadfully nicely groomed!" As if the fine girl had just been trotted out of the stable, after a careful curry-combing, or rubbing down. Even ladies—but fortunately not gentlewomen—have caught the contagion of vulgarity from their husbands, lovers, or brothers, and defiled their fair lips with what is called fast language, and with words which, if they only knew their meaning and origin, they might blush to pronounce—if blushing were still in fashion.

Though new words, however unobjectionable in their origin, are slow to find favour, they are destined to live hereafter in the language if they express meanings or shades of meanings better or more tersely than the pre-existing terms or combinations. Of five among such useful neologisms that have all but established themselves—namely *folk-lore*, *outcome*, *funster*, *criticaster*, and *disacquainted*, only the first has as yet been admitted to the honours of the dictionary. *Outcome* is in constant use, so constant that it threatens, though without occasion, to supersede entirely its more ancient synonyms, "result" and "issue." *Criticaster* is as legitimate a word as *poetaster*,

and is much needed for the proper designation of the little presumptuous and often ignorant pretenders to literature and art, who sit in judgment upon their betters, and squeak their praise—and more often their dispraise—through the penny trumpets of the time. *Funster*—founded on the same principle as the recognised word *punster*—is a clear gain to the language, and is much better than “wag,” “joker,” or “funnyman,” with which it is synonymous. To say that we are *disacquainted* with a person, to whom we were formerly more or less known, is a better locution than to say that we have “dropped his acquaintance,” and will doubtless make good its footing. It is not exactly a new word, but a revival of one that has been obsolete during two or three centuries.

It is doubtful whether the word *endorse*, borrowed from the language of commerce, and originally signifying to write one's name on the back of a bill of exchange, is a gain to the language, in the sense in which in our day it is too commonly employed. I *endorse* that statement, I *endorse* that opinion, are not better than to say, I agree in that opinion, or I confirm that statement, though perhaps more consistent with the train of thought among a “nation of shopkeepers.”

The English language still waits for many new words—and will receive them as the time rolls on. Among the most urgent of them is a synonym for “wholesale” in the uncommercial sense. To speak of wholesale objections, wholesale robberies, or wholesale murders, is to employ a word that labours under the double disadvantage of inadequacy and vulgarity. The French phrase *en gros* is something, though not much better. It should be stated, however, that the English language is not alone in the abuse of this commercial word as applied to matters entirely non-commercial, and in no way pertaining to the shop. But doubtless if a word were coined for such an epithet as “*wholesale* murder,” it would not be generally or even partially accepted. Many new words, or words long since obsolete in England, come back to us from the United States, that retain very many Shakespearian and sixteenth- and seventeenth-century expressions that have long disappeared from the literary language of the nineteenth, and are gradually finding their way into currency mainly through the instrumentality of the newspapers. Of words entirely new to English proper, which have recently come into favour, are *skedaddle*, *boss*, *ranche*, *bogus*, *caucus*, and *vamose*. Among political phrases, derived from the vernacular of wild and uncultivated territory, are *log-rolling*, *wire-pulling*, and *axe-grinding*; and of combinations of old words, and of more or less justifiable innova-

upon the old rules of grammatical construction, are to *collide*, instead of to come into collision ; *burgle*, instead of to commit a burglary ; and to *telescope*—applied to railway accidents when the force of a collision causes the cars or carriages to run or fit into each other, like the lengthening and consequently shortening slides of a telescope. Of them, *collide* must be accepted as a clear gain ; *burgle* will pass muster, among comic writers especially, and will doubtless, though wholly irregular, succeed in establishing itself—at first in jest, and afterwards in earnest ; while “to telescope,” in the sense in which it has lately become popular, is so useful in avoiding a periphrasis, and so picturesque besides, that it promises to become indispensable. To “lynch” is another American word, to signify the wild justice that, in default of adequate legal action, and in consequence of its too frequent dilatoriness and uncertainty, is inflicted by the multitude. Lynching is seldom or never resorted to in England, but is not unknown, and not unfrequently threatened. The word is supposed to have originated from the name of a backwoodsman, but is more probably derived from *luinneach* abbreviated into *lynch*, which in the Celtic, both of the Irish and Scotch, signifies wrathful, warlike, angry—hence applied to an angry mob, condemning and punishing evil-doers, in default of the legitimate but dilatory action of judges and juries.

The American word “boss” supplies in some respects a deficiency or corrects an inaccuracy in its nearly synonymous word “master.” The very free and haughtily independent American workman recognizes no “master” in his employer, but calls him his “boss,” and thinks that “master” is a word only fit to be used by negroes in a state of slavery ; which in their new state of freedom even the negroes are beginning to repudiate. A boss signifies not so much a “master” in the strict sense of the word, but an overseer, a director, a manager, and the verb to “boss” means to superintend, to manage, to control, or be responsible for the labour of the workmen and the proper completion of their work. The word has been partially adopted by the English newspapers, one of which informed its readers through the medium of its ubiquitous and omniscient London correspondent, that it was well known that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the President of the Board of Trade, “was the boss of the Birmingham Caucus.” The *St. James's Gazette* of November 11, 1882, in an article on American politics, and the results upon the state of parties of the recent elections of State functionaries, and the pernicious system of exacting an annual contribution from any official, high or low, who owes his place to the organization of either the new Republican or Democratic party, says : “Among the proxi-

mate causes of the reaction against the Republican party in America, the scandalous persistence of the leaders in keeping up the system of political assessments on public officers must be reckoned as the chief. The machine theory on the subject is simple enough. The office-holders owe their places to their party ; therefore they ought to contribute from their pay to the campaign funds. Control of these funds gives the *bosses* their chief power. The machine methods have failed this time. But that, the *bosses* will say to the reformers, is because you chose to be disgusted with them. You thwarted us, no doubt ; but you have still to show that you can lead on the lines of purity, the masses that we controlled by corruption." "Boss" in this passage is correctly used as an American word for a purely American practice, though it is to be hoped neither the word nor the thing will ever become naturalized in this country. "Boss," or "to boss," was, according to some philologists, originally introduced into the New World by Irish or Scottish immigrants, from the Gaelic *bos*, the hand. But this is erroneous. The word is derived from the Dutch settlers who first colonized New Amsterdam, first called New York by the English when the colony changed masters by coming into the possession of the British Government. *Baas* in the Dutch language signifies a master, or the foreman of a workshop. Perhaps even the English-speaking population of the States, if they had known that "boss" was no other than Dutch for master, might in their Republican pride have repudiated the word and invented another.

The constant and rapidly increasing intercourse between Great Britain and the United States, the growing influence and enterprise of American newspapers, and the consequent circulation in this country of the most important among them, together with the ample quotations which are made from them in the London and provincial press, tend, imperceptibly perhaps, but very effectually, to Americanize the style as well as the language of newspaper writers in this country, especially of those who do not stand in the foremost rank of scholarship. Fifty, or even forty, years ago what are called "leading articles" were much fewer and better written than they are now. One really good leading article was considered sufficient editorial comment for one day, but at the present time it seems to be a rule with all the principal journals of the metropolis to publish at least four such articles every morning, even though the subjects really worthy of comment do not amount to half the number. The provincial journals too often follow the unnecessary example, and instead of filling their columns with news,

which their readers require, fill them with stale opinions and vapid commentaries which nobody cares about. So careless and slipshod, for the most part, is the style of these articles, that cultivated and busy men are often compelled to pass them over unread. A learned man, who filled the position of sub-editor to the *Morning Advertiser*, was, a few years ago, called to account by the committee of management, composed of licensed victuallers, for inserting a paragraph of news one day which had appeared in its columns on the day previous. The sub-editor denied the fact. The indignant committee thereupon produced the paragraph in question—which had been quoted and commented upon in a “leading” article—and asked for an explanation. “I never read the leading articles,” replied the peccant sub-editor; “I have too much regard for pure English to run the risk of contamination.”

When, about forty years ago, Albany Fonblanque of the *Examiner*, John Black, Charles Buller, and W. J. Fox of the *Morning Chronicle*, with other now forgotten masters of style, who were both scholars and politicians, were connected with the daily press of the metropolis, the paucity as well as the purity of their contributions excited general attention and admiration; but in our day the very multiplicity of leading articles deprives them of the notice which they might otherwise receive. Not that the chief lights of our daily literature do anything to deteriorate or vulgarize the language. That unhappy task remains to the third-rate writers, who allow their slight stock of good English to be diluted with the inferior vernacular verbiage that reacts upon us from the United States, where the English of the farm, the workshop, or the counter is considered, with true Republican equality, to be quite good enough for the senate, the pulpit, or the press. The evils of this ultra-plebeian style of writing are beginning to be felt in the United States themselves. A recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, speaking of the press in that country, condemns in very forcible terms, “its insidious blood-poisoning at the well of English undefiled;” “its malign infatuation for coarseness and slang;” “its corrupt and mongrel vocabulary;” “its vampire persistency;” and “its salacious flavouring of scandal.” These are hard words, but it cannot be said that they are wholly unmerited.

But language always deteriorates when the morals of a people become depraved, when the growth of political corruption hardens the heart and dulls the conscience of a nation; when men, and worse still when women, lose the feeling and the habit of reverence, and when the cynical sneer or the senseless ridicule of the high

and low vulgar are fashionable. When honest love is designated as "spoons" and spooniness, when disinterested friendship which does not value friendship for its own priceless self, but for what real or supposed advantage it may bring to the person who pretends to feel it—is declared to be folly—the language in which such sentiments are uttered is already in course of putrefaction. And when the lives of the great multitude of men and women, and even of children, are wholly engrossed with the care and struggles necessary to surmount the difficulties and soften the hardships of merely animal existence, and when consequently little time or taste is left them for intellectual enjoyment or mutual improvement, the deterioration of language receives an impetus which gradually hastens the undesirable consummation of rendering the pure speech of our fathers or grandfathers unintelligible to their degenerate descendants.

A noble language leads necessarily to a noble literature, and these in indissoluble union are the grandest inheritances and most justifiable pride of a nation. Rome and Greece as powers in the world have passed away, but their language and literature remain the everlasting monuments of their departed glory. Our noble English language must of necessity receive modifications and accretions as the ages roll onwards. But our present and future writers, without rejecting the new words that are certain sooner or later to enrich or extend the language, should make it their duty and their pride to transmit unimpaired to posterity the splendid heritage which has been entrusted to their guardianship. The task is more difficult now than it was a hundred years ago. At that date the contaminating influences were few and feeble. Now they are many and strong; but none the less, and all the greater, is the duty of all who can help to do so to keep, like Chaucer, the "well of pure English undefiled"; let the defilement come whence it will, whether from the corruption of manners or the force of evil example.

DUDLEY ERRINGTON.

MY MUSICAL LIFE.

I.

I AM going to be what the critics call egotistical. I am going to talk about myself. I think it was Lord Beaconsfield who said that a man was usually interesting in proportion as his talk ran upon what he was familiar with ; and that as a man usually knew more about himself than about anything else, he seldom failed to be tolerable if his self-centred talk turned out to be unaffected and sincere.

The obvious retort is, Suppose you are not worth talking about ? Well, that must be always a matter of opinion, and one concerning which, when it becomes a personal question, an author or any other man is liable to have his judgment warped. My own judgment was early warped. After the publication of "Music and Morals," thirteen years ago, which, if I had had the foresight to keep it in my own hands, would have brought me in a little income, I came to the conclusion that what the public liked about that book was not the mistakes, nor the criticisms, nor the metaphysics, nor the biographies, but the fact that I looked at music in my own way. The public liked that and said so ; but that looking at things through one's own eyes instead of through alien spectacles, is just what the critics cannot abide. So I was not surprised to find columns in most of the leading papers at the time written to prove that my book was an entirely worthless production, and that I was an amateur and knew nothing about music. Nor did I get much more encouragement from the clerical world to which I belong. I was, in short, warned off by the musical press, and "damned with faint praise" in the religious newspapers.

The clergy said I knew little about "morals," but trifled pleasantly enough with music. The musicians said they had no doubt I was a good clergyman, but had better let music and musicians alone.

Fortunately the general, including a large section of the musical, public cared neither for the clergy nor the professors ; they bought my book and, like *Oliver Twist*, asked for more. It was my first work—nobody but Dean Alford, editor of the *Contemporary*, who printed chapters of it in his review, at the time believed in me—the publisher, who saw no reason why the book should sell more than

other books, was slow to be convinced, and he paid for his distrust by having to reprint "Music and Morals" three times and then stereotype. The first edition was a real godsend to the critics; it was full of small inaccuracies. These were set right for me by a friend, and the book is now comparatively free from mistakes. The Americans continue to print the early edition; but as our English publishers refuse even now, at Mr. Tennyson's own request, to correct the misprints which crept into his early editions, I must not complain of the Americans. The publishers have treated me well as times go, and the public more than well. It was *my own* impressions about music that readers seemed to care for, not the opinions of others about me or my impressions. And I have come to the conclusion that if some of us were a little less shy about saying out what we personally feel about morals as well as music, even should our thoughts not be very remarkable, life would be richer, we should be more useful in our generation, and neither the cause of music nor morals would greatly suffer. Those who object to personal experiences need not read mine; and as for the critics, every one must live; and if they can get a living off the very poor mince-meat they make of me, I can say to them, as Rousseau or some one else said to the fly or something else, "Pauvre bête—there is room enough in the world for thee and me."

When sensitive authors quarrel with critics they should reflect that some of them have not time to cut open their book, and others have not had time to read it; but, anyhow, write they must; the pay is low—about £1 a page at best—and when time is precious it is easier to condemn than to estimate. On the whole, with several exceptions, the press have treated me kindly enough. I have been praised far beyond my deserts, and this, if it has not, alas! succeeded in raising me in my own estimation, has pleased me very much, enlarged my heart, and made me feel in love and charity with all men.

But authorship, especially critical authorship, has peculiar trials and involves odd and miscellaneous responsibilities. From the numerous letters that I get from persons who believe themselves to be the happy owners of violins by the Cremonese makers, I cannot but feel that my name is generally associated with the violin. After my lecture on old violins at the Royal Institution I was weak enough to answer some of these letters and occasionally to look at a violin. I soon discovered my mistake. My name was taken in vain by any one who had a bad fiddle to sell. I was said to have seen it. Fiddles were even sold on the strength of such flimsy hearsay and fetched good prices. Need I say that I turn away my eyes now when

I see a fiddle, am "not at home" when your violin pest calls with his shabby case, and close my lips when the subject crops up in general conversation?

I am also much afflicted by a class of persons who are perpetually consulting me about bells, of course always proposing to be guided by my advice. They usually want me to say that the English bells are as good as the Belgian bells, and when they cannot entrap me into that admission, they go away, after wasting my time, and order English bells all the same. I really don't care whether they order English or Belgian bells any more than whether they think their German Klotz is a "Steiner" or their Mirecourt Guarnerius is a real "Joseph."

Had I only written on music, my time might still have been my own, and I might have got credit for knowing something about that art—even with the professors—but I have never tried to write up to people's notions of what I knew, or live up to people's ideas of what I was. I have written about what happened to interest me—including theology—and tried to do my duty generally in that state of life to which the Church Catechism alludes.

Were I so much as to glance at my clerical correspondence, I should run into an entirely new chapter. I will leave my polemical sorrows alone at present.

Only the other day an Italian nobleman wrote to me asking for several details connected with Garibaldi's unfortunate second marriage, as he understood I was an authority on that subject. I sometimes try to settle in my own mind what I am an authority on, and what I can do; but directly I get a little comfortable, I receive a rude shock and feel quite unsettled again.

In London some people have told me that I was a preacher, but no lecturer. In the provinces I have been kindly received as a lecturer; but people cannot understand my proposing to preach a sermon, although it is, after all, to preaching that I have devoted the best years and the heartiest efforts of my life. Last week, however, a cheap pirated edition of my works was sent me from America, in which I am told that, as a preacher, I have had no success in London, but that my books have a large circulation.

From the Americans who interview me occasionally, I learn that I am supposed to be a prominent member—perhaps even spokesman—of the Broad Church Party; but if I venture to call my own views "Broad Church," I am at once repudiated by those who understand themselves to be the pillars of that sect, if sect it be; and my utterances are usually repudiated or ignored by "Liberal Church-

men." So it seems as hopeless for me to aspire to a "label" in the Church as out of it! Why are people never happy about you unless they can ticket you?

Under all these circumstances, it is hardly worth while for me to attempt to pose as a musician or a moralist—to set up as a bell or a violin connoisseur, as a lecturer or a preacher, or a journalist, or a judge of art, or a liberal thinker.

There is, however, one opinion which used to be widely held by my friends in the old days, and to which I subscribed for many years. It was that nature intended me for a violinist. I don't know why people object to the word "fiddler," which is the older and better word—but they do; so I will call myself for the present a violinist.

There is something about the shape of a violin—its curves, its physiognomy, its smiling and genial S ?'s—which seems to invite and welcome inspection and handling. Tarisio, the Italian carpenter, came under this fascination to good purpose. He began by mending old fiddles; he played himself a little; he got more enamoured of these mysterious, lifeless yet living companions of his solitude, until he began to "trade in fiddles."

At the beginning of this century, hidden away in old Italian convents and wayside inns, lay the masterpieces of the Amati, Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and Bergonzi, almost unknown and little valued. But Tarisio's eye was getting cultivated. He was learning to know a fiddle when he saw it. "Your violino, signior, requires mending?" says the itinerant pedlar, as he salutes some monk or padre known to be connected with the sacristy or choir of Pisa, Florence, Milan. "I can mend it." Out comes the Stradivarius, with a loose bar or a split rib, and sounding abominably. "Dio mio!" says Tarisio, "and all the blessed saints! but your violino is in a bad way. My respected father is prayed to try one that I have, in perfect and beautiful accord and repair; and permit me to mend this worn-out machine." And Tarisio, whipping a shining, clean instrument out of his bag, hands it to the monk, who eyes it and is for trying it. He tries it; it goes soft and sweet, though not loud and wheezing, like the battered old Strad. Tarisio clutches his treasure. The next day back comes the pedlar to the cloister, is shown up to the padre, whom he finds scraping away on his loan fiddle. "But," he exclaims, "you have lent me a beautiful violino and in perfect order." "Ah! if the father would accept from me a small favour," says the cunning Tarisio. "And what is that?" "To keep the violino that suits him so well, and I will take in

exchange the old machine which is worn out, but with my skill I shall still make something of it ! ”

A glass of good wine, or a lemonade, or black coffee, clinches the bargain.

Off goes Tarisio, having parted with a characterless German fiddle—sweet and easy-going and “looking nice,” and worth now about £5—in perfect order, no doubt,—and having secured one of those gems of Cremona which now run into the 300 pounds. Violin-collecting became the passion of Tarisio’s life. The story has been told by Mr. Charles Reade, and all the fiddle-world knows how Tarisio came to Paris with a batch of old instruments, and was taken up by Chanot and Vuillaume, through whose hands passed nearly every one of those *chefs-d’œuvre* recovered by Tarisio in his wanderings, which now are so eagerly contended for by English and American millionaires, whenever they happen to get into the market. I have heard of a mania for snuff-boxes—it was old Lablache’s hobby. There are your china-maniacs, and your picture-maniacs, and your old-print connoisseurs who only look at the margin, and your old book-hunters who only glance at the title-page and edition, and your coin-collectors, and your gem-collectors, who are always being taken in ; but for downright fanaticism and “gone cooniness,” if I may invent the word, commend me to your violin-maniac. He who once comes under that spell, goes down to the grave with a disordered mind. I have sometimes attributed the confusion of my own ideas to this.

I said some paragraphs back that I was intended for a violinist by nature. I can understand Tarisio’s passion, though I never followed out that particular branch of it which led him to collect, repair, and sell. I could not buy violins—the prices have risen since the days of Tarisio. I could not cheat people out of them. I felt the world was too knowing, and then I was too virtuous. I could not “travel” in violins. It was not my vocation, and I might in these days have gone far and got little—for it is now about as easy to find a Stradivarius as a Correggio. But long before I had ever touched a violin I was fascinated with its appearance. In driving up to town—when, as I stood up in the carriage, I could just look out of the window—I noted certain fiddle shops hung with mighty rows of double-basses. I had dreams of these large editions—these patriarchs of the violin, as they seemed to me. I compared them in my mind with the smaller tenors and violins. I dreamed about their brown, big, dusty bodies and affable good-natured-looking heads and grinning \int ’s. These violin shops were the great points watched for

on each journey up to London from Norwood, where I spent my early days. We passed through Kennington. Sometimes we used to stop at a friend's house overlooking the common. He was old, quaint, and musical. His name was Dr. Maitland—the celebrated author of “The Dark Ages.” An organ, with black keys where the piano's are white, and white where the piano's are black, stood in the hall. This instrument was atrociously out of tune, but I used always to pump it full of wind whenever I got the chance, and let off as many of the discordant pipes as possible before being stopped. The old gentleman had a fiddle, and a couple of friends used sometimes to look in and bring theirs, and they played Hasse's and Corelli's trios. I remember at that early age discovering the rudiments of the then famous Jullien's Bridal Waltz in a movement of old Hasse. Considering the great dearth of respectable violin music for beginners, I have often wondered why those old simple and severe giges and sarabands are not more often utilised. In any sale of old music, or at second-hand music shops, certain neatly bound though time-worn and time-honoured “sets” can still be picked up. Though stiff and formal, as it were, with starched frills and periwigs and powder, what richness of idea, what elegant form, what severe development! Men were feeling their way into the paradise of modern music; but all was new to them; they do not disguise it, the naïve delight in effects repeated again and again with consummate gravity and gusto, *because* they were new, the placid contentment with a simple flowing bit of melody, and the frequent employment of the perfect cadence in season and out of season, reminding one that only 333 years had passed away since Monteverde had laid the foundation of modern music by that famous discovery.

To a *blasé* world it is refreshing to go back and keep company with those old pioneers of art, and realise sympathetically with them the joy of doing a thing for the first time. The first time! What heights and depths are there in those three short monosyllables! The first time your soul has thrilled to eloquence, the first time a poetical thought has kindled you, the first time you noticed the charm of a woman's society, the first time your pulses quickened at her approach, the first time you found a congenial friend, the first time you perceived in colour and sound something which went beyond the eye or the ear and became the interpreter of the soul. The joy of the explorer as he sails into an unknown sea, the ecstasy of the astronomer as a new planet floats into the telescope, the thrill of the experimentalist who combines with a new result substances which from the beginning of time have never been thus brought together, the

glow of the historian when, after poring over his facts, the meaning of them dawns upon him, and a theory is born once and for ever which is destined to introduce order and meaning into what before was chaos !

I suppose youth is, after all, the great season of surprises, as it certainly is of delights. There never were such buttercup fields and strawberry ices as in the days of my childhood. Men try to make hay now, but it is poor work ; and as for the modern ices, they are either frozen wrong or ill-mixed. They don't suit me, who remember what they were in the Exhibition of 1851.

One of my keenest musical impressions is connected with that marvellous show. I shall never see such another. As I stood in the gallery of the great transept and looked down upon a spectacle such as has been witnessed since, but had never before been seen, a feeling of intoxication—there is no other word for it—came over me. That moving thronging mass of gaily-dressed people below, fading away into the distance, the sunshine that filled the crystalline building, the glittering sheen reflected from a million facets as of diamonds flecking with rainbow hues the vapours which dimmed the long perspective. The murmur of that echoing, moving throng beneath is still in my ears ; it mingles with the splashing of fountains that rose from vast shining basins and crystal cones amid tropical foliage, the Oriental stalls, the hangings, the gaudy red flags white lettered, the decorated produce of many nations arranged in what appeared to me to be magic grottoes of marvellous wealth and beauty ; the snowy statues, many of them colossal, standing out in bold relief against green foliage, or Eastern cloth of gold, or crimson and azure tapestries—all this rises before me as I write.

I remember perfectly well falling into a kind of dream as I leant over the painted iron balcony and looked down on this splendid vista. The silver-bell-like tones of an Erard—it was the 1,000 guinea piano—pierced through the human hum and noise of splashing waters, but it was a long way off. Suddenly, in the adjoining gallery, the large organ broke out with a blare of trumpets that thrilled and riveted me with an inconceivable emotion. I knew not then what those opening bars were. It was martial, festal, jubilant, and full of triumph. I listened and held my breath to hear Mendelssohn's Wedding March for the first time, and not know it ! To hear it when half the people present had never heard of Mendelssohn, three years after his death, and when not one in a hundred could have told me what was being played—that is an experience I shall never forget. As successive waves of fresh inex-

haustible inspiration flowed on vibrating through the building without a check or a pause, the peculiar Mendelssohnian spaces of cantabile melody alternating as they do in that march with the passionate and almost fierce decision of the chief processional theme, I stood riveted, bathed in the sound as in an element. I felt ready to melt into those harmonious yet turbulent waves and float away upon the tide of 'music's golden sea setting towards Eternity.' The angel of Tennyson's Vision might have stood by me whispering,

And thou listenest the lordly music flowing from the illimitable years.

Some one called me, so I was told afterwards, but I did not hear. Supposing that I was following, they went on, and were soon lost in the crowd. Presently one came back and touched me, but I did not feel. I could not be roused, my soul was living apart from my body. When the music ceased the spell slowly dissolved, and I was led away still half in dreamland. For long years afterwards the Wedding March, which is now considered *banal* and claptrap by the advanced school, affected me strangely. Its power over me has almost entirely ceased. It is a memory now more than a realisation—

eheu ! fugaces, Posthume,
Posthume, labuntur anni—

This was in 1851, but it must have been about the year 1846 that I was taken up to a concert at Exeter Hall, and heard there for the first time what seemed to me to be music of unearthly sweetness. The room was crowded. I was far behind. I could only see the fiddlesticks of the band in the distance. Four long-drawn-out tender wails on the wind rising, rising ; then a soft, rapid, flickering kind of sound, high up in the treble clef, broke from a multitude of fiddles, ever growing in complexity as they divided the harmonies amongst them, pausing as the deep melodious breathing of wind instruments suspended in heavy slumbrous sighs their restless agitation, then recommencing till a climax was reached, and the whole band broke in with that magnificent subject which marks the first complete and satisfying period of musical solution in the overture to the *Midsummer's Night Dream* !

I was at once affected as I had never before been. I did not know then that it was the Mendelssohn mania that had come upon me. It seized upon the whole musical world of forty years ago, and discoloured the taste and judgment of those affected, for every other composer. The epidemic lasted for about twenty years at its height ; declined rather suddenly with the growing appreciation of **Schumann**,

the tardy recognition of Spohr, and the revival of Schubert, receiving its *quietus* of course with the triumph of Wagner. People *now* "place" Mendelssohn, *then* they worshipped him. Can I forget the heavenly close of that dream overture that day? Mr. Willy—that capital *chef d'orchestre*, so strict, so true, so sympathetic—was leading the band. The enchanting master, who was to pass away in the following year, Felix Mendelssohn, was still alive. He might have been in London at the time. It was the very year he conducted the "Elijah" at Birmingham. His works, at the moment when he was to be taken from us for ever, were being played in all the concert rooms in London; the D Minor and C Minor trios, his pianoforte concertos, the Ruy Blas, the overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream. That day the band played with that freshness and sympathy which made their own intense delight contagious. I can never hear the heavenly-sleep music at the close of the overture—which some dull people declare is borrowed from Weber—without the memory of those indescribable sensations carrying me back to that day in Exeter Hall.

When I heard the Wedding March later in 1851, without knowing whose or what it was, I had the same feeling. My spirit unconsciously saluted the genius who was destined to rule my musical aspirations for nearly thirty years. I was no doubt very young and ignorant and inexperienced. I was scraping Hasse, Corelli, and modern opera tunes on a very bad fiddle at home. "La Pluie des Perles" and "La Tenerezza," and such-like pianoforte rubbish of the period, seemed to me delicious, and Henri Herz's stupid firework-variations struck me as sublime. When Sterndale Bennett sat down to the piano one day and played two or three of the "Songs without Words," then great novelties, my perception failed me. I thought nothing of them nor of him. It was some years before I learned to prefer such pianoforte masterpieces to the showy and ephemeral schools of Czerny, Herz, and Thalberg. Why I was so instantly won by the overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream, and so insensible at first to the "Songs without Words," is to me a riddle. After the first hearing of the overture I became a confirmed Mendelssohnian. I next heard "I would that my love," sung by two boys at the Brighton College, and I could listen to nothing else that night.

In 1847 I was staying at a house where the overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream was played and a pianoforte duet. It is arranged *à quatre mains* by Mendelssohn himself. Every evening it was my unspeakable delight to listen to it. The world at large

was not then much excited about Mendelssohn—no one spoke of him out of certain musical cliques, and I was not in the cliques—but my curiosity was intensely excited ; every scrap of news about him I fell upon eagerly. In those days I never read the papers. I never knew when Mendelssohn was in England ; no one ever told me about the “Elijah” at Birmingham in 1846. No one took me to see or hear Mendelssohn when he was playing and conducting in London. Everything in this world seems unimportant until all is too late. The angels come in and the angels go out, but we never know them until they have withdrawn themselves from us. Then we look up to heaven, and our eyes fill with burning bitter tears.

One night, just as the last notes of that overture had been struck on the piano, the door opened—it was at Guildford—some one came in with a newspaper—“Mendelssohn is dead.” “Dead!” echoed the girl who had been playing the treble, her hand falling from the white keys as though suddenly paralysed—“dead!” She rose from the piano and walked to the other end of the room. I was watching her. I had desolate thoughts of my own. “I shall never see him now,” I thought ; “he will make no more music.” The girl came back. She was silent and agitated ; she could not control her emotion, and she left the room hurriedly. Others were there, but none seemed to feel it as she did, or as I did. It was news to them ; to us it was a calamitous, irreparable, personal loss.

Boys don't weep on these occasions, but I had my own thoughts, and I could understand another's.

From that day Mendelssohn became my patron saint in music. I used to see his face in dreams, transfigured, splendid with inspired thought. He would come to me and smile, and speak kind words. I seemed then to have known him long, his step was familiar, the long fingers of his beautiful white hand—that perfect hand of which Mr. Chappell has an exact cast—his slight figure, his wavy, sunny hair, his noble forehead, his large gentle eyes beaming with a certain childlike fondness, full of unconscious simplicity, flashing at times with a fire so intense that it seemed to burn into the soul of every man in the orchestra. It was matter of common remark that when Mendelssohn conducted a perfectly sympathetic band, he would at times almost cease to move the *bâton*. Then, with his head a little on one side, himself listening like one entranced, his spirit alone seemed to sway the musicians, who followed every inflexion and vibrated to every pulse of his meaning, as though he had placed them under some strange kind of magnetic control.

This recurrent vision of my companionship with Mendelssohn—

the impossibility of believing him to be dead, our frequent and strange meeting in the land of dreams—remains one of the sweetest illusions of my early youth.

I never meet him now. I never see him. He never comes to me. Whenever I think of him, I think not of the living Mendelssohn of my dreams, but of the placid head lying pillowed in its last sleep as sketched by his friend, and since engraved. The summer wind seems stirring amongst the branches that wave close by, and underneath are written those words from the "Elijah" which he selected and set not long before his death to the divinest music, "And after the fire a still small voice, 'And in that still voice onward came the Lord' . . ."

H. R. HAWEIS.

THE "HOLY GRAIL" A CORAL STONE.

I.

IN a previous essay,* speaking of Richard Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung," I have explained how, by a gradual misunderstanding of words, it came to pass that the weird Drama of Revenge, which in the German epic is enacted for the murder of Siegfried, was laid in the "Hunnic" kingdom, on the Danube; whereas, in the purer text of the Edda, a similar tragedy clearly occurs in the land of the Teutonic Hunes, on the Lower Rhine.

According to the older Norse songs, the mythic national hero of Germany—who in the Edda itself is described as such, and by no means as a Northman—lived and died in Rhenish lands. He was of that Hunic (far from Hunnic!) tribe of the German race, which has left the imprint of its warrior fame in many place-names of this country, from Kent and Suffolk up to Shetland. Taking the Sigurd and Niflung tales of the Edda as our earliest text, I have shown that, after Siegfried's death, Atli, a Hunic German king in the Netherlands, sent his messengers to the Burgundian kinsmen of the hero on the Upper Rhine, to lure them into his territory for purposes of sanguinary revenge.

Out of this purely Teutonic tale, a hybrid story was evolved after the confused struggles of the Great Migrations. Then Atli, the German, was made to slide into the figure of the terrible Mongolic Scourge of God, Attila or Etzel. From the Rhenish Netherlands the scene of the final catastrophe was, in accordance with this change, transposed to the Lower Danube. The Hunes of the Edda became Hunns. Through a mere misconception of language, the tragic end of the weird Nibelung plot thus became connected with the foreign Asiatic invaders of Europe!

In the following, which again touches upon a production by Wagner, I will deal with another strange transmutation, wrought partly on mythological, partly on historical ground. I mean the legend of the Holy Grail, or *Gral*, and its literal connection with a knight ladies' ornament—the *coral*!

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1883.

II.

A few words may here first be said on Richard Wagner's last great music drama, which is based on the Parcival, or, as he chose to call it, Parsifal legend. It is the legend of the Knights of the Holy Grail—that wonderful vessel from which, according to one of the mediæval tales, the Saviour took the Holy Supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood of Christ. This poetical return of Wagner to a subject of mixed religious mysticism and fleshly incidents has been variously judged in Germany, where *Parsifal* was for the first time performed at Baireuth, last summer. It will again be put on the stage there in a few weeks. All we can hope is that Wagner's more eccentric disciples will not try to use *Parsifal* as a means of furthering an intellectual relapse—a decapitation of mind—for the greater glory of visionary belief.

In German literature the Grail, or Gral, story was first introduced by the famed *Minne-singer*, or chivalrous poet, Wolfram von Eschenbach. In a temple-like castle—so the fable went—which was situated on Munsalvæsch, or Mont Salvatsche (that is, the Mountain of Salvation), there dwelt a martial body, the so-called *Templeisen*, who kept good watch and ward over the Holy Gral. Angels had brought down the sacred treasure, which consisted of a single gem, from the heights of heaven. Its name was read on a star. Wonderful qualities were inherent to it, as it descended, or rose, in mysterious manner.

It was said that the martial and chaste brotherhood "lived on this stone." Anyone gazing at the holy bowl received such youth into his flesh and bone as to be charmed against dying the week that followed. Whoever saw it had his colour preserved—both maid and man. Indeed, a person's best time then began; and if he or she saw the stone for two hundred years, their hair would not become grey.

In Wolfram von Eschenbach's words—

Ez wont manc werlichiu hant
ze Munsalvaesche bîme grâl
Si lebet von einem steine :
des geslâhte ist vil reine
Ouch wart nie menschen so wê,
swelhes tages ez den stein gesiht,
die wochen mac ez sterben niht,
diu aller schierst darnâch gestêt.
Sin varwe im nimmer ouch zergêt :
man muoz im sölher varwe jehn
dâ mit ez hat den stein gesehn,
ez si maget ode man,
als dô sîn bestiu zît huop an.
sach es den stein zweihundert jâr,
im enwurde denne grâ sîn hâr,

Selhe kraft dem menschen gît der stein,
 daz im fleisch unde bein
 jugent enphacht al sunder twâl.
 der stein ist ouch genant der grâl.

The origins and sources of this strange Gral myth have been sought in old Hindu tales of a blissful place of eternal peace and joy ; in Hellenic descriptions of the divine repasts of the pious Æthiopians ; in accounts of the Dionysos mysteries, in which a precious bowl plays a part. The Kaaba at Mekka also has been alluded to by way of mythological comparison. In the same way reference has been made to the German "Tischlein, deck dich," or "Little table, lay thyself" tale in which a remnant of a once higher and nobler Paradise myth seems to be preserved.

At any rate, no doubt exists among those competent to judge that, in the Grail myths, tales of the far East have become blended with Christian legends, especially with that of the New Jerusalem of St. John's Revelation. And, as is usually the case, historical events have been grafted upon the mythic stem. Thus, as Dr. Gustav Oppert excellently shows,¹ we see in the Knights of Mont Salvatsche a reflex of the chivalry of Salvatierra, in Spain, which fought against the Mahomedans. The temple-like castle of the Knights of the Gral reminds us of the fortified place of that historical chivalry of Spain (*Castrum Salutis*), and of its cloister Monsalud (*Mons Salutis*), in which latter the Convent or Convocation of the Order took place.

III.

But what about the literal meaning of the word "Gral" ?

Attempts have been made to explain it from the Keltic, from the Latin or French, even from the Arabic. The word has been interpreted as a bowl, a vessel, a drinking cup ; as the "blood of the Lord" (*sang réal*) ; as the foreskin of Christ ; as a cave, and what not.

But how, if the life- and salvation-conferring blood-red "gral" stone, with its alleged miraculous properties, simply had its name from the coral—so that the Gral myth had arisen from the ancient classic and Oriental fables of the mysterious, miraculous quality of this life-replete stone from the sea ?

A solution of the word-riddle in this unexpected sense has been offered by the author of the above-quoted treatise. After a careful examination of his work, which is powerfully supported by Greek,

¹ *Der Gral und die Gral-Ritter in den Dichtungen Wolfram's von Eschenbach.* By Dr. Gustav Oppert, Professor of Sanskrit, Presidency College, Madras ; Telegu Translator to Government ; Curator of Government Oriental Manuscripts Library.

Latin, German, English, and Spanish texts, it seems to me that he has made out the great probability of his view in as strong a manner as possible. Dr. Gustav Oppert is the brother of the distinguished Orientalist and decipherer of cuneiform inscriptions, Dr. Julius Oppert. Among the fruits of his researches are to be noted two volumes on "The Weapons, Army Organisation, and Political Maxims of the Ancient Hindus," in which the undeniable proofs are given of gunpowder and firearms having been known already to the earlier Aryans. Impossible as it may appear to most men, at a first glance, that the invention of Berthold Schwarz and Roger Bacon should have already been made, nay, even been used for warfare, in what we usually call grey antiquity, none who carefully reads and weighs the evidence offered by Dr. Gustav Oppert will be able to dispute the perfect correctness of the fact.

But, after all, has not America also been discovered more than once—for instance, five hundred years before Columbus, by Icelanders? There is every likelihood that when Columbus landed, in 1477, at the Germanic Thule, he heard a report, although perhaps but an obscured one, of that more ancient discovery. Indeed, it is scarcely conceivable that no account should have reached him from the lips of the Norse folk of Iceland, whose historical reports and sagas concerning the great Western continent, which we now call America, we possess to this day.

These remarks may here only be made incidentally, by way of comparison, as there are too many wiseacres who treat everything that disturbs their traditional knowledge, or want of knowledge, with cheap mockery, instead of allowing themselves to be properly taught.

Now for the change of the wonder-working coral—or *kourâl* (*κουράλιον*), as the Greeks originally pronounced the word—into a "grâl," or Holy Grail.

With effective precision Dr. Gustav Oppert exhibits the gradual transition from the classic and mediæval fables about the mysterious powers of the coral to the Gral myth. Look at Ovid's "Metamorphoses"! (iv. 739-751; xv. 416-417). When Perseus had slain the Gorgo Medusa who made everything stiffen into stone, and had laid her ensanguined head on the green sward of the sea-coast, the blood dripping down converted the grass under it into red rock. But, however terrible Medusa's head continued to be to men, the coral formed from that blood brought—so people imagined—all the more wholesome and beneficial powers to mankind.

On this, details are contained in the so-called Orphic song "On Stones" ("Lithika"). From the Greek poem, all kinds of mira-

culous properties of the red sea-stone were transcribed into the Latin book, bearing the same title, of the learned Bishop of Rennes, in France, Marbodius, who died in 1123; for, as so often happens when one creed takes the place of another, from the creed which has been vanquished, a great deal of superstitious notions is always taken over into the New Faith. Thus the image of Venus and Freia shines perceptibly through many a Madonna legend. So also Medusa's head vanished as a destructive force; but the corals that had flown from it, retained for the Christian Middle Ages their salutary effect.

In the "Mirror of Nature ("Speculum Naturale"), which was published at Strassburg in 1473, we come—as already in Marbodius' work—upon various descriptions of the mysterious power of the coral. They are partly of a serious kind; partly apt, at least among us modern people, to give rise to a humorous appreciation. Ovid and the Orphic Lay are virtually quoted in this production too; at the same time Christian additions are made. Avicenna (or Ibn Sina, as his real name was) is also referred to—that Arabic philosopher and master of the healing art who, born in Bokhara about the year 980, was famed for centuries through his system of medicine. In his work the coral already appears as a heart's solace or fortifier. Indeed, by one of those crude and droll etymological derivations which were so frequent of old, we find the coral elsewhere explained in ancient writings as a heart's nourisher, from the Latin *cor* and *alere*!

To hear the coral spoken of as a charming medicament against the stomach-ache, the blear-eye, the hæmorrhage, the falling fit, and so forth, seems to-day simply amusing. We are led, however, in the "Mirror of Nature," on a darker domain of superstition when we hear the coral praised as an amulet against the devils because it frequently has a ramification as of a Cross ("*quia frequenter ramorum ejus extensio modum crucis habet*").

Here, then, we have already reached, with the coral, the ground of Christianising mythology.

IV.

From a mediæval German poem we further hear that the coral stone is only of benefit to chaste, virtuous women. So also the Gral only chooses pure virgins for its bearers. Again, that poem says that "courage is conferred upon men by the coral." This seems to point to its connection with a knighthood. A reference to Ovid (iv. 749-751) is again to be detected in the assertion of the old German poem that the coral, which had been soft under water, becomes hard when brought ashore:—

Ein stein heisset coralle
 Und ist auch rot uber alle ;
 Sein krawt in dem mere stat,
 Das selbe kurcze bletter hat.
 So man das brengit auff das lant,
 So wirt es hertte alczu hant
 Und wirt zcu desem steine gut,
 Und wirt rot als ein blut
 Das krawt, das vor was grune.
 Da von ein man wirt kune.
 Und wisset da bey zcu aller stund :
 Den h—— ist er ungesund,
 Und andern, fromen weybern gut,
 Dy weyle sy kewsz sint in dem mut.

The Cross, the defence against demons, the knightly courage of the men, the chastity of women—all this is contained in the "Mirror of Nature," and in the old German poem "Of the Power and Properties of Precious Stones," in regard to the coral ; and thus the line of transition to the Christian Gral myth is fully given.

We come still more closely to the latter in subsequent Latin writings—in the "Musæum Metallicum"—where it is literally said that "the coral represents the remembrance of the blood of Christ" ("*coralium in hac morali doctrina memoriam sanguinis Christi representare potest*"). In this book, again, there are echoes of the older hexametrical work of the Bishop of Rennes, which, on its part, evidently bases the coral fable contained in it on the Orphic lay mentioned. Thus the thread of connection from the classic to the mediæval epoch, from paganism to Christianity, remains visible everywhere.

The mediæval explanation of the coral as a heart's nourisher—

Quæritur, unde suum sint nacta corallia nomen ?
 Nempe quod his hominis cor aluisse datum—

virtually appears in Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzival." He calls the Gral—that is, in Dr. G. Oppert's view, the coral—the nourisher of the knightly Templeisen brotherhood.

Incidentally, Wolfram designates the Gral, in a corrupt Latin form, as "*lapsit exillis*," or, as other versions have it, "*lapis*" and "*erillis*." It stands to reason that "*lapsit*" is only a miswriting for *lapis* (stone) ; for, a few lines before, the poet said that the knights "live on that stone." The question would therefore only be, what "*erillis*" could mean. Now the letter "e" in that word could very easily have arisen from an oversight, instead of "co." In this way the "coral" chain of connection with the "gral" would be complete.

V.

Wolfram von Eschenbach speaks of the combustion of the Phoenix, and its resurrection from the ashes, through the miraculous powers of the Gral stone. Here Dr. Gustav Oppert points to the Phoenix myth at Heliopolis in Egypt; to the mass of corals found in the Red Sea; to the cloister in the neighbourhood of the Red Sea near the Sinai, where, according to mediæval accounts, birds deposit olive twigs within the circumvallation of the cloister, and where the monks hospitably receive the pilgrims coming there by chance, whilst he who seeks the cloister—*does not find it*.

Are we not here in the very Palace of the Gral? The mediæval myth says that nobody can find it who seeks it!

“Nor must we conceal”—says the author of the treatise before me—“that the splendid temple of the Sun God at Heliopolis in many respects reminds us of the wonderful Gral Palace.” Wolfram von Eschenbach himself alludes not only to Latin books, to chronicles in “Britâne,” France, Ireland, and Anjou, but before all to the “heathen writings” of Flegetanis, in which the Gral tale occurs.

In short, all kinds of Oriental and Christian myths are mixed together in this mediæval legend. This is shown also by what Wolfram says of the appearance, every Good Friday, of a white dove which comes from heaven to lay down a white wafer on the *lapis erillis* (or *corallis*), wherefrom that stone receives enough of all good things on earth in the way of meat and drink and of almost Paradisiacal joy. Further, he says that whenever one is destined for the service of the Gral, an inscription of the name and quality of that chosen one suddenly appears on the stone. Nobody must scrape it off; but, as soon as it has been read, it vanishes of itself.

In Wolfram's words—

Ez ist hiute der Karfrítac,
daz man für wâr dâ warten mac,
ein tûb from himel swinget :
ûf den stein diu bringet
Ein kleine wíze oblât.
ûf dem steine si die lât.
diu tûbe ist durchlûihtec blanc,
ze himel tuot si widerwanc.
immer alla karfrítage
bringet se ûf den, als i'u sage,
dâ von der stein enphaehet
swaz guots ûf erden draehet
von trinken unt von spíse
als den wunsch von pardíse :
ich mein swaz d'erde mac geben
der ríterlîchen bruoderschaft,

die pfrüende in gît des grâles kraft.
die aber zem grâle sint benant,
zende an des steines drum
von karacten ein epitafum
sagt sinen namen unt sinen art,
swer dar tuon sol die saelden vart.
ez sî von meiden ode von knaben,
die schrift darf niemen danne schaben :
sô man den namen gelesen hât,
vor ir ougen si zergât.

Now, remarkably enough, in that Eastern region which may pre-eminently be called the coral region, the same tale attached to the cloister before mentioned, in the neighbourhood of the Red Sea. In "The Voiage and Travaille of Sir John Maundeville" we read :—

"There is the Chirche of Seynte Kateryne, in the whiche ben manye Lampes brennyng. For thei han of Oyle of Olyves ynow, bothe for to brenne in here Lampes, and to ete also : and that plentee have thei be the Myracle of God. For the Ravenes, and the Crowes, and the Choughes, and other Foules of the Contree assemblen hem there every yeer ones, and fleen thider as in pilgrymage : and everyche of hem bringethe a Braunche of the Bayes or of Olyve in here Bekes, instede of Offryng, and leven hem there ; of the whiche the Monkes maken gret plentee of Oyle. . . . Whan the Prelate of the Abbeye is ded, I have undirstanden, be informacioun, that his Lampe quenchethe. And whan thei chosen another Prelate, gif he be a gode Man and worthi to be Prelate, his Lampe schal lighte, with the Grace of God, withouten touchinge of ony Man. . . . And gif he be chosen to ben Prelate, and is not worthi, is Lampe quenchethe anon. And other Men han told me that he that syngethe the Masse for the Prelate that is ded, he schalle fynde upon the Awtier the Name written of him that schalle be Prelate chosen."

Here is, in the far East, the Gral story which Wolfram places in the West, in so far as it refers to the appearance of birds every year, who bring a wonderful gift of nourishment, as well as to the miraculous appearance of the name of one who has to be chosen in the temple or cloister. No "white dove" is, however, mentioned—only ravens, crows, and choughs. Nor is Good Friday alluded to.

The particular Christian character—or what is generally supposed to be the particular Christian character—of the legend is, therefore, wanting in the latter cloister tale. The surmise naturally suggests itself, under these circumstances, that this is again a case of a Christianised myth having risen on a heathen substratum. Now, actually, Johannes de Hese, whose voyage record Dr. G. Oppert gives in his "Prester John in Myth and History," relates, in 1489,

the selfsame cloister tale, with slight variations—with this addition, that the monastic establishment in question “originally was a temple of idols, from which, when the Blessed Virgin was flying, out of fear of Herodes, to Egypt, the demons made their escape, and the idols fell—so they say” (“*prius fuit templum idolorum, in quod beata virgo cum primo venit ex metu Herodis fugiens in Egyptum, demones fugierunt et idola ceciderunt, ut dicitur*”).

In Johannes de Hese's account the birds carrying olive twigs are said to be turtle doves. Not a single “white dove” is consequently mentioned; but those love birds are specialised whom we meet with in the Melitta and Astarte (that is, Venus) worship. Among the Kyprian antiquities excavated by General di Cesnola there are life-size statues of priests holding doves in their hands. Clearly a cloister of St. Katherine—that is, the Pure One—was erected on the site of an Aphroditean temple; and that bird story, which comes up again in the Gral myth, clung to it, as so many myths of old creeds have clung to the subsequent New Faith.

VI.

The coral and the Cross; the Aphroditean bird, as the representative of loving fertility and Paradisiacal nourishment; and the white dove that comes on Good Friday, are thus curiously blended in the Gral story. All this makes strongly for Dr. Gustav Oppert's explanation of the origin of the word “gral” from “corál.”

In Spain, where Wolfram von Eschenbach's story of the chaste and martial knighthood evidently is enacted, the word *corral*—as used for a residence of a chivalrous order—may have given rise to a fresh misunderstanding. *Corral*, in that latter sense, is no doubt to be derived from the Latin *curiale*. Nevertheless the similarity of its sound with that of *coral* and *gral* is too obvious not to have helped in creating further confusion in the minds of men whose strength did certainly not lay in accurate learning.

In short, looking more deeply into the older strata of the Gral myth, we meet with a many-coloured mosaic of tales reaching far beyond Christian times. Many a rock, at first sight, looks like a formation of a single layer. Closer examination often shows us different strata, petrifications of shells, formations of the most divergent kind. The history of all creeds contains a similar confused commingling of ideas and divine figures—from the Hindu Hall of Deities to the Greek Pantheon and to the Teutonic Walhalla.

Who could wonder, then, that the name of the Gral should finally resolve itself into that of the “coral”—or the *corál*, as the original pronunciation in Greek was?

VILLAGE MINERS.

“**R**IGHT so, the hunter takes his pony which has been trained for the purpose, and stalks the deer behind him ; the pony feeds towards the herd, so that they do not mind his approach, and when within a hundred yards, the hunter kneels down in the grass and fixes his iron rest or fork in the ground. He rests his Winchester rifle in the fork, and aims under the pony (which stands quite still), at his game. He generally kills one dead at the first shot, and wounds two or three more, firing rapidly after the first discharge so as to get as many shots as possible before the herd is out of range.” So writes a friend in the wilds of Texas, adding that the hides fetch a few dollars. “Right so, departed Sir Launcelot.” . . . “Right so, Sir Launcelot, his father, dressed his spear.” . . . “Right so, he heard a voice that said ;”—so runs the phrase in the *Mort d’Arthur*, that ancient history of the Round Table, which was published nearly four hundred years ago. The coincidence of phrase indicates some resemblance in the circumstances, though so wide apart in time and distance. In England, in those old days, men lived in the woods and forests—out-of-doors—and were occupied with manual works. They had no opportunities of polishing their discourse, or their literary compositions. At this hour, in remote parts of the great continent of America, the pioneers of modern civilization may be said to live amid mediæval surroundings. The vast forests and endless prairies give a romance to common things. Sometimes pathos and sometimes humour arises in the log-cabin, and when the history of these simple but deeply human incidents comes to be told in this country, we are moved by the strange piquancy of event and language. From the new sounds and scenes, these Anglo-Saxons hewing a way through pine and hemlock now, as their ancestors hewed a way into England, have added fresh words and phrases to our common tongue. These words are not slang, they are pure primeval language. They express the act, or the scene, or the circumstance, as exactly as if it was painted in sound. For instance, the word “crack” expresses the noise of a rifle ; say “crack,” and you have the very sound ; say “detonation,” and it gives no ear-picture

at all. Such a word is "ker-chunk." Imagine a huge log of timber falling from rock to rock, or a wounded opossum out of a tree, the word expresses the sound. There are scores of such examples, and it is these pure primitive words which put so much force into the narratives of American pathos and humour.

Now, the dwellers in our own villages and country places in their way - make use of just such expressions, that is, of words which afford the ear a picture of the act or circumstance, hieroglyphs of sound, and often, both in language and character, exhibit a close parallelism with the Californian miners. Country people say "fall" for autumn; "fall" is the usual American term for that season, and fall is most appropriate for the downward curve of time, the descent of the leaf. A slender slip of womanhood in the undeveloped period is alluded to in the villages as a "slickit" of a girl. "Slickit" means thin, slender, a piece that might be whittled off a stick with a knife, not a shaving, for a shaving curls, but a "slickit," a long thin slice. If any one be carving awkwardly with the left wrist doubled under, the right arm angularly extended, and the knife sawing at a joint, our village miners and country Californians call it cack- or cag-handed. Cag-handed is worse than back-handed, it means awkward, twisted and clumsy. You may see many a cag-handed person hacking at a fowl. Hamlet folk are very apt to look a gift horse in the mouth, and if any one should receive a present not so large as expected, it would be contemptuously described as a "footy" little thing. "Footy" pronounced with a sneering expression of countenance conveys a sense of despicableness, even to those who do not know its exact definition, which may be taken as mean. Suppose a bunch of ripe nuts high up and almost out of reach; by dint of pressing into the bushes, pulling at the bough, and straining on tiptoe, you may succeed in "scaambling" it down. "Scaambling," or "scaambled," with a long accent on the aa, indicates the action of stretching and pulling downwards. Though somewhat similar in sound, it has no affinity with scramble; people scramble for things which have been thrown on the ground. In getting through hedges the thorns are apt to "limm" one's clothes, tearing a jagged hole in the coat. Country children are always "limming" their clothes to pieces; "limm," or "limb," expresses a ragged tear.

Recently, fashion set the example of ladies having their hair shorn as short as men. It is quite common to see young ladies, the backs of whose heads are polled, all the glory of hair gone, no plait, no twist, but all cut close and somewhat rough. If a village Californian

were to see this he would say, "they got their hair hogged off." "Hogged" means cut off short so as to stand up like bristles. Ponies often have hogs' manes; all the horses in the Grecian sculpture have their manes hogged. In bitter winter weather the servants in the dairies who have much to do with buckets of water, and spend the morning in splashing, for dairies need much of that kind of thing, sometimes find that the drops have frozen as they walk, and discover that their aprons are fringed with "daglets," *i.e.*, icicles. Thatched roofs are always hung with "daglets" in frost; thatch holds a certain amount of moisture, as of mist, and this drips during the day and so forms stalactites of ice, often a foot or more in length. "Clout" is a "dictionary word," a knock on the head, but it is pronounced differently here; they say a "clue" in the head. Stuttering and stammering each express well-known conditions of speech, but there is another not recognised in dictionary language. If a person has been made a butt of, laughed at, joked, and tormented till he hesitates and fumbles as it were with his words, he is said to be in a state of "hacka." "Hacka," is to have to think a minute before he can say what he wants to. This is a sort of "brain-trouble," so called, which may be added to the long list of similar difficulties. "Simmily," is a word of little interest, being evidently a mere provincialism and distortion of "seemingly," as "summat" of "something," or "somewhat," indifferently. Occasionally a person is seized with a giggling fit, laughs on the least, or without any, provocation—a rather idiotic state—which he is quite conscious of but cannot stop. Presently some one will ask, "Have you found a wicker's nest?" which is a biting sarcasm, though the precise meaning seems uncertain, unless it bears some relation to mare's nest. Mares wicker, so do goats, giggling is wickering. The first work a boy does is to go out with a clapper, or his own strong voice, to scare birds from the corn all day; this we call bird-keeping, but the lads themselves, with an appreciation of the other side of the case, call it bird-starving. Forage is often used in a general sense of food, or in the more particular sense of green food, as clover, or vetches. Fodder, on the other hand, indicates dry food, such as hay; the labourers go twice a day in winter to fodder the cattle, that is to carry them their hay. Many of these labourers before they start out to work, in their own words, fodder their boots. Some fine soft hay is pushed into the boots, forming a species of sock. Should either of them have a clumsy pair, they say his boots are like a seed-lip, which is a vessel like a basket used in sowing corn, and would be a very loose fit. They have not yet forgotten the ancient superstition about Easter

Sunday, and the girls will not go out without a new ribbon at least ; they must have something new on that day, if the merest trifle.

The backwoodsmen have found out many ways of curing cuts, wounds, bruises and injuries, rough methods, but effectual, and use the herbs and leaves much as their English forefathers did a century ago. For the most part in villages the knowledge and use of herbs has died out, and there are not many who resort to them. Elder-flower ointment, however, keeps its ground, and is, I think, still made for sale in the shops of towns. But the true country elder-flower ointment contains a little piece of adder's-tongue fern, which is believed to confer magical virtue. So curious a plant may naturally have had a mysterious value attached to it in old times. It is the presence of this touch of home-lore in the receipt which makes the product so different from the "ointment of the apothecary," manufactured by scale and weight and prosaic rule. Upon some roofs the houseleek still grows, though it is now often torn away as injurious. Where it grows it is usually on outhouses attached to the main building, sloping lean-to's. It does not present so glowing an appearance as the stonecrop, which now and then flourishes on houses, and looks like a brilliant golden cushion against the red tiles. The houseleek, however, is a singular plant, worthy of examination ; it has an old-world look, as if it had survived beyond its date into the nineteenth century. It hides in odd places and gables like a relic of witchcraft, and a black cat and an aged woman with a crutch-handled stick would be its appropriate owner. The houseleek is still used for the cure of wounds and cuts. A leaf—the leaves are rather like portions of the plant than mere leaves—is bruised to pulp, and the juice and some of the pulp mixed with cream. They say it is efficacious. They call it "silgreen." In old English singrene means evergreen. Silgreen and singreen seem close congeners. Possibly sil or sin may be translated "through" as much as "ever," for the leaf of the plant is thick, and green all through, if broken like a tough cake. I think I would rather use it than the tobacco juice which the mowers and reapers are now so fond of applying to the cuts they frequently get. They appear to have quite forsaken the ancient herbal remedies, as the sickle-herb, knotted figwort, and so on. Tobacco juice does not seem a nice thing for a bleeding wound ; probably it gets well rather in spite of it than because of it. If anyone wanted a tonic in old farm-houses, it used to be the custom, and till quite lately, to put a nail in sherry, making an iron wine, which was believed to be very restorative. Now, one of the recent additions to the wine merchants' lists is a sherry from Australia, Tintara, which

is recommended on account of its having been extracted from grapes growing on an ironstone soil. So the old things come up again in another form. There are scores of iron tonics of various kinds sold in the shops ; possibly the nail in sherry was almost as good. Those who did not care to purchase sherry, put their nail in cider. A few odd names of plants may yet be heard among the labourers, such as loving-andrews for the blue meadow geranium ; loggerums for the hard knapweed, and also for the scabious ; Saturday night's pepper for the spurge, which grows wild in gardens ; and there is a weed called good-neighbour, but as to which it is I am ignorant. The spotted-leaf orchis flowers, which grow in moist and shady meads, lifting their purplish heads among the early spring grass, are called by the children gran'fer goslings. To express extreme lack—as of money—they will say their purses are as bare as a toad is of feathers.

In these days it is the fashion to praise mattresses and to depreciate the feather bed. Nothing so healthy as a mattress, nothing so good in every way. Mattresses are certainly cheaper, and there it ends. I maintain that no modern invention approaches the feather bed. People try to persuade me to eat the coarsest part of flour—actually the rejected part—and to sleep on a mattress ; that is to say, to go back about 3,000 years in civilization. With the utmost politeness I decline. Having some acquaintance with wheat, I prefer the fine white flour, which is the very finest of all the products of the earth ; having slept on all sorts of beds, sitting on a pole, lying on turf, leant against a tree, and so forth, no one will ever persuade me that any couch is equal to a feather bed. But should any desire a yet cheaper mattress than those advertised, I can put them in the way to obtain it. Among my hamlet Californians it is not unusual to find beds in use stuffed with the hucks of oats, *i.e.* the chaff. Like the backwoodsmen, they have to make shift with what they can get. Their ancestors steamed their arrows so as to soften the wood, when it was bound to a rigid rod and hung up in the chimney to dry perfectly straight. The modern cottager takes a stout stick and boils it in the pot till it becomes flexible. He then bends it into the shape of a hook, ties it with string in that curve, and suspends it in his chimney corner to dry crooked. This crooked stick is the fagging-hook used to pull the wheat towards the reaper with the left hand, while he cuts it with the reap-hook in the right. Suppose some one wavers and cannot make up his mind. Now he will do this and now he will do that, uncertain and unstable, putting his hand to the plough and removing it again, my Californian at home would call him wivel-minded. Wivelly means undecided, wavering,

not to be depended on. It sounds like it. If the labourer gets his clothes soaked, he says they are sobbled. The sound of boots or dress saturated with rain very nearly approximates to sobbled. But gaamze is the queerest word, perhaps, of all—it is to smear as with grease. Beans are said to be cherky, which means dry. Doubtless the obese old gentleman in Boccaccio who was cured of his pains—the result of luxurious living—by a diet which forced him to devour beans for very hunger, did think them dry and cherky. They have come up again now in the shape of lentils, which are nothing but beans. It is not generally known that Boccaccio was the inventor of the bean cure. Cat's claws are notoriously apt to scratch. Should a savage cat tear out a piece of flesh from the hand, she is said to "dawk" it out. "Dawk" expresses a ferocious dab and tear combined. A sharp iron nail unseen might "dawk" the skin off an unwary hand. In ancient days when women quarrelled and fought, they are said to have "dawked" fragments from each other's faces with their finger-nails. Such incidents are now obsolete. It has often been pointed out that many names of places are reduplications. New layers of population, Saxon, Dane, or Norman, added their words with the same meaning to the former term. There is a hill called "Up-at-a-Peak." Up itself signifies high, as in the endless examples in which it forms the first syllable. Peak, of course, is point. This is a modern reduplication, not an archæological one.

If any one hacks and haws in speaking, it is called "hum-dawing." Some very prominent persons of the present day are much given to "hum-dawing," which is often a species of conversational hedging. Are "horse-stepple" and "stabbling" purely provincial, or known in towns? Stepple is the mark or step of a horse; "stabbling" is poaching up the turf or ground from continual movement of feet, whether human, equine, or otherwise. The ground near gateways in fields is often "stabbed" to such a degree in wet weather as to appear impassable. A piece of wood falling into water, gradually absorbs the liquid into its pores, and swells. The same thing happens in wet weather to gates and even doors; the wood swells, so that if they fitted at all tightly before, they can then scarcely be opened. Anything that swells in this manner by absorption is said to "plim." A sponge does not "plim;" it is not apparently larger when full of water than previously, and it is still limp. To "plim" up implies a certain amount of enlargement, and consequent tight- or firmness. Snow-flakes are called "blossoms." The word flake is unknown. Why the word "else" should be "rus" in country and town among the ill-educated is not immediately

apparent. A big baby is always a thing to be proud of, and you may hear an enthusiastic aunt describing the weight and lumpiness of the youngster, and winding up with the declaration, "He's a regular nitch." A chump of wood, short, thick, and heavy, is said to be a "nitch," but it seems gone out of use a good deal for general weights, and to be chiefly used in speaking of infants. There is a word of somewhat similar sound common among the fishermen of the south coast. Towards the stern of a fishing smack there is a stout upright post with a fork at the top, into which fork the mast is lowered while they are engaged with the nets at sea. It is called the "mitch," or "match," but though I mention it as similar in sound, I do not think it has any other affinity.

Of old time, crab-apples were usually planted in or near rick-yards or elsewhere close to farm-houses. The custom is now gone out; few crab-apples are planted, and so in course of years there will be but few. Crab-apple is not nearly so plentiful as anciently, either in hedges or enclosures. The juice of the crab-apple, *varges*, used to be valued as a cure for sprains. The present generation can hardly understand that there was a time when matches were not known. To such a period must be traced the expression still common in out-of-the-way places, of a "handful of fire." A cottager who found her fire out would go to a neighbour and bring home some live embers to light up again. When the fire chances to be nearly out, the expression is still heard both in cottages and farm-houses, "There is hardly a handful of fire." Such a mere handful is of course easily "douted." An extinguisher "douts" a candle; the heel of a boot "douts" a match thrown down. But the exact definition of "dout" is to smother, or extinguish by beating. In the days when wood fires were universal, as the wood burned, quantities of a fine white powder or ash collected, which at intervals, when the servant cleaned the hearth, was swept up into a corner. At night, if any embers remained glowing, a few shovelfuls of this heap of white ash were thrown over them before retiring, and so the fire was "douted." To smother with such ashes precisely conveys the meaning of "dout." Incipient fires in grass, straw, or other material, are often beaten out as with bushes; this too is "douting." Stick your heels in the ground, arch your spine, and drag with all your might at a rope, and then you would be said to "scout." Horses going up-hill, or straining to draw a heavily laden waggon through a mud-hole, "scout" and tug. At football there is a good deal of "scouting." The axle of a wheelbarrow revolving without grease, and causing an ear-piercing sound, is said to be giving forth a

“scrupeting” noise. What can be more explicit, and at the same time so aggravating, as to be told that you are a “mix-muddle”? A person who mixes up his commissions may feel a little abashed. A person who muddles his affairs, may not be altogether proud of his achievements. But to be a mix-muddle, to both mix and muddle, to morally fumble without tact, and display a totally imbecile wandering; I shall get mixed myself if I try to describe such a state. Mixed in this sense is American too. Take a duster, dexterously swing it, and remove a fleck of dust from a table or books, and you will understand the verb to “firk,” which is nearly the same as to flick. “Pansherds” are “potsherds.”

Here is a country receipt for discovering whether a lover is faithful or not. Take a laurel leaf, scratch his name on it, or the initials, and put it in the bosom of the dress. If it turns brown, he is true; if not, he'll deceive you. The character of a girl, according to the following couplets, is to be learned from the colour of her eyes :—

Brown eyes, beauty,
Do your mother's duty.
Blue eyes—pick-a-pie,
Lie a-bed and tell a lie.
Grey eyes—greediness,
Gobble all the world up.

The interpretation is, that brown eyes indicate a gentle and dutiful disposition. Blue eyes show their guilty tendencies—to pick-a-pie, that is to steal; to lie a-bed, that is to be idle; and to tell a lie. As for grey eyes, their selfish greediness and ambition could not be contented with less than the whole world. No one but a woman could have composed this scandal on the sex. Sometimes the green lanes are crossed by gates, over which the trees in the hedges each side form a leafy arch. On the top bar of such a gate, rustic lovers often write love messages to their ladies, with a fragment of chalk. Unable from some cause or other to keep the appointed rendezvous, they leave a few explanatory words in conspicuous white letters, so that the gate answers the same purpose as the correspondence column in the daily papers. When a gate is not available, they thrust a stick in the ground near the footpath, split the upper end, and place a piece of paper in it with the message.

The hamlet forge is not yet quite extinct, and the blacksmith's hammer sounds among the oaks. He frequently has to join two pieces of iron together, say to lengthen a rod. He places both ends in the fire, heats them to a certain point, and then presses the one

against the other. By this simple means of touching they unite, the metal becomes one almost like a chemical union, and so complete is it, that, with a little polishing to remove the marks of the fire, the join is not perceptible to an ordinary eye. This is the most perfect form of joining metal, and when accomplished, the pieces are said to be "butt-shut." The word has passed from the forge into conversation, and the expression is often heard, "That won't butt-shut." If any one be telling a tale, or giving an account of something of which his hearers are incredulous, they say it will not butt-shut, one part of the story will not agree and dovetail with the rest; there is a break in the continuity of the evidence, which does not unite and make one rod. Such a term is true miners' language. Indeed, the American backwoodsmen, miners, and so on, are really only English farmers and labourers transplanted to a freer and larger life.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

“*JOCOSERIA.*”¹

IT is rarely given to a poet not only to survive for a full half-century the publication of his first work, but to remain also, after so vast a lapse of time, in the full energy and vigour of his creative and productive power. To Landor, to Wordsworth, and to Tennyson only, in our country and century, has such a privilege been accorded. Nor can it even in their case be said that the utterance of their old age bore the same harmonious relation to their spring-time and maturity as that of the fortunate living poet whose latest gracious gift of song has just reached our hands.

Fifty years, as we said, divide Mr. Browning's latest (not, we hope, his last) book, “*Jocoseria*,” from his earliest. “*Pauline; a Fragment of a Confession*,” published anonymously in 1833, is a lengthy monologue in blank verse—one of the most remarkable poetic productions, either as regards promise or performance, ever given to the world by a youth of one-and-twenty. Neither Shelley nor Byron—we doubt whether even Keats—had written, still less published, any such verse, or any verse at all comparable to it, at that age; though, of these three, Keats died under twenty-five, Shelley under thirty, Byron little over thirty-six. The little volume—now among the *rarissima* of modern poetic rarities—failed, of course, to make any impression on the general public, or to secure even an esoteric audience, though it had the honour to draw down on itself the gibes of a *Fraserian* critic, and to attract the cordial and enthusiastic praise (with clear prophecy of its author's future greatness) of John Stuart Mill, and of William Johnson Fox in the *Monthly Repository*. Mr. Browning never reprinted or acknowledged this juvenile poem until 1868, when he was induced, under considerable outward pressure, to include it in the first volume of a new edition of his collected writings.

Neither daunted by neglect or censure, nor dizzied by praise, the young poet went on steadily perfecting himself in his art, and in two

¹ *Jocoseria*. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1883. *A Bibliography of Robert Browning from 1833 to 1881*. Compiled by Frederick J. Furnivall. In Two Parts. London: Trübner & Co., 1881-1882.

more years produced the poem of “Paracelsus,” which at once found, and still retains, its admirers. The tragedy of “Strafford” followed in 1837, and was produced under Macready’s management at Covent Garden, with a fair measure of success. The genius of Browning from the first declared itself as dramatic, and, from its earliest to its latest manifestation, has always remained so. “I have never written otherwise than dramatically,” Mr. Browning informed the present writer sixteen years ago, adding, “and never shall.”

“Paracelsus” (with the exception of a few intercalary songs) and the tragedy of “Strafford,” were in blank verse. Mr. Browning’s fourth work (which proved for many readers a hard nut to crack), “Sordello,” published in 1840, was in rhymed couplets, though without the conventional pauses. Douglas Jerrold professed himself able to understand only the first line,

“Who will, may hear Sordello’s story told,”

and the last,

“Who would has heard Sordello’s story told.”

All the intermediate portion, he declared, was unintelligible to him. On this question of Browning’s obscurity generally, and especially in “Sordello,” some very fine and subtle remarks are introduced episodically by Mr. Swinburne in his Essay on George Chapman.

“Paracelsus” had found a few readers, but “Sordello” found none, and remained unsold on the shelves of Moxon the publisher. It was never reprinted until Mr. Browning’s Poetical Works were collected for the first time in 1863.

We now approach the period when Mr. Browning’s genius, though as yet far from being fully recognised except by a few scattered readers of more than ordinary discernment, was to produce its richest and finest fruit. It was in the series of “Bells and Pomegranates” (a title derived from the Pentateuch¹), commencing with “Pippa Passes” in 1841, and continuing at irregular intervals for the next five years, that Mr. Browning put forth the work on which his enduring fame will rest, and in which he at once proved himself a great dramatist, a great humourist, and a great lyricist. Those eight thin *brochures* in double columns and yellow paper covers, now so coveted by collectors and so difficult to obtain, are well remembered by many who witnessed their first appearance, and to whom they yielded a new and hitherto undreamt-of delight.

In 1846 Mr. Browning married Miss Elizabeth Barrett—then already known to fame as the most remarkable English poetess since

¹ *Exodus xxxix. 25, 26.*

the death of Felicia Hemans—and destined soon to surpass the highest flights of that gifted and unfortunate lady. They lived mainly in Italy (mostly at Florence, at Casa Guidi), for the next fifteen years, until Mrs. Browning's death in the summer of 1861, after which the poet returned to reside again in England.

In the mean time, besides an Essay on Shelley (his only prose work, prefixed to a volume of Letters supposed to be Shelley's, and afterwards withdrawn as forgeries), in 1852, and "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," Mr. Browning published in 1855, in two volumes, the remarkable series of poems entitled "Men and Women," ending with the beautiful dedicatory lines to his wife. It was not until 1864 (three years after her death), that Mr. Browning again broke silence in the volume of "Dramatis Personæ," containing the noblest perhaps of all his poems, "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and others worthy to rank among the noblest.

We now arrive at Mr. Browning's latest and most prolific period, which may be said to have commenced in 1868 with the publication, in four volumes, of that profound and subtle masterpiece of psychological analysis, "The Ring and the Book." This great work introduced the poet to a large circle of readers to whom he had hitherto been almost a stranger. From that time, onward to the present year, the tardy advent of popularity has seemed to give a new impetus to his muse. The dozen volumes that have followed (and on which, with the exception of the last, it is not our purpose on this occasion to dwell severally)—"Balaustion's Adventure;" "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society;" "Fifine at the Fair;" "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country;" "The Inn Album;" "Aristophanes' Apology;" "La Saisiaz: the Two Poets of Croisic;" "Pacchiarotto, and how he Worked in Distemper;" "The Agamemnon of Æschylus;" the two series of "Dramatic Idyls;" and last, but not least, the newly-published "Jocoseria," make, with "The Ring and the Book," a total sum of work in the last fifteen years (if one counted lines, like Mr. Furnivall), trebling or quadrupling in quantity, if not in quality, that of the previous thirty-five.

The present volume, "Jocoseria,"—which has already, we hear, in a few weeks, attained the honours of a second edition—contains ten poems, varying considerably in length, metre, and subject. Of these the story of Donald and the stag, an incident supposed to take place in the Highlands of Ross-shire, and told with vivid and graphic power, is likely to be the most popular, as "Solomon and Balkis"—a dialogue between the Queen of Sheba and the wise King of the Jews, founded on the Bible legend—is likely, from its wilful

exaggeration and perverse eccentricity of manner, to excite most animadversion. It is the Queen of Sheba who speaks :—

O wisest thou of the wise, world's marvel *and well-nigh monster*,
 One crabbed question more to construe *or vulgo conster!*
 Who are those, of all mankind, a monarch of perfect *wisdom*
 Should open to, when they knock *at spheteron* do—*that's, his dome?*

“The wise, and those who are kingly in craft,” replies Solomon, who asks a similar question in his turn of Balkis. “The good,” answers the Queen.

“I see the Good stand plain : be they rich, poor, shrewd or simple,
 If good they only are . . . *Permit me to drop my wimple!*”
 And, in that bashful jerk of her body, she—*peace, thou scoffer!*—
 Jostled the King's right-hand stretch'd courteously help to proffer,
 And so disclosed a portent : all unaware the *Prince eyed*
 The Ring which bore the Name—turn'd outside now from *inside!*
 The truth-compelling Name!—and at once “I greet the Wise—Oh,
 Certainly welcome such to my court—with this proviso :
 The building must be my temple, my person stand forth the *statue*,
 The picture my portrait prove, and the poem my praise—*you cat, you!*”

Some of Mr. Browning's double and triple rhyme-endings far exceed the utmost limits of licence which Byron allowed himself in “Don Juan,” or even Butler in “Hudibras.” The only thing at all resembling them in our literature (if literature it can be called) is the rhyme which the Major-General in the “Pirates of Penzance” succeeded at last in finding (after long torture of his brain) to the word “strategy” :

In short, when I've a smattering of elemental *strategy*,
 You'll say a better Major-General has never *sat a gee!*

Mr. Browning rides this hobby-horse of the burlesque style to death. In “Pacchiarotto” he actually uses the slang phrase, “Tommy make room for your uncle,” as a compound verb :

While, treading down rose and ranunculus,
 You *Tommy-make-room-for-your-uncle* us!

If in “Solomon and Balkis” we see Mr. Browning at his worst, in “Jochanan Hakkadosh”—at once the longest and finest poem in the present volume—we certainly see him at his best. It is written in the *terza rima* of the “Divina Commedia”—a hazardous but in this case successful experiment. Mr. Browning probably never surpassed in lucidity and fervour the opening passage of this wonderful poem. It tells its own story too well to need gloss or comment :

A certain morn broke beautiful and blue
 O'er Schiphaz city, bringing joy and mirth,
 So had ye deem'd ; while the reverse was true,

Since one small house there gave a sorrow birth
 In such black sort that, to each faithful eye,
 Midnight, not morning, settled on the earth.

How else, when it grew certain thou wouldst die,
 Our much-enlighten'd master, Israel's prop,
 Eximious Jochanan Ben Sabbathai ?

Old, yea but, undiminish'd of a drop,
 The vital essence pulsed thro' heart and brain ;
 Time left unsickled yet the plenteous crop

On poll and chin and cheek, whereof a skein
 Handmaids might weave—hairs silk-soft, silver-white,
 Such as the wool-plant's ; none the less in vain

Had Physic striven her best against the spite
 Of fell disease : the Rabbi must succumb—

Hardly less beautiful are the inquiries his scholars are eager to
 address to the dying master :

Ere death's touch benumb

His active sense,—while yet 'neath Reason's yoke
 Obedient toils his tongue,—befits we claim
 The fruit of long experience, bid this oak

Shed us an acorn which may, all the same,
 Grow to a temple-pillar,—dear that day !
 When Israel's scatter'd seed finds place and name

Among the envious nations. Lamp us, pray,
 Thou the Enlightener ! Partest hence in peace,
 Hailest without regret—much less, dismay—

The hour of thine approximate release
 From fleshly bondage soul hath found obstruct ?
 Calmly envisagest the sure increase

Of knowledge ? Eden's tree must hold unpluck'd
 Some apple, sure, has never tried thy tooth,
 Juicy with sapience thou hast sought, not suck'd ?

Say, does age acquiesce in vanish'd youth ?
 Still towers thy purity above—as erst—
 Our pleasant follies ? Be thy last word—truth !

If Mr. Browning's thought had always found such transparent
 expression as this, no reader could ever accuse him of obscurity ;
 that he is often less lucid, and occasionally anything but lucid, is
 evidently due to no congenital defect or inherent vice of style ; but
 to a culpable and long-continued indulgence in affectations and
 eccentricities (amounting sometimes to breaches of good taste), which
 have grown by habit into second nature. Even this very poem is

marred in one of its lines by some parenthetical words of a depre-
catory character similar to those we have already seen dragged in
in “Solomon and Balkis” :

If haply folk compassionating please
To render up—according to his store,
Each one—a portion of the life he sees
Hardly worth saving when 'tis set before
Earth's benefit should the Saint, Hakkadosh,
Favour'd thereby, attain to full fourscore—
If such contribute (*Scoffer, spare thy “Bosh!”*)
A year, a month, a day, an hour, &c.

Otherwise this remarkable poem is sustained at a high pitch of
excellence throughout, and is full of power and originality, occupying
as it does considerably more than a third of the volume containing it.

“Ixion” is an experiment in English hexameters and pentameters.

High in the dome, suspended, of Hell, sad triumph, behold us !
Here the revenge of a God, there the amends of a Man.

The experiment, though more successful than some which awakened
Mr. Tennyson's contemptuous ridicule twenty years ago, does not
convince us that this exotic metre can ever be naturalised in the
nursery of English verse. Here is the description of the bold attempt
of Ixion, who had, however, “received some encouragement,” and
of its immediate punishment :

“I am thy friend, be mine !” smiled Zeus : “If Heré attract thee,”
Blush'd the imperial cheek, “then—as thy heart may suggest !”
Faith in me sprang to the faith, my love hail'd love as its fellow,
Zeus, we are friends—how fast ! Heré, my heart for thy heart !”
Then broke smile into fury of frown, and the thunder of “Hence, fool !”
Then thro' the kiss laugh'd scorn, “Limbs or a cloud was to clasp ?”

We need hardly say that Mr. Browning adheres in this poem to
the singular fashion of Greek spelling first adopted by him twelve
years ago in “Balaustion” ; so that we have “Olumpos” for
“Olympus,” “Erebos” for “Erebus,” “Tartaros” for “Tartarus,”
&c. Many persons well competent to deliver judgment (and among
them so high an authority as Mr. Ruskin) declare this system of
spelling to be detestable. One at least of our greatest living poets
and scholars has expressed his opinion in a significant if negative
way, by eschewing it in his own books. But the less said on the
subject the better, perhaps ; as Mr. Browning is not likely to alter
his practice or his theory in the matter for anything that we say, or
that anyone says.

There is a grave, nay a grim humour, and a meaning that lies
deeper than the surface, in “Pambo,” which closes the volume. But

it does not lend itself to fragmentary quotation. We must bring our brief remarks to an end with a lovely little lyric, worthy of the days of "Bells and Pomegranates" :

*Never the time and the place
 And the loved one all together !
 This path—how soft to pace !
 This May—what magic weather !
 Where is the loved one's face ?
 In a dream that loved one's face meets mine,
 But the house is narrow, the place is bleak,
 Where, outside, rain and wind combine
 With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,
 With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek,
 With a malice that marks each word, each sign !
 O enemy sly and serpentine,
 Uncoil thee from the waking man !
 Do I hold the Past
 Thus firm and fast,
 Yet doubt if the future hold I can ?
 This path so soft to pace shall lead
 Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed !
 Or narrow if needs the house must be,
 Outside are the storms and strangers : we—
 Oh, close, safe, warm, sleep I and she,—
 I and she !*

We conclude with the expression of a hope that Mr. Browning's Poetical Works (his later writings especially) may ere long be issued in some more compact and accessible form than the present costly array of two-and-twenty volumes. Such an edition has long been a *desideratum*, and we feel sure would have the happy result of multiplying the poet's readers tenfold.

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE EVOLUTION OF SILKWORMS.

MANY of my readers have doubtless, like myself, kept silkworms during their boyhood, but have they reflected on the curious differences between the habits of these domesticated caterpillars and those of their wild cousins?

Catch a dozen or two of wild caterpillars, place them in paper trays well supplied with the leaves on which they feed. In a few moments they will have dispersed, treating all your attempts to provide for them a comfortable home with contempt.

Not so the silkworm. An open paper tray, with sides only an inch high, is all that is required to keep either solitary specimens or large congregations always within bounds. I have kept several hundreds in such trays, and all on one small table, without any trouble due to straying.

When their "spinning" time arrived, I merely dropped them separately into little "paper pokes," and pinned them to the wall. The worker never tried to crawl out of the conical bag, but made his cocoon there with perfect docility.

When they emerged from the chrysalis they were moths with wings, but these wings were never used for flight. A dozen placed on a piece of card board three or four inches square would remain within the boundary, and lay all their eggs upon it.

How have these creatures acquired habits so different from those of all other lepidoptera? Is it the result of education and artificial selection?

It is easy to imagine how, by these agencies, the change may have occurred. The ancient Chinamen who commenced the cultivation of silkworms probably lost large numbers of them by their straying away while in the caterpillar stage, and flying away when fully developed. These would lose the advantages of human protection and be destroyed more or less completely by their natural enemies and by starvation, while the steady home-loving specimens would multiply in peace. This sifting away of the erratic and flighty

specimens proceeding continually for a few thousand years may have culminated in the existing result.

This is far more probable than the supposition that a non-flying species ever existed naturally as such, for want of locomotion would expose it in the wild state to the attacks of birds, and disqualify it for the selection of suitable places for depositing its eggs.

I tried to rear silkworms on a small mulberry tree in a garden, but they all disappeared in a few days, apparently taken by birds. Then I repeated the experiment on a tree growing under glass. This was also a failure; the silkworms all died. It appeared that they could not bear the exposure to sunlight and the heat.

I have not yet tried to rear them under canvas, but intend to do so, as this promises to be successful, as an experiment, but whether it would be commercially profitable is doubtful.

THE "FUME" OF THE BLAST FURNACE.

EVERYBODY who has visited "The Black Country" has deplored its desolation, but few have asked the question why the vegetation should be so cruelly destroyed. The usual explanation attributes this to the gases given off by the furnaces. This I believe to be a mistake. These gases have been carefully analysed with the following as a mean result:—

Nitrogen	56·45	per cent.
Carbonic acid	11·16	„ „
Carbonic oxide	25·83	„ „
Marsh gas	0·98	„ „
Olefiant gas	0·12	„ „
Hydrogen	5·46	„ „

The only gas amongst these that would do serious mischief is the carbonic oxide, but this, like the others, escaping from the top of a tower 60 to 80 feet high, would be so widely diffused before reaching the ground that its action must be imperceptible.

I believe it to be not the gases but the solids from the furnaces that do the mischief. I have seen the snow lying on the ground in the neighbourhood of Dudley Port, Tipton, and Bilston, positively blackened all over by the particles that have showered upon it. These are not mere particles of soot, but consist of silica, alumina, carbonates of lime, magnesia, soda and potash, oxide of iron, and oxide of zinc.

By passing the gases from a blast furnace through water, Mr. Lowthian Bell arrested the solids they carry, analysed them, and determined their quantity. He found that from a blast-furnace 60

feet high, the quantity of solid matter which forms the visible clouds or "fume" amounts to 2·6 cwt. per ton of iron produced.

As the ordinary yield of such a furnace is about 45 tons per day, the quantity of solid matter rained down upon the ground by such a furnace working with open throat, is 117 cwt. daily.

This fact, that a single furnace pours into the air 5 tons 17 cwts. of solid particles, so small that they remain for some hours suspended in the air, expresses very strikingly the magnitude of the operations therein conducted.

Now that most of our blast-furnaces are closed at the top, and their escaping gases carried down huge pipes to be used as fuel, this source of mischief is diminished. When coal becomes sufficiently dear to enforce a similar economy of the waste heat of puddling and reheating furnaces, the "Black Country" may again become green.

"VIVISECTION."

AT a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, a paper was read "On the Morbid Phenomena produced in Rabbits by the introduction of Hydrate of Chloral into the Ear." In the notice of this paper in *Nature* of February 8, we are told that "the most salient phenomenon is *impetuous rotation of the animal on its longitudinal axis*, which the author attributes to the inflammation produced in the cavities of the internal ear; and that to this inflammation, along with more or less of broncho-pneumonia, the animals often succumbed."

This, translated from the academical jargon of mock science into the plain language of common sense, means that when the irritant poison was poured into the ears of the wretched victims, it produced such cruel ear-ache that they rolled over and over in horrible agony sufficiently intense to kill several of them.

The present is a proper moment for the vigorous denunciation of all such wanton cruelty perpetrated under scientific 'pretences, and this denunciation should come in practical form from high and organised scientific authority, both for the protection of the sentient victims and of science itself, especially of physiological and medical science.

A blind outcry against what is called "vivisection" is now in full blast; subscriptions are raised, and secretaries paid for blowing the bellows. As is usual in such cases, a monstrous amount of exaggeration is perpetrated, the professional philanthropist being curiously deficient in quantitative veracity. Such miserable parodies

on physiological research as the above-named play into the hands of the enemies of science, and strengthen their efforts to obtain legislative interference with its progress, which is simply the general progress of humanity.

The remedy I propose is that our learned societies should themselves exercise a sufficient supervision, and bring the force of their moral influence to bear upon the regulation of such researches, by ejecting from membership or fellowship any man who shall be found guilty of wanton, unnecessary cruelty in making any painful experiments that are not sternly demanded as the only possible means of arriving at stated results ; and, besides this, absolutely prohibiting the mere repetition of known painful physiological experiments for the sake of redemonstrating to students what has been already established, and may fairly be accepted on the authority of the original investigators and a sufficient amount of experimental verification.

A well-regulated and sternly-enforced scientific public opinion would have far more effect than any attempts at legislative repression, as these can merely transfer the location of the physiological investigations from one country to another, and at the same time unduly exaggerate the merit of the investigators by making them martyrs to unjust persecution and misrepresentation.

Such exaltation would do more to increase unnecessary vivisection than any legislation could practically effect in diminishing it, as it is only false pretenders to science, empty-headed reputation-hunters in search of medical practice, that perform really cruel experiments ; these would be put down at once by the means I suggest, instead of being exalted into martyrdom by the proposed legislative persecution.

THE FUTURE OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

AS the ten-yard coal seam, upon which the metallurgical industries of South Staffordshire have hitherto depended, is now nearly exhausted, the return of the country to verdure is inevitable ; but whether this return will be effected by wise economy of fuel commenced in time, or by a general collapse of iron-making and a return to agriculture, depends upon whether the iron-makers prepare by anticipation for the scarcity, or wait until it comes ruinously upon them. My experience of the fuel-wasting propensities of my fellow countrymen leads me to infer that, to the next generation the Black Country will be merely a place of antiquarian interest, a few of its chimneys being preserved as archæological landmarks.

There are other seams that may be used for metallurgical work—even for iron-making—by men already trained to work economically, and supplied with the necessary appliances, but without these they must be crushed by the competition of other districts and other countries, when the price of coal at the pit's mouth becomes 50 per cent. higher in South Staffordshire than at present.

My lack of hope for the future is, to a great extent, based upon the general reply I receive from "men of business" when I point out the rapid exhaustion of all our *rich* coal seams, and the near approach of that degree of scarcity which shall place us level with Germany, France, and Europe generally, as regards coal supply. This reply is "it will last my time," which amounts to saying "I care not what becomes of my children or my country so that I may revel in wasteful self-indulgence for a few years longer."

IRON SALT AS A MANURE.

AT a recent meeting of the Chemical Society Mr. A. B. Griffiths read a paper in which he described some experiments on the effect of manuring Savoy cabbages with a solution of ferrous sulphate (otherwise named sulphate of iron and green vitriol). Two plants thus treated weighed respectively 9 lbs. 3 oz. and 8 lbs. 6 oz., while one plant grown in ordinary soil weighed only 4 lbs. 2½ oz. A much larger number of experiments will be necessary in order to decide whether this difference of weight was due to the salt of iron. I grow cabbages by sowing the seed broadcast on rich soil and then cutting down the young succulent plants for table, rather than transplanting according to established custom, and I find in doing so that plants in the same bed vary greatly in size, some reaching, in a given time, three or four times the weight of others.

Some other results obtained by Mr. Griffiths are very curious. In the ash of the stalks of the cabbages watered with the iron sulphate he found above double as much iron as in that in the plant not treated, and in the leaves one and a half times as much.

He found in the leaf cells of both minute microscopic crystals which appear to be iron sulphate, and that they were more abundant in cabbages grown in the iron-watered soil.

As iron sulphate is a bye-product in many manufacturing processes, and of so little value that it is not worth saving (the washing of coal slack, preparatory to coke-burning, is an example of this), the establishment of its value as a cabbage manure is of some practical importance. I purpose, therefore, dividing one of the cabbage plots I have prepared for sowing into two equal parts, watering one with

a solution of common commercial green copperas, and leaving the other as usual. As each portion will contain a few hundred plants from the same lot of seed, the trial will be tolerably conclusive, and I will report the result.

This reminds me of Kraus's experiment on seed potatoes, which I described in my Notes of September 1881, and promised to repeat. I have repeated it with equivocal results, suggesting another experiment which is now proceeding.

MUSHROOM POISON.

IN a paper read at the French Academy of Sciences, M. Dupetit states that he found a poisonous substance in all uncooked mushrooms, those usually eaten affording no exception. Thus the fresh sap of the *Boletus edulis* (a large leathery fungus commonly eaten in France, but rarely in this country), administered to rabbits, guinea pigs, and rats by subcutaneous injection caused their death. The same with many other kinds that are eaten in France.

When, however, this sap was raised to the temperature of boiling water its poisonous properties disappeared, and this alteration was shown to be a result of chemical change, not of the destruction of microbes, or living germs of any kind.

This appears to me to be a subject worth much further investigation *in this country*. We reject a great amount of nutritious and delicious food that is highly prized in other nations, under the supposition that it is poisonous.

It has been stated that in Rome nearly all species of fungi are brought to market as food, with the exception of that one which alone we regard as edible, and some writers have explained this by supposing that differences of climate produce differences of properties.

Dr. Badham, who devoted himself to this subject with heroic courage and devotion, enumerates no less than 48 British species, usually rejected as poisonous "toadstools," which he has proved to be perfectly wholesome and mostly delicious; his method of testing being simply that of eating them himself.

But if I understand him rightly *he always cooked them*, while I have seen our farm labourers and other country people pick mushrooms and eat them raw.

It may be therefore that all our British prejudices against the 47 species of Dr. Badham enjoyed so heartily have arisen from this ice of eating raw fungi, and the experiments that I think are necessary of comparisons between the action of each of

the questionable or questioned species in the raw and in the cooked condition.

Many years ago I saw a huge mass of fungus (not less than a hundredweight altogether) knocked down from one of the trees in the Green Park, and great lumps were being kicked about Piccadilly.

According to Dr. Badham this was one of the most delicious of all the British fungi, and only required boiling or frying to be equal to so much of the best possible rumpsteak. Yet all present, including many ill-fed specimens of humanity, agreed in regarding the monster as a mass of deadly poison.

NORDENSKJÖLD'S NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IN my note on this subject in last month's number I referred to the view of the physical constitution of Greenland which I ventured to expound in this magazine of July 1880, and also intimated that Nordenskjöld appears to have formed a similar theory, his being of course based on a far wider experience than mine and therefore of correspondingly greater weight.

At the time I wrote the great Arctic explorer had not published his programme, even in Sweden, and for the good reason which he states, viz., that he did "not wish to be interrupted in his preparations with correspondence on his plans and theories."

Such a programme has since been published in "Nature" of May 10th, to which magazine it was communicated by the munificent supporter of the expedition, Mr. Oscar Dixon.

In this Nordenskjöld contends for the existence of a fringing zone of glaciers, and its non-extension further inland, as I have done. My theory was based merely on analogy to the known physical conformation of Scandinavia; but he goes further, and explains the philosophy of it. I will endeavour to make this intelligible to non-technical readers.

The atmosphere surrounding us is compressed by the weight of all the air that stands above it, and the amount of this pressure of course diminishes as we ascend above sea level. If a breeze blows along the sea and then meets a mountainous coast, the current of air can only continue its course by ascending the slope of the land. In doing so it encounters diminished pressure and therefore becomes rarefied.

But air cannot thus expand without losing temperature, the heat which showed itself as temperature being used up in doing the mechanical work of expansion. When air is saturated with aqueous vapour, it cannot thus cool down without a proportional condensation

of vapour taking place, its capacity for such vapour being purely and simply dependent upon its temperature. What follows such condensation in the midst of this air that is thus climbing the hills?

It is evident that the latent heat which is given off in the act of condensation must be communicated to the air, and the quantity of this is large. The condensation of one pound of steam into water sets free enough heat to raise 400 lbs. of air ten degrees Fahr. ; or 570 lbs. if condensed into snow.

Thus the ascending and expanding air is not cooled to the full extent due to its expansion. It is cooled thereby at first, and warmed again to some extent by the condensation of its aqueous vapour.

If no such secondary warming occurred, the air on descending the other slope of the hills would by compression just regain its original temperature at corresponding level, but having been thus warmed it regains its original temperature, plus all the heat evolved by condensation.

That mysterious dry warm breeze, the "Föhn," that descends directly from the snow-clad Alps upon certain valleys in Switzerland, is thus explained. A glance at a map of the world will show that all the east and west winds sweeping over Greenland must arrive there fully saturated with vapour, and the mountains of the coast must act upon them in the manner described ; thus *as they proceed inland* they will become warmer and drier wherever there is a downward slope, and therefore we may expect to find a warmer climate at higher latitudes inland.

Nordenskjöld goes so far as to state, that these conditions "seem to demonstrate that it is a *physical impossibility* that the whole of the interior of this extensive continent can be covered with ice, under the climatic conditions that exist on the globe, south of the 80th degree of latitude."

Such a country of ice and snow demands a supply from vapour-laden air, but, as shown above, the air from the south, and east, and west must be robbed of its redundant vapour ; so will that from the north when coming to lower latitudes inland.

Nordenskjöld confirms by practical experience my theoretical anticipations of the relative facility of travelling on penetrating further inland. He states that, in company with Dr. Berggren, he penetrated nearly 50 kilometres between July 19 and 26, 1870, "across a country at the outset very difficult, and rent by bottomless abysses, but *which gradually improved in condition the further we advanced.*" They did this without either ropes, tents, or suitable

sledges, with no other retinue than two Eskimo, who left them at the end of the second day's journey, after which they did not even carry cooking utensils. This trial convinced Nordenskjöld that "with a couple of smart sailors or Arctic hunters, and with a suitable outfit," he could easily have penetrated two or three hundred kilometres inland.

NORDENSKJÖLD'S ROUTE.

I SHOULD add in further explanation of the preceding notes that this expedition is not to be provided with hibernating material; the ordinary routine of being frozen up in Smith's Sound will be avoided.

Only one ship will go, as in the case of the old navigators; a second, to be left behind in the ice, is not included in this programme.

It will steam from Gothenburg to Scotland (Thurso), 500 miles, there take in coal, then proceed to Reikiavik in Iceland (700 miles); thence round Cape Farewell to the West Coast of Greenland, stopping at Ivigtuk (870 miles), where a stop will be made for coaling at the depôts already prepared. Then northward along the coast to Egedesminde (an island station in Disco Bay), on to Auleitsivik Fjord (540 miles from Ivigtuk), from the bottom of which fjord the inland expedition will start.

Then leaving the inland explorers behind, the steamer will proceed northwards to Omenak (330 miles) and Cape York (400 miles further), at the head of Melville Bay, where Davis's Strait narrows to form Smith's Sound.

This, however, will depend upon the state of the ice and the stock of coal. As this is not a "Polar" expedition, the mere making of high latitude is no part of its programme. The skill of the navigators will be devoted to skirting and dodging the ice in order that the ship may do its part of the projected work.

By the middle of August the ship will again be due in the Auleitsivik Fjord to pick up the inland explorers, after which it will steam back to Ivigtuk for coal. Thence round Cape Farewell again and along the East Coast where open channel is expected, and if so, a search of the fjords will be made in special reference to the old geographical descriptions included in the Icelandic Sagas.

The identification of these fjords is a research of great historical and scientific interest. The mere names given to them in the Sagas tell us nothing, as those names are preserved on no map.

The general objects of the expedition may be thus summarised :

1. To penetrate the interior of Greenland in order to study its

physical geography and search for traces of the lost Norwegian Colonies.

2. To fix the limits of the drift ice between Iceland and Cape Farewell, and to take soundings and dredgings on the whole route.

3. The collection of specimens of the flora of ice and snow.

4. New systematic study of the strata which in Greenland contain fossil plants.

5. The collection of new data connected with the fall of cosmic dust.

THE LOST GREENLAND COLONY.

IN the programme referred to above, Nordenskjöld gives further particulars concerning the lost colony; these details being based upon a careful study of the old Scandinavian Sagas. There were upwards of three hundred farms, of which about two hundred, embracing twelve parishes, were situated in the Osterbygd (eastern division), and about one hundred in the Vesterbygd (western district), these constituting three or four parishes. During four centuries the country constituted a bishopric with a cathedral (Garda Cathedral), and the colonists were sufficiently well-to-do to contribute funds towards the Holy Wars.

Turning to Sir George Stewart Mackenzie's "Travels in Iceland," published 1811, I find a similar account. According to this, Eric fitted out twenty-five ships, of which fourteen reached Greenland, and the Bishops of Garda were well known to the Roman Pontiffs of the time, the appointments from Rome verifying the Scandinavian records. The date of the first emigration is here given as A.D. 972, and Sir G. S. Mackenzie states that "the records of the settlement came down uninterruptedly to the beginning of the 15th century, when at once every trace and vestige of it are lost."

It is a strange fact, that with all our Arctic expeditions, nothing has been done towards discovering any vestiges of this great Arctic mystery. This is doubtless due to general ignorance of the subject; our scholars are so much engaged upon the Greek and Latin classics that they know nothing of the ancient and noble literature of our own race.

They pretend that their monkish inheritance of Latin is taught to their pupils in order to assist them in the study of English, while they utterly neglect the study of the old Norsk of the Sagas, which is the original foundation upon which our present tongue is built.

TABLE TALK.

A SPANISH BIBLIOPHILE.

TO Mr. Richard Copley Christie, author of the "Life of Etienne Dolet," a monument of research, scholarship, and erudition, most Englishmen will be indebted for the knowledge that Spain has produced a bibliophile worthy to rank with the great collectors of France and England. An essay written by Mr. Christie on the Marquis de Morante has been printed as a pamphlet and privately circulated. From this is obtained a glimpse of a very strange and interesting individuality. Don Joaquin Gomez de la Cortina, Marquis de Morante, was born in Mexico in 1808, of a noble Spanish family in the province of Santander. In the course of a life of sixty years he purchased a library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, including not only some of the rarest of bibliographical treasures but an unprecedentedly large collection of volumes in those luxurious bindings which are now a chief object of search. In 1862 M. Gustave Brunet, of Bordeaux, in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* introduced to the knowledge of the French public this priceless collection. Subsequently M. Paul Lacroix (*le Bibliophile Jacob*) describes Motteley, the model collector, bursting upon him with the information that Spain at length possesses "a bibliophile." Giving up the offices he held of curator, rector of the University of Madrid, and member of the supreme Tribunal of Justice, the Marquis devoted himself during the later years of his life to the task of cataloguing his precious books. His life was almost that of an ascetic. Little, thin, with prominent cheek bones, and very bright eyes, he suffered from a perpetual cold in the head caught in the galleries of his library. Public entertainments never attracted him; an occasional game of cards, over which when he lost he grew quarrelsome, was his only amusement, and his ordinary practice was to receive the visits of a few friends, whom he constantly put in his will for legacies and then struck out again when their conduct dissatisfied him. His death came, appropriately enough, as the result of a fall from a ladder in his library. The catalogue of the books of this eccentric nobleman occupies nine volumes. Three copies are known to be in England: one in

the British Museum, a second in the Bodleian, and a third in the possession of Mr. Christie. Biographical and bibliographical notices by the Marquis, who appears to have been more of a scholar than is the average collector, give the catalogue special value. After the death of the Marquis his library was sold by his heirs. The sale, the first portion of which took place shortly after the suppression of the Commune, was a *fiasco*. Some of the rarest volumes are now in the British Museum, others rest on Mr. Christie's own shelves, while the commoner books may still, Mr. Christie says, be found on the Quais in Paris, and in the catalogues of most French second-hand book-sellers.

THE PRICE OF AN OLD PRINT.

I N respect of the excitement it caused, no sale of Marlborough or Hamilton library can compare with that of the Griffith's prints. A sufficiently unromantic occupation seems that of knocking down books and pictures to a few very quiet individuals whose chief object appears to be self-effacement, and who, when they bid, do it not seldom as though they were guilty of a misdemeanour. I doubt, however, whether the most thrilling moment, in real or simulated life, the time when the fate of the stage heroine trembles in the balance, or that when the noise round the gambling table is hushed, and the crowd of players watches with breathless attention the bold gambler who has brought the bank to agony, is really more impressive than is the scene when some prize like the Valdarfer "Decameron," or the "Doctor Arnoldus Tholinex" of the Griffith's sale, is closely contested.

In the case last mentioned the excitement was simply inconceivable. On the one side stood M. Clément, of Paris, the champion who held the field against all comers. His first opponent was Mr. Colnaghi, who fell off when the price reached was eight hundred pounds. Mr. Nosedá then entered the lists, and was greeted with ringing applause. At the price of eleven hundred pounds he, too, retreated, and Mr. Addington came in, and amidst loudest cheers carried up the price four hundred pounds. At fifteen hundred pounds the last opponent was worsted, and M. Clément for £1,510 took off the prize for a Rouen manufacturer, who, having been for some years the possessor of what till now was the highest-priced print in existence, paid fifteen hundred pounds rather than forfeit his position. Of the famous portrait by Rembrandt no other copy is supposed accessible, the two or three specimens in existence being in public collections. The price paid is two hundred and thirty pounds more than has previously been given for any print.

"THE REAL LORD BYRON."

AT length the great Byron scandal is buried. Among the consequences which must follow the publication by Mr. Jeaffreson of his two volumes entitled "The Real Lord Byron," is the complete dispersal of what of mephitic and pestilential fog clung since the days of Mrs. Stowe's terrible accusation around the memory of the poet. Selfish and mendacious Byron is seen to be. In a vein of mingled cynicism and vanity he would charge himself with vices of which he was innocent. The accusation brought against him by Lady Byron, however, was shaped long after the period of separation, and after a trivial misunderstanding had aroused in her mind strong feelings of animosity against Mrs. Leigh. Not even for the sake of contradicting it will I mention again the nature of the charge which, after startling and shocking England for a few weeks, was allowed to die out. It is pleasant to think, however, that Mr. Jeaffreson's researches in connection with the Historical Manuscripts Commission have brought forth absolute disproof of the dishonouring accusations. That the information obtained is such as casts a flood of illumination upon Lord Byron's life, lighting up the portions which previously were darkest, and rendering unsatisfactory and incomplete all existing biographies, is not more a matter of congratulation than is the fact that the discovery has been made by one so capable as Mr. Jeaffreson of turning it to best account for public benefit.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

WE have not yet arrived at the days when chess is regarded as an exact science. The conditions of modern play, however—and especially the results, so far as they are yet seen, of the great tourney—prove that the days of brilliant openings are waning. Gambits, which introduced into chess play an element almost revolutionary, are now in little favour, and the close defence is continually adopted. One man, Herr Steinitz, tried a new variation of what is known as the Hamps opening, with sufficiently disastrous results. In his first contest with Herr Englisch he was apparently embarrassed before a dozen moves had been made. A second defeat from M. Tschigorin with the same opening convinced him of its dangers, while it seriously interfered with his prospect of carrying off the first prize. On the whole, the Ruy Lopez opening seems to have been in high favour. While I write the championship seems likely to pass from Herr Steinitz to Dr. Zukertort. This state of affairs may, of course, be changed in a couple of days. There has l

remarkable number of drawn games—a thing to be expected as the analyses of openings are carried further. Even now a dozen or fourteen opening moves are probably what players call “book.” The tournament is bound to occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of chess. On no previous occasion have more players of equal eminence contended, nor have the prizes offered been of equal value.

THE ARTERIES OF LONDON.

GOOD service will be performed by the Strand Improvement Society if, thanks to its exertions, the block of buildings between St. Mary's Church and St. Clement Danes is removed. An obstruction such as these buildings constitute is now intolerable. The time, however, has come when tinkering with our great thoroughfares will no longer serve any purpose. London has already grown so large that the arteries do not suffice for the circulation. As the rate of increase progresses in a cumulative ratio, a state of affairs already serious in the highest degree must of necessity grow worse. A twelvemonth ago I pointed out that the only way to relieve the Strand is to render the Thames Embankment attractive, which can only be done by lining it with shops. Besides sending along that route an increased number of foot passengers, you will also despatch after them the crawling cabs—now the worst of street impediments. Let the Thames Embankment, from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster, be converted into a covered street, like the Rue de Rivoli or the Palais Royal, and let the gardens, if their maintenance is necessary, be on the roofs of the shops. Blank spaces will, of course, have to be left for Somerset House and the Temple Gardens. A pleasant and attractive route will then be provided. You will never turn the pedestrian and cab traffic to the Embankment until you provide shop frontage and the gaiety and light it contributes.

SYLVANUS URBAN.



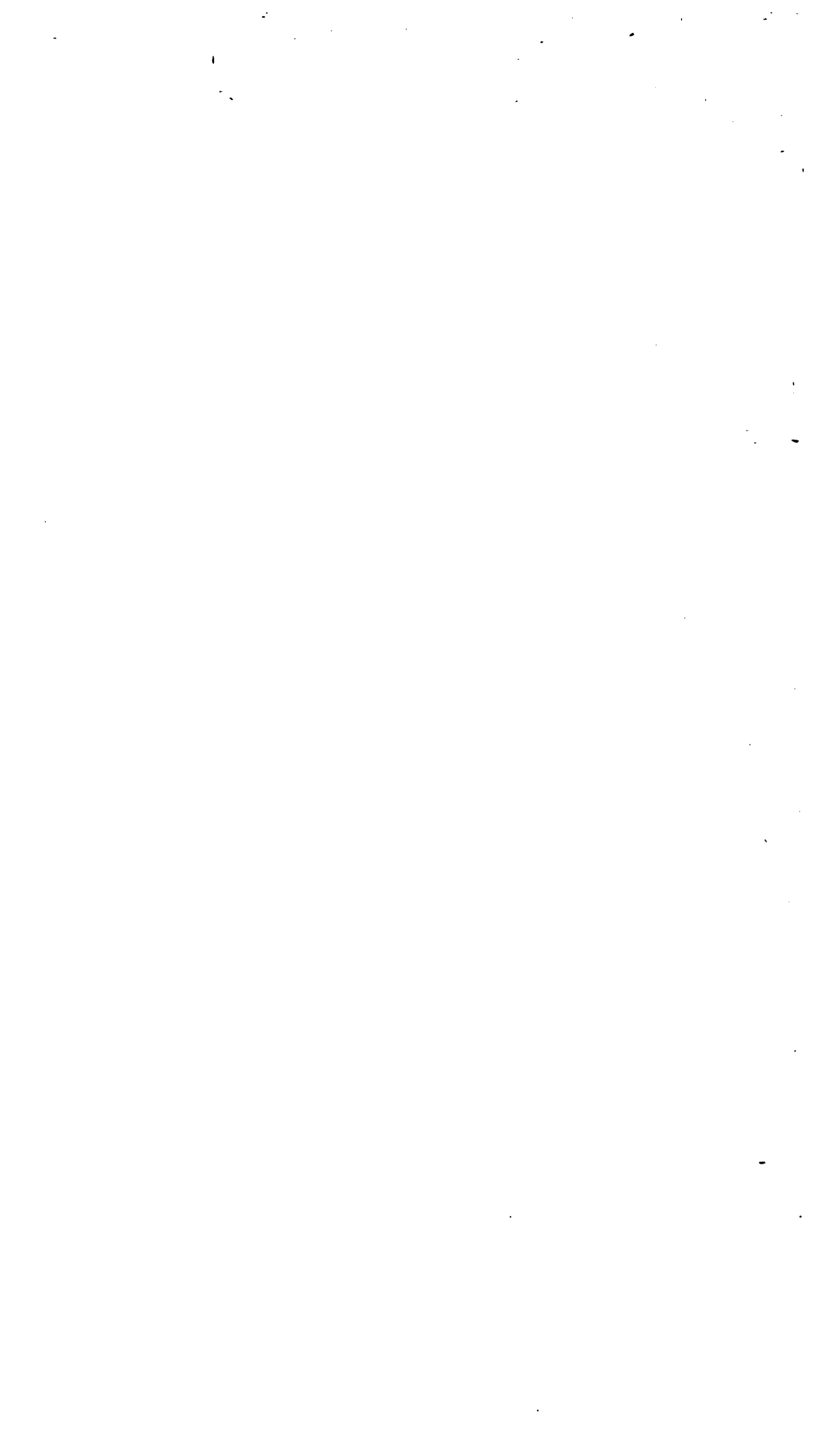
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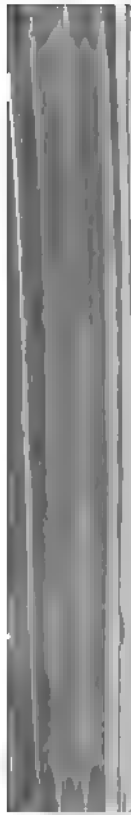
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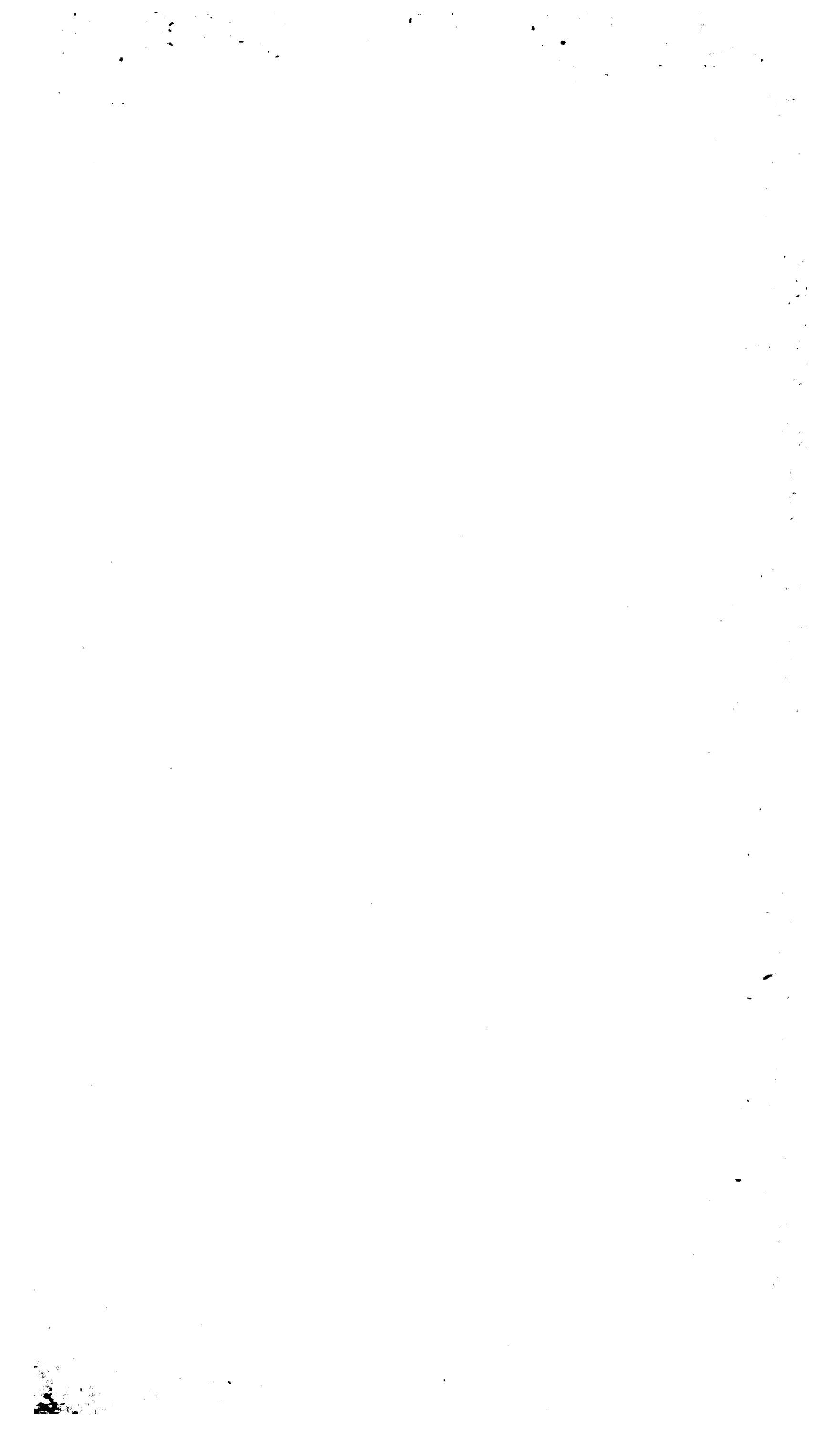


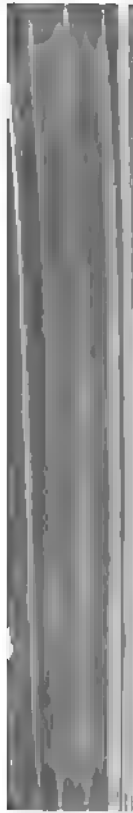








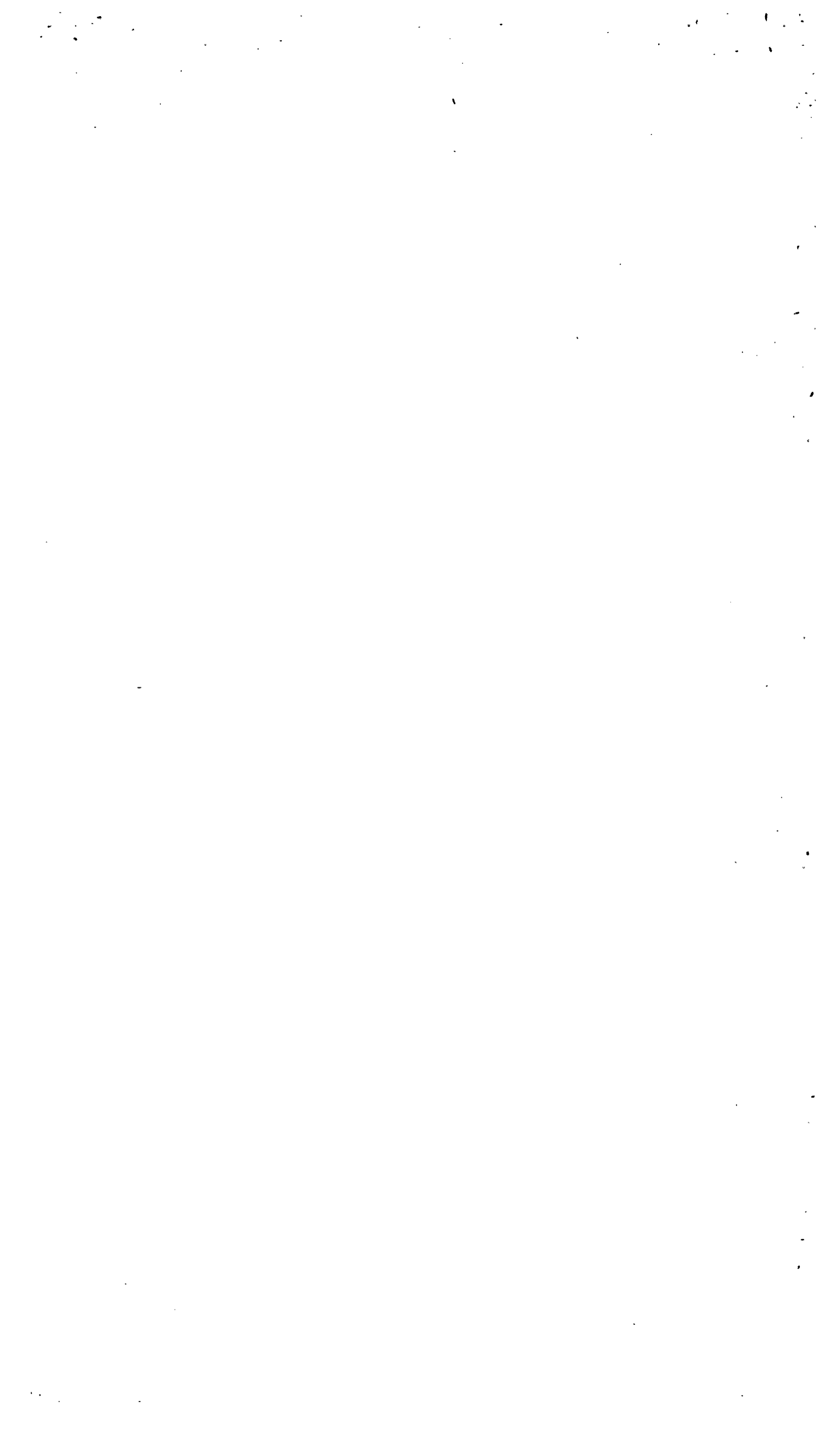


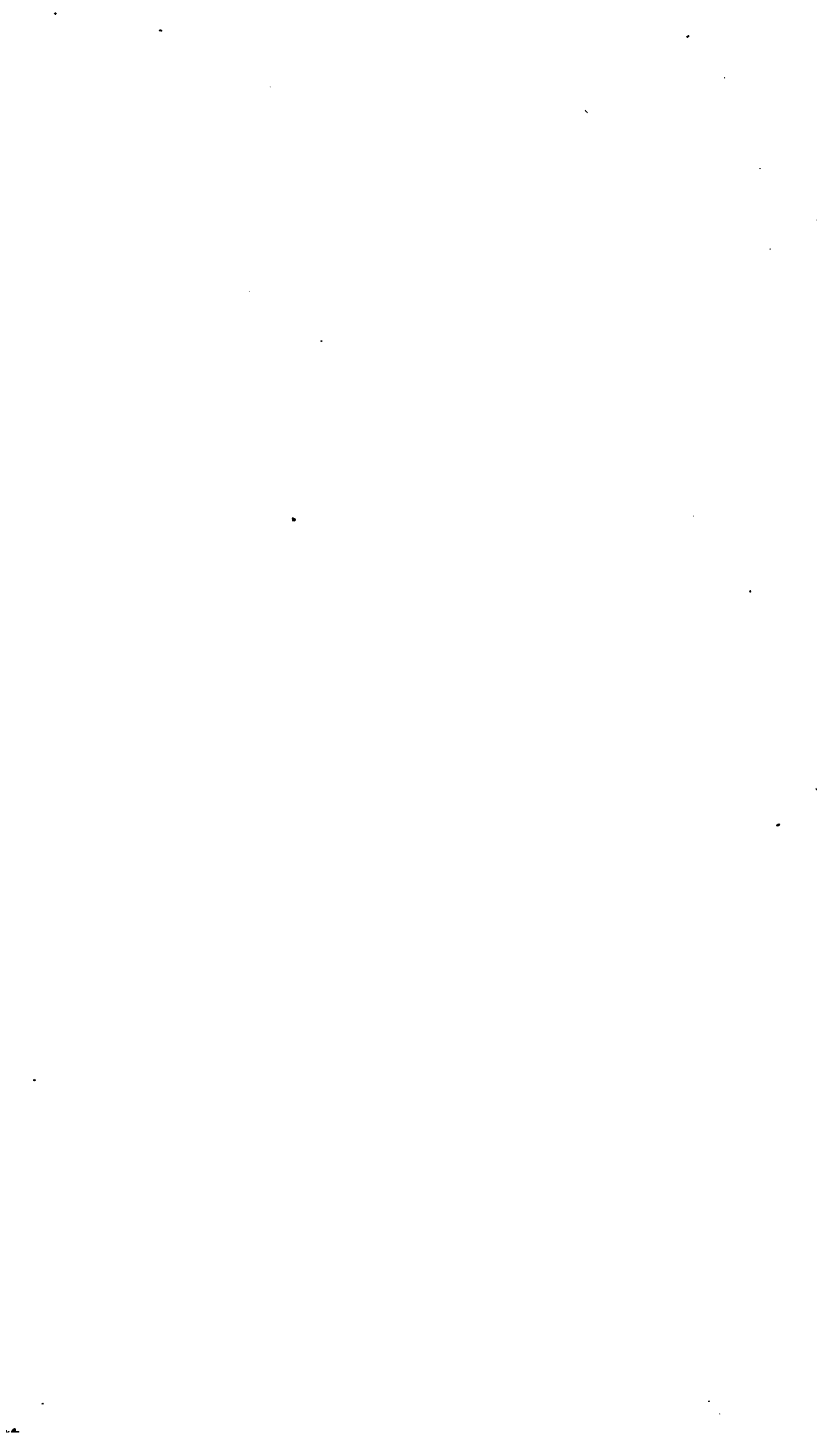




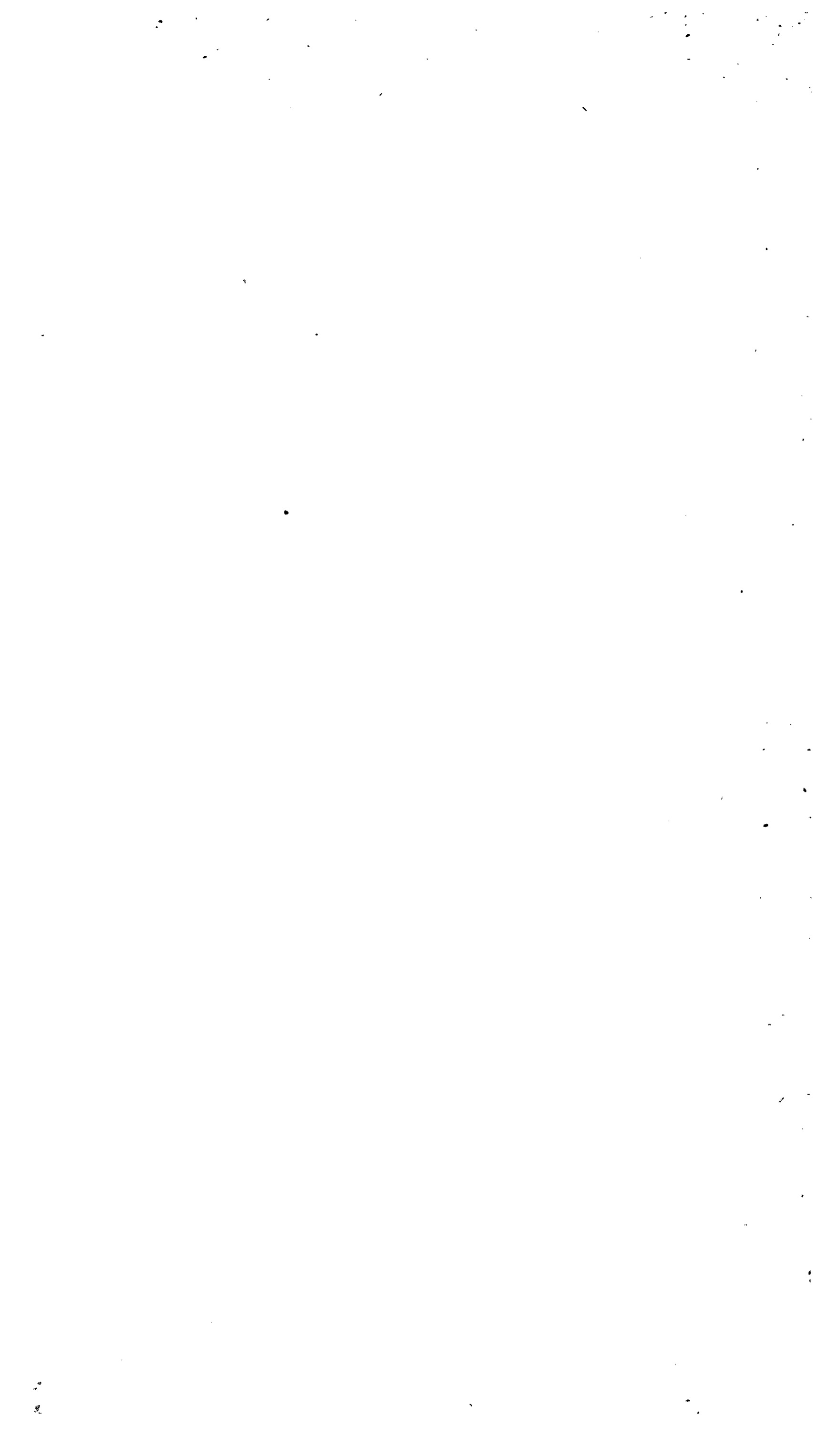


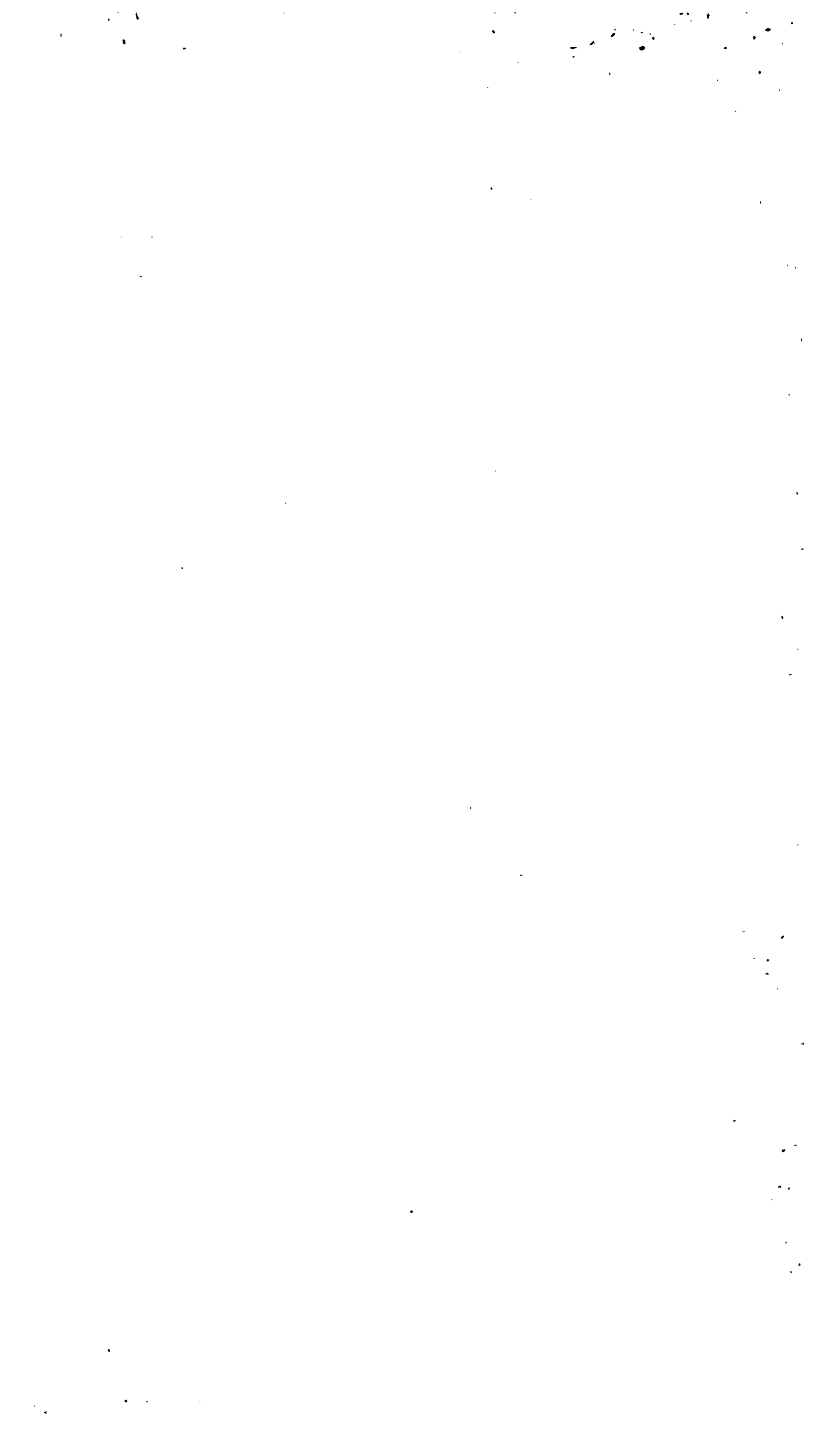






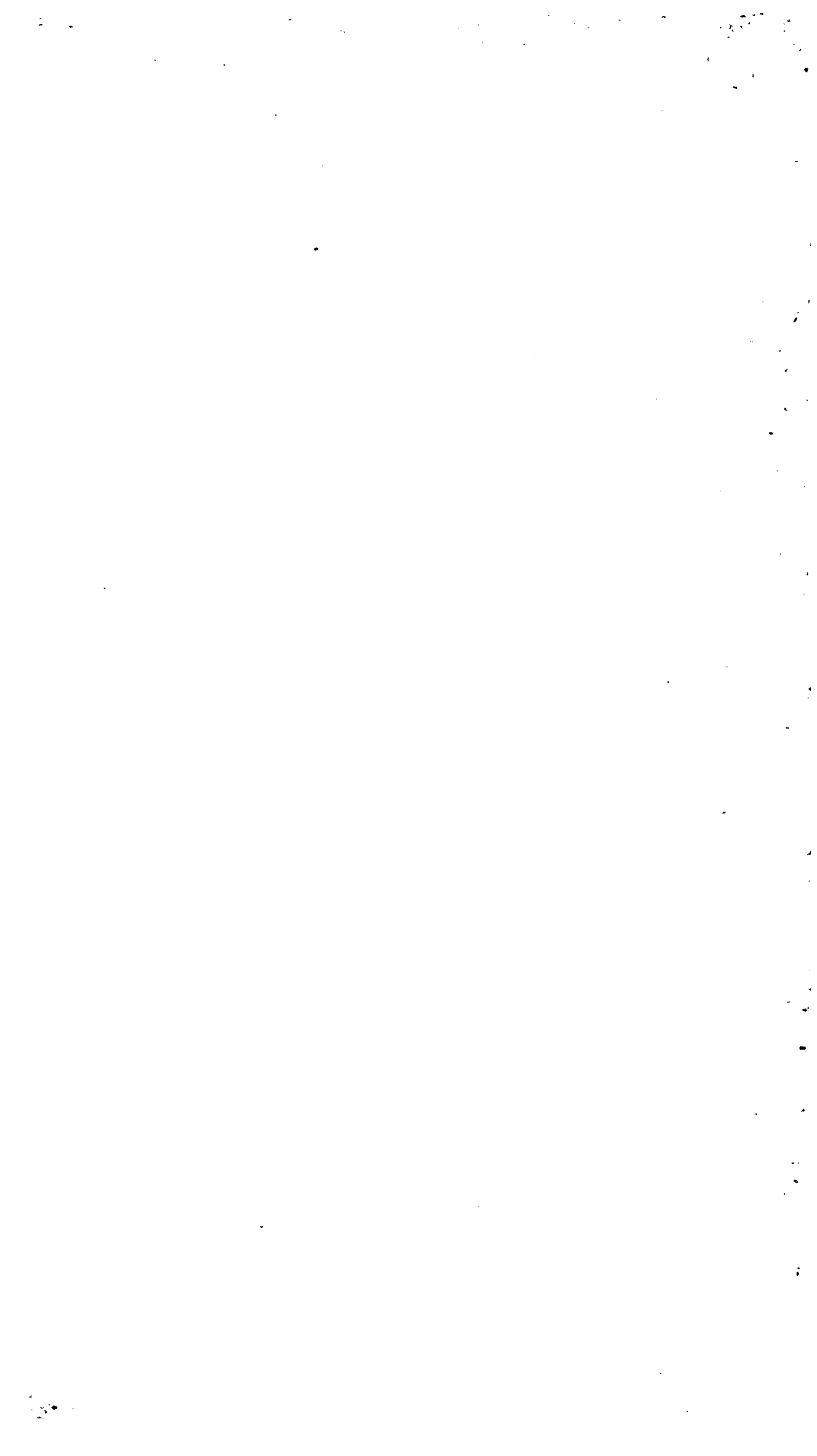


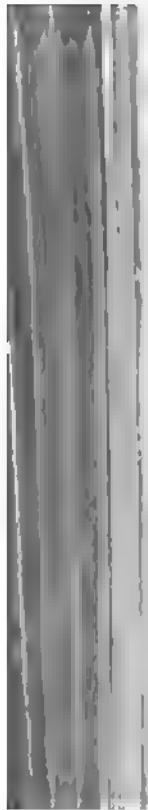


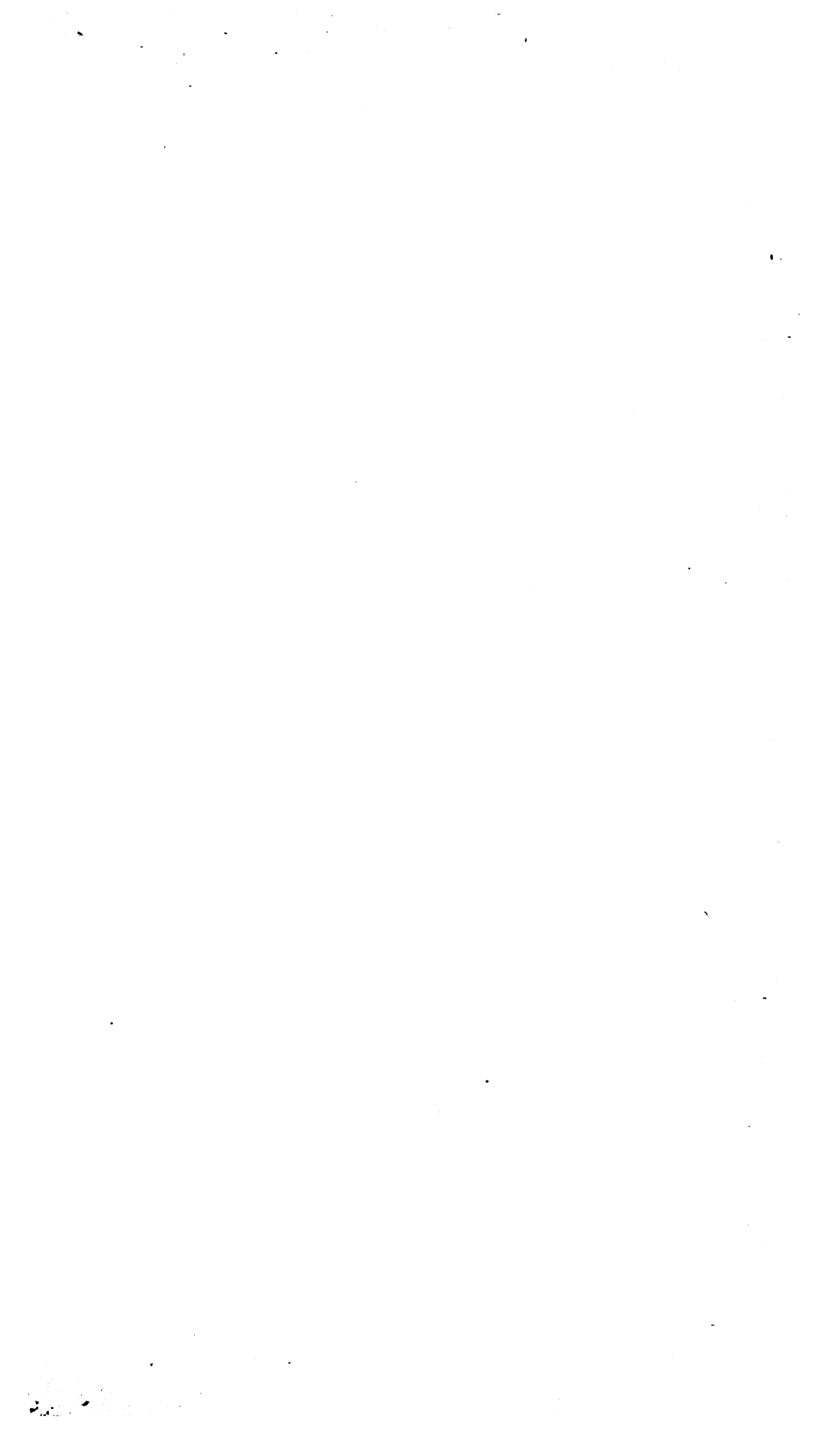


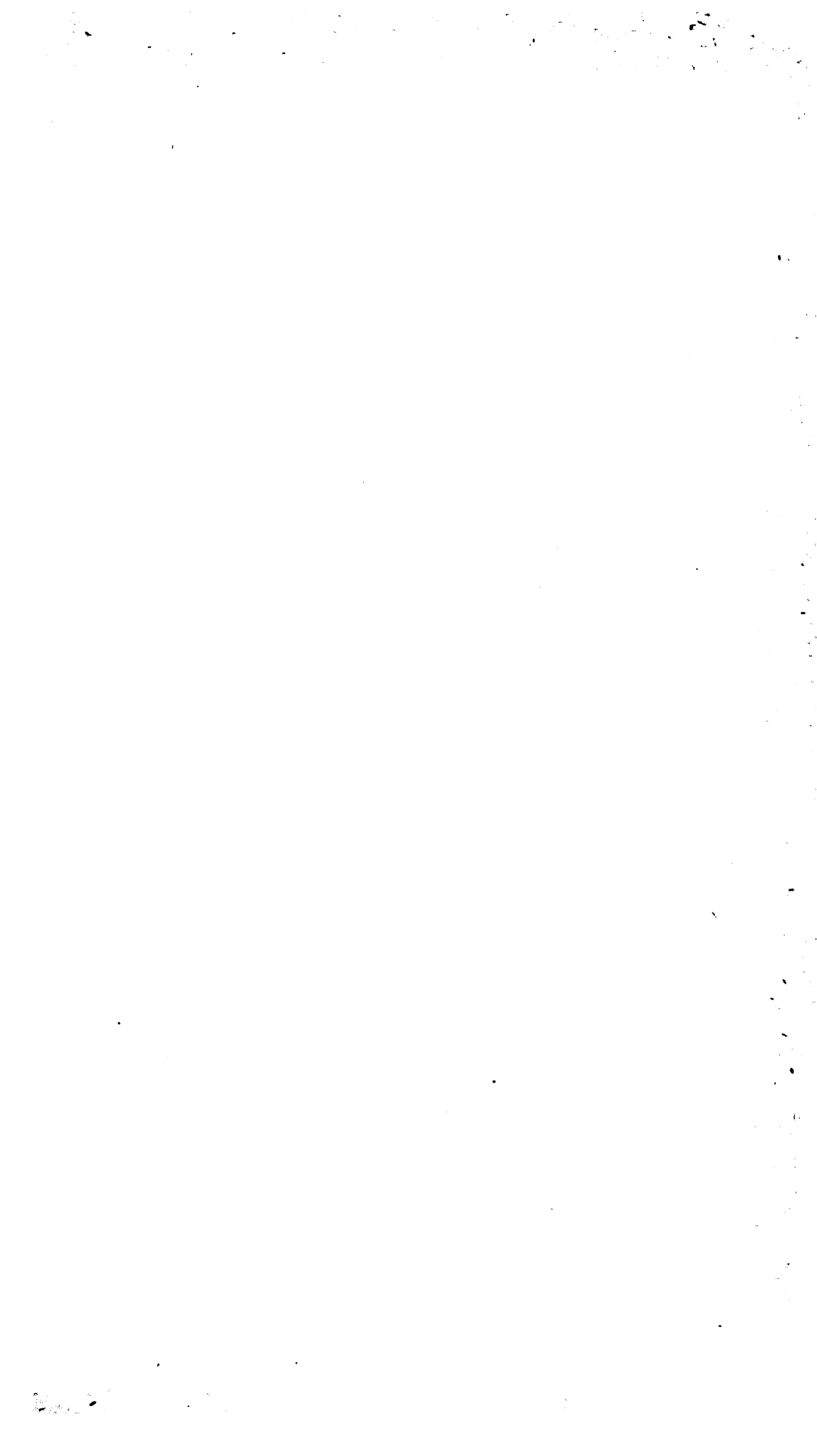
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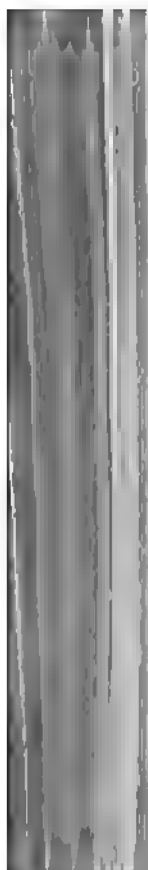






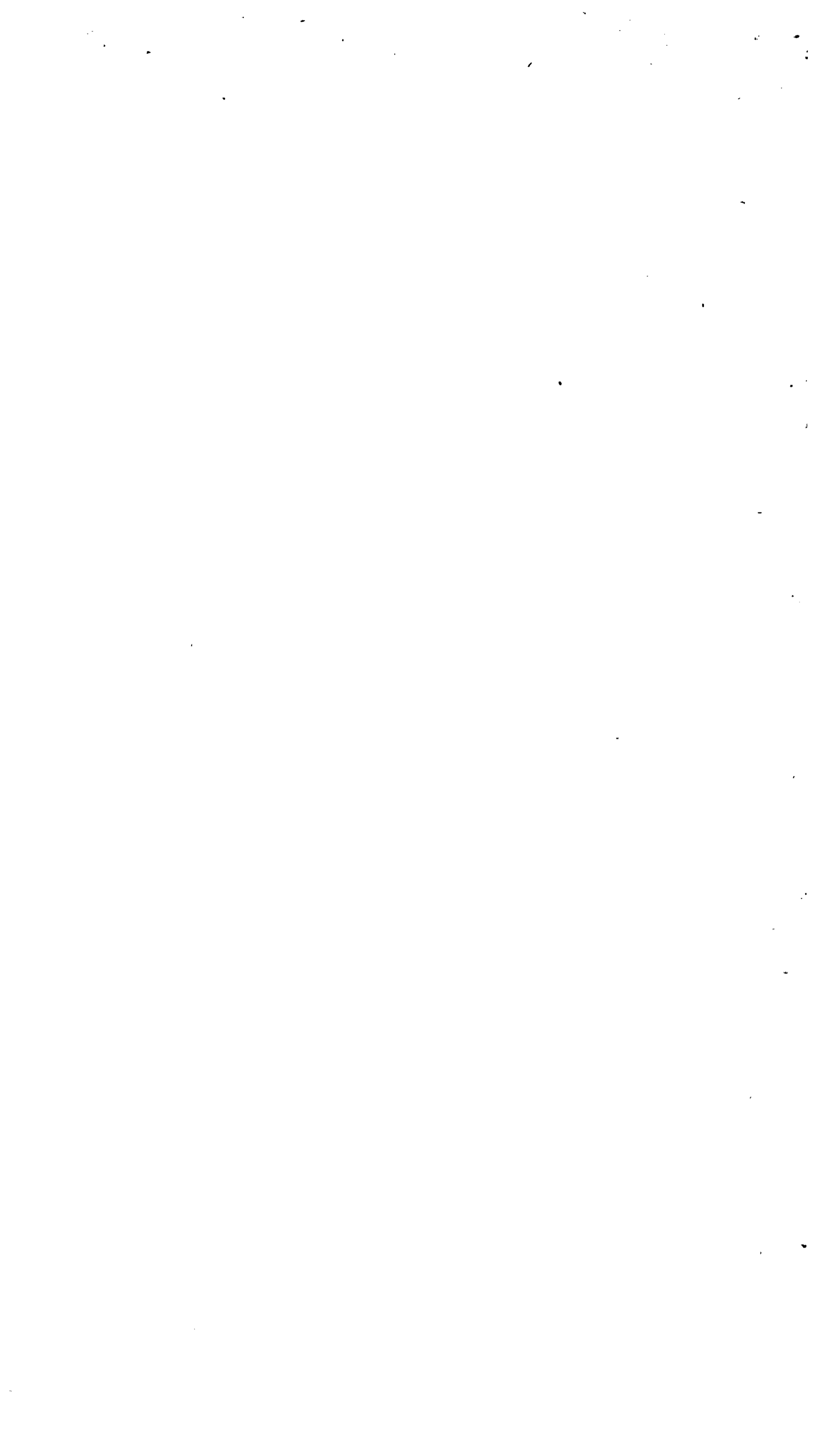




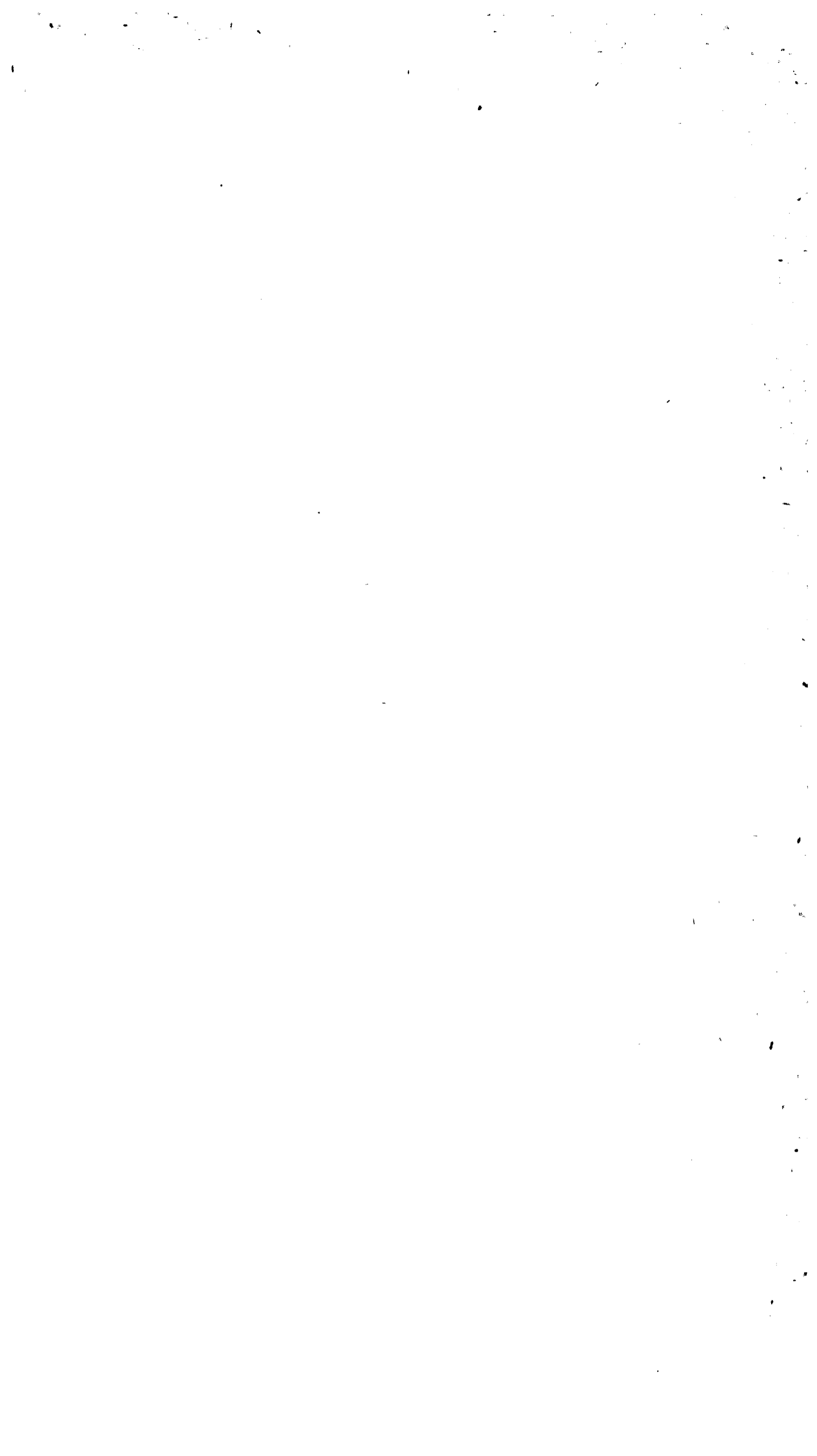




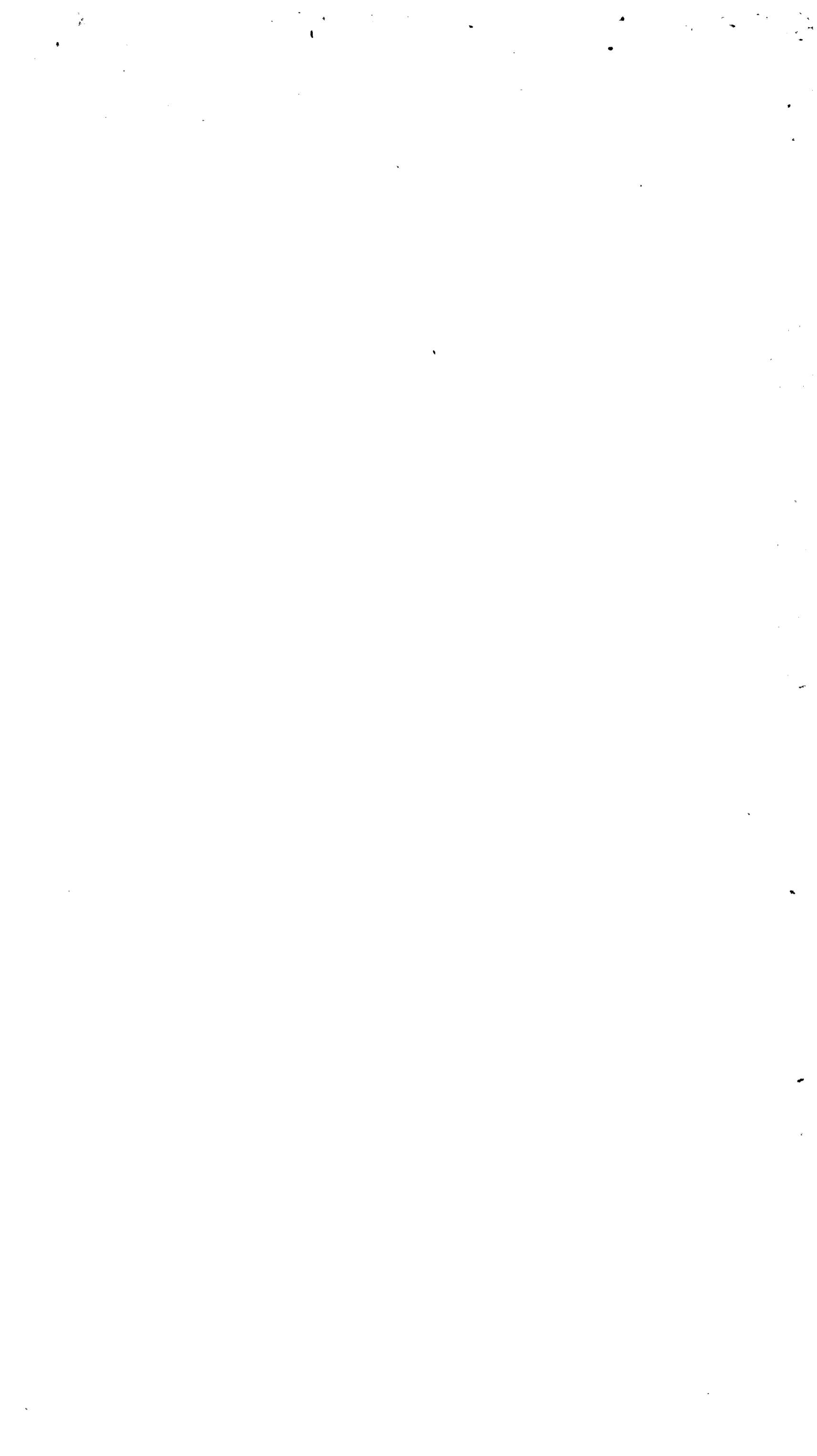








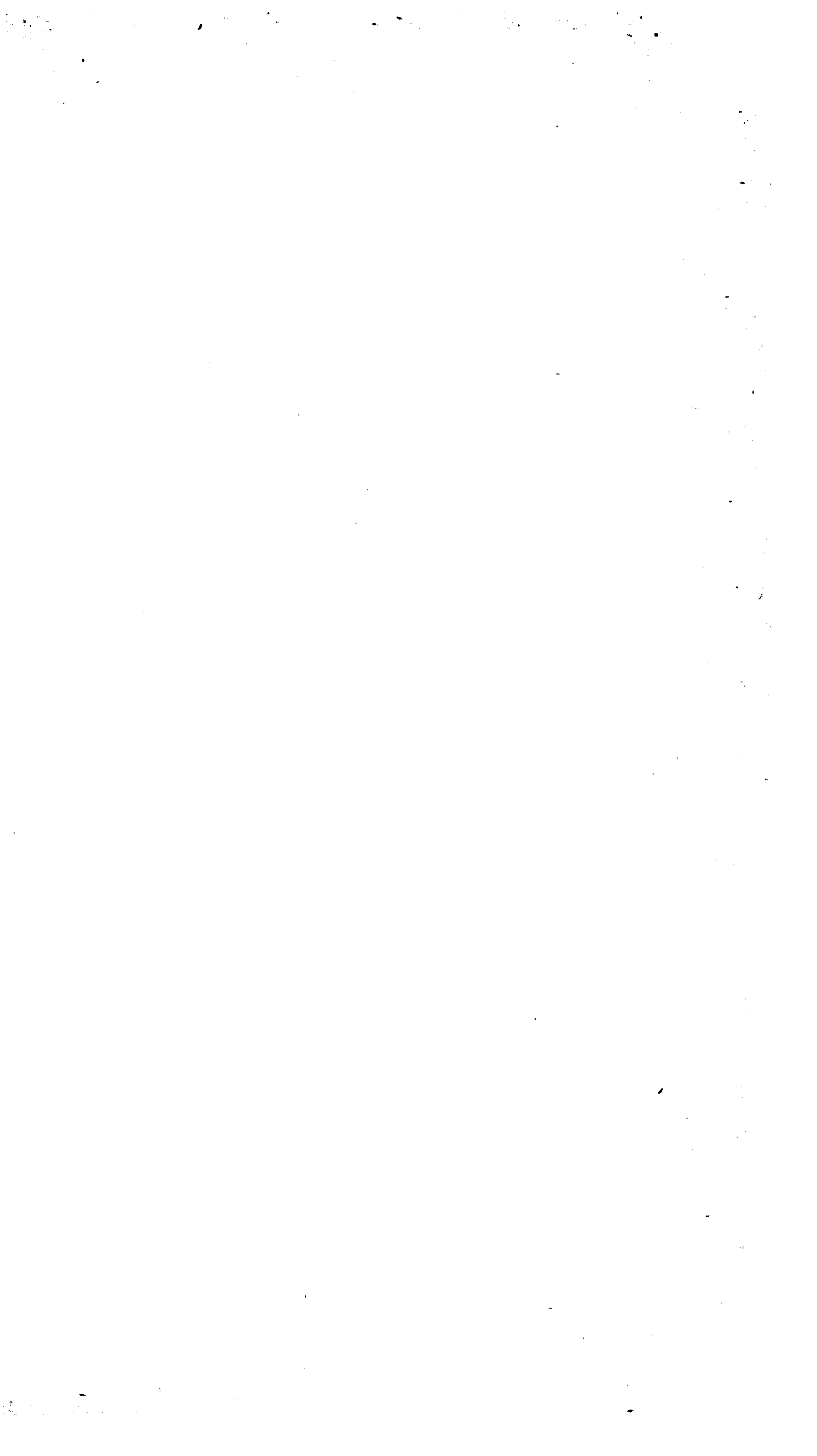
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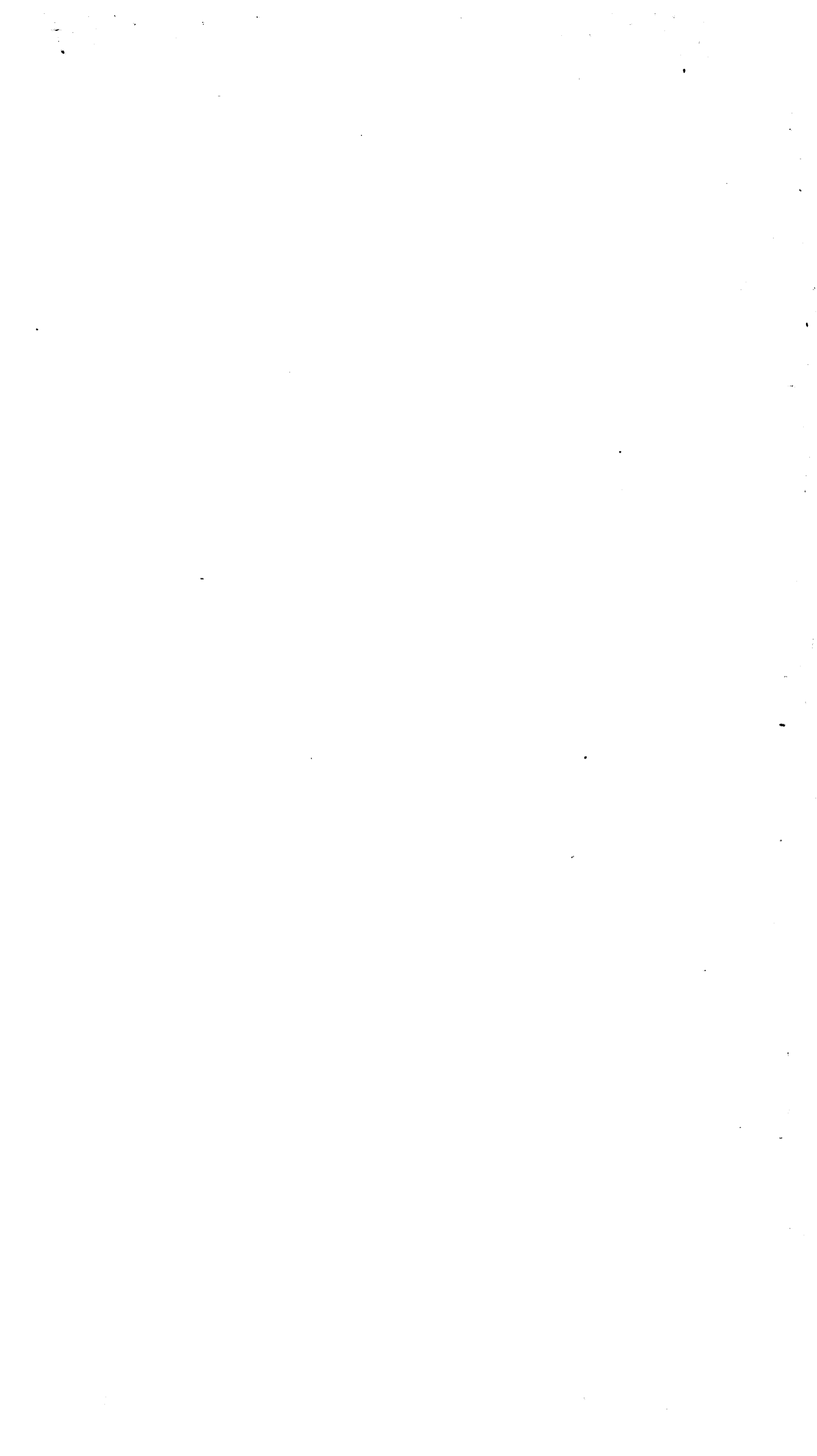


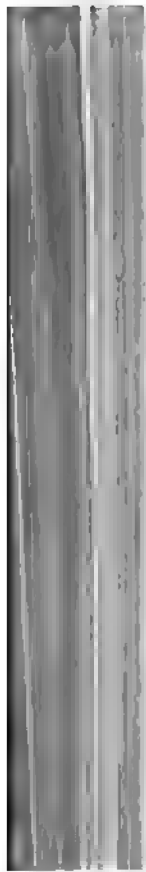


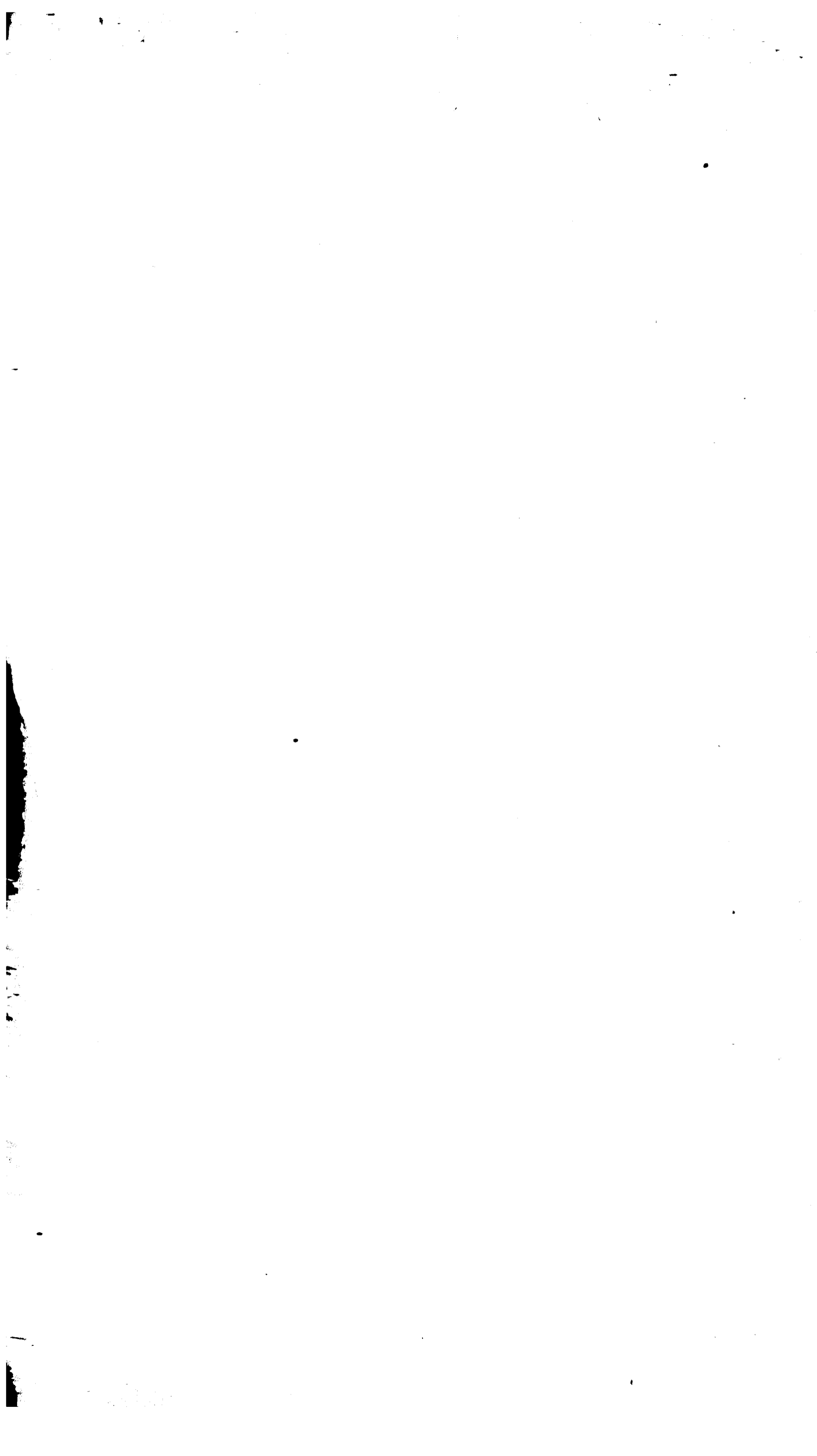




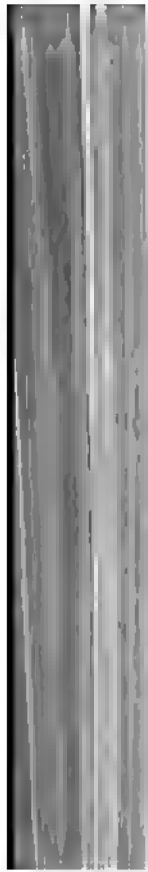


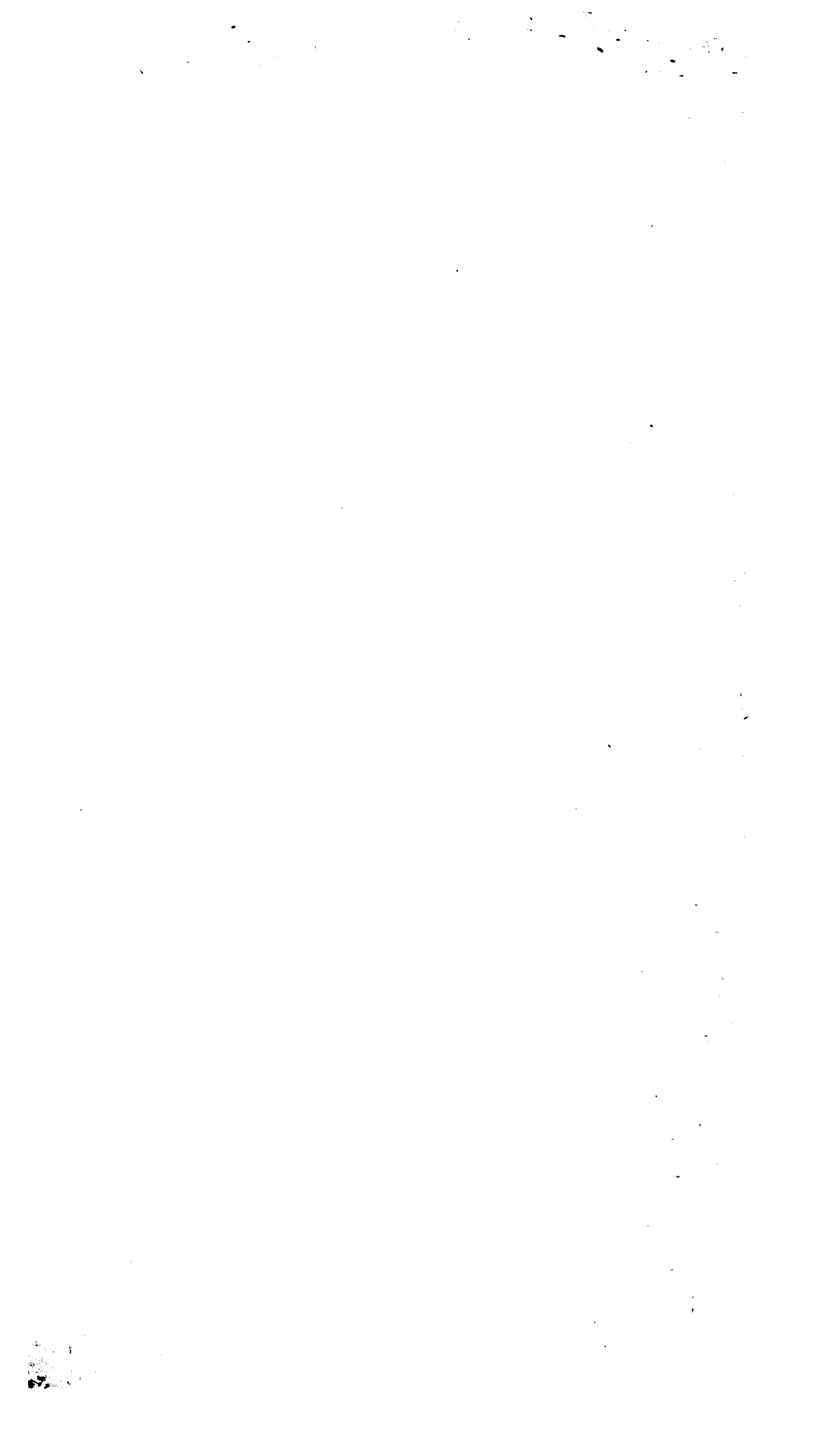






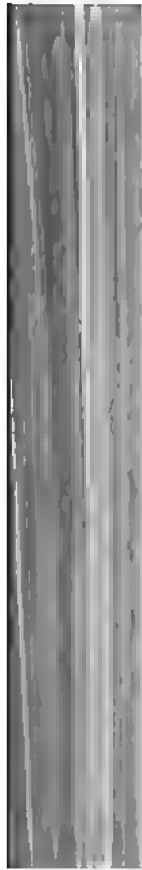


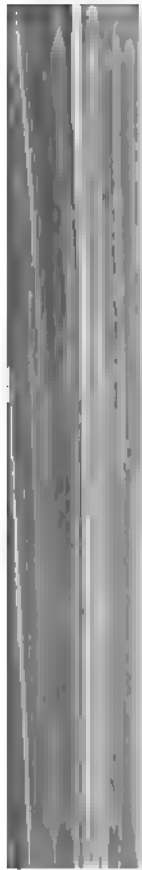




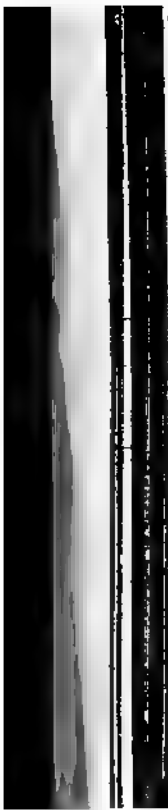


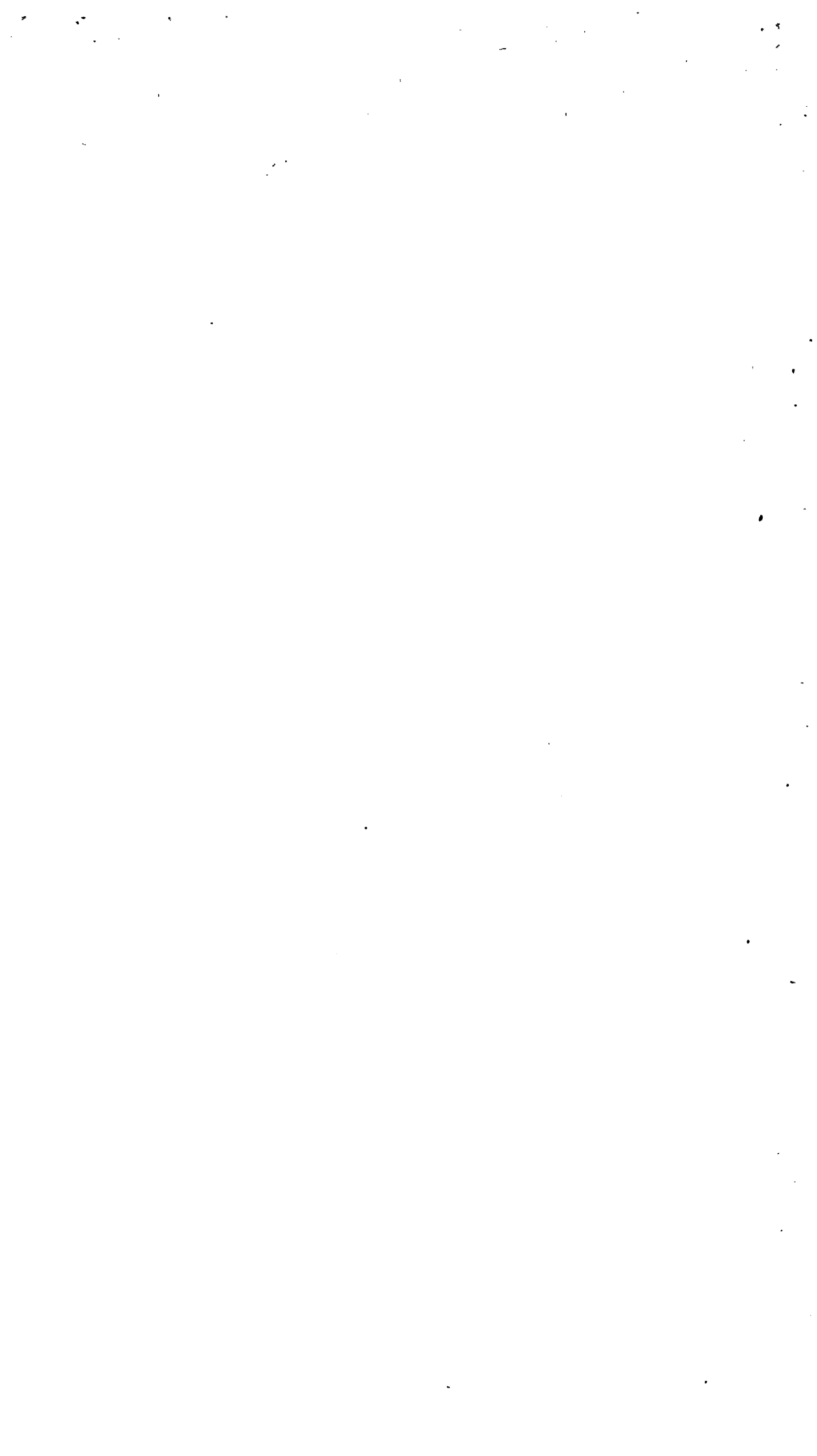


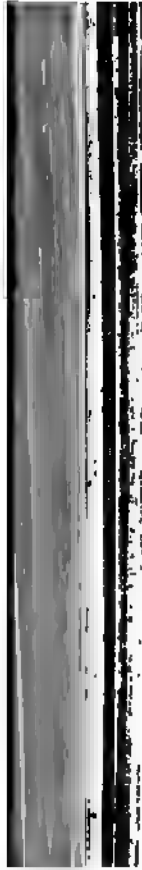




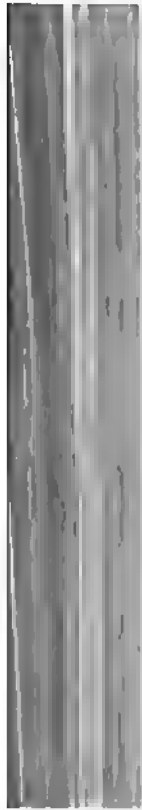












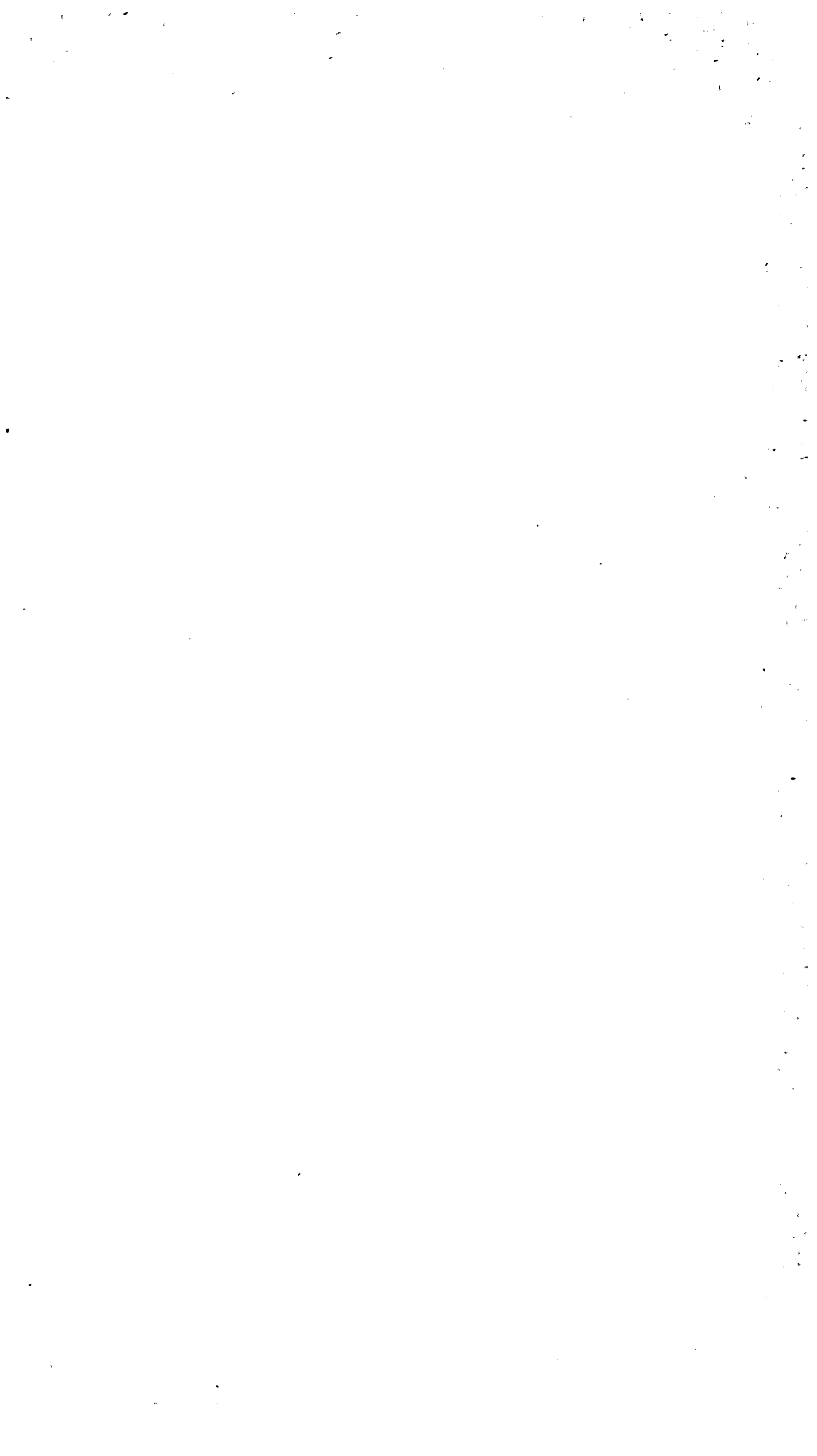


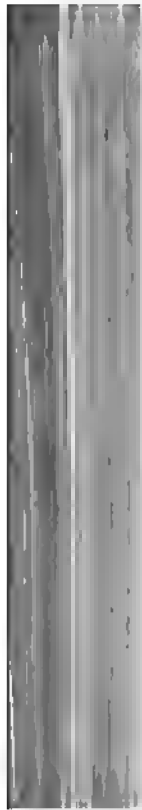












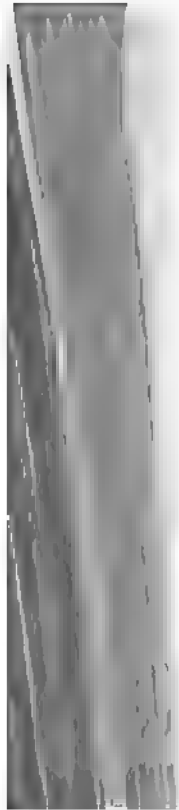






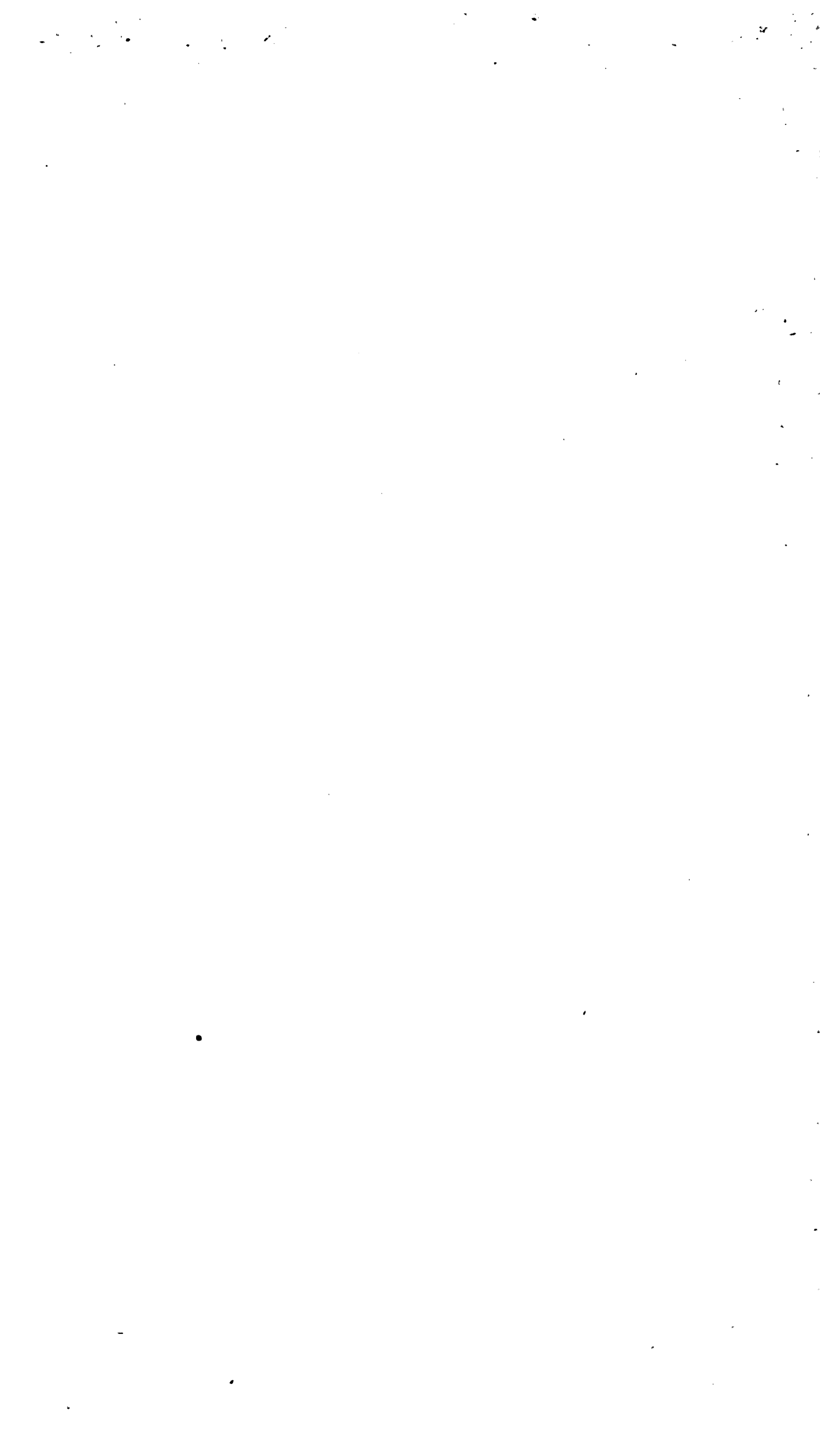






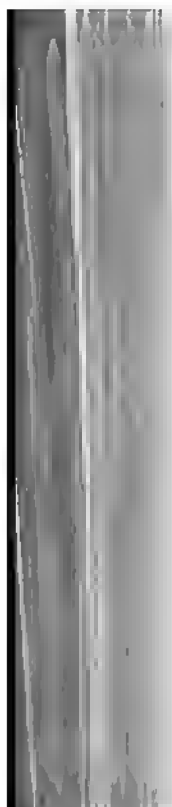


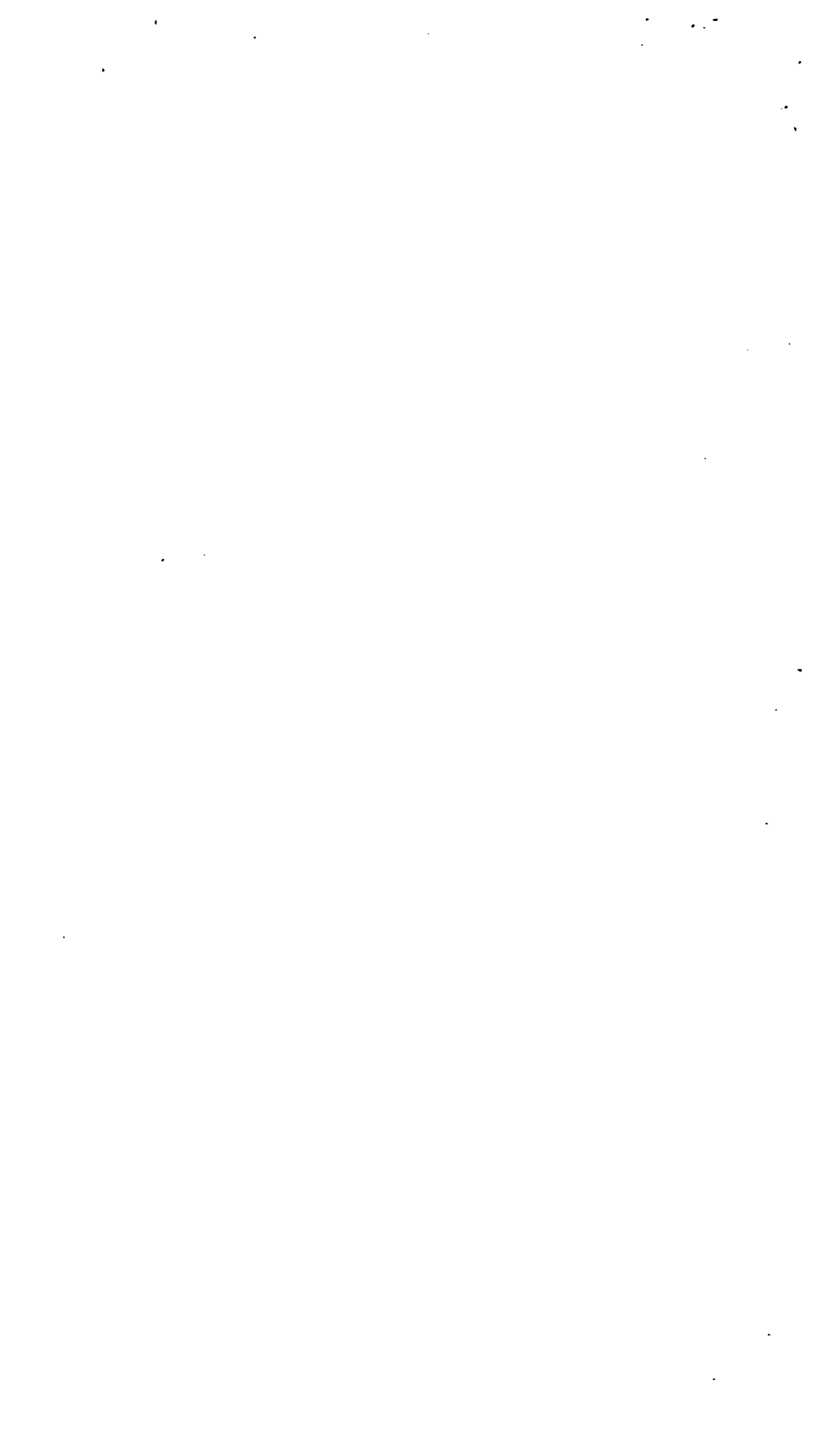




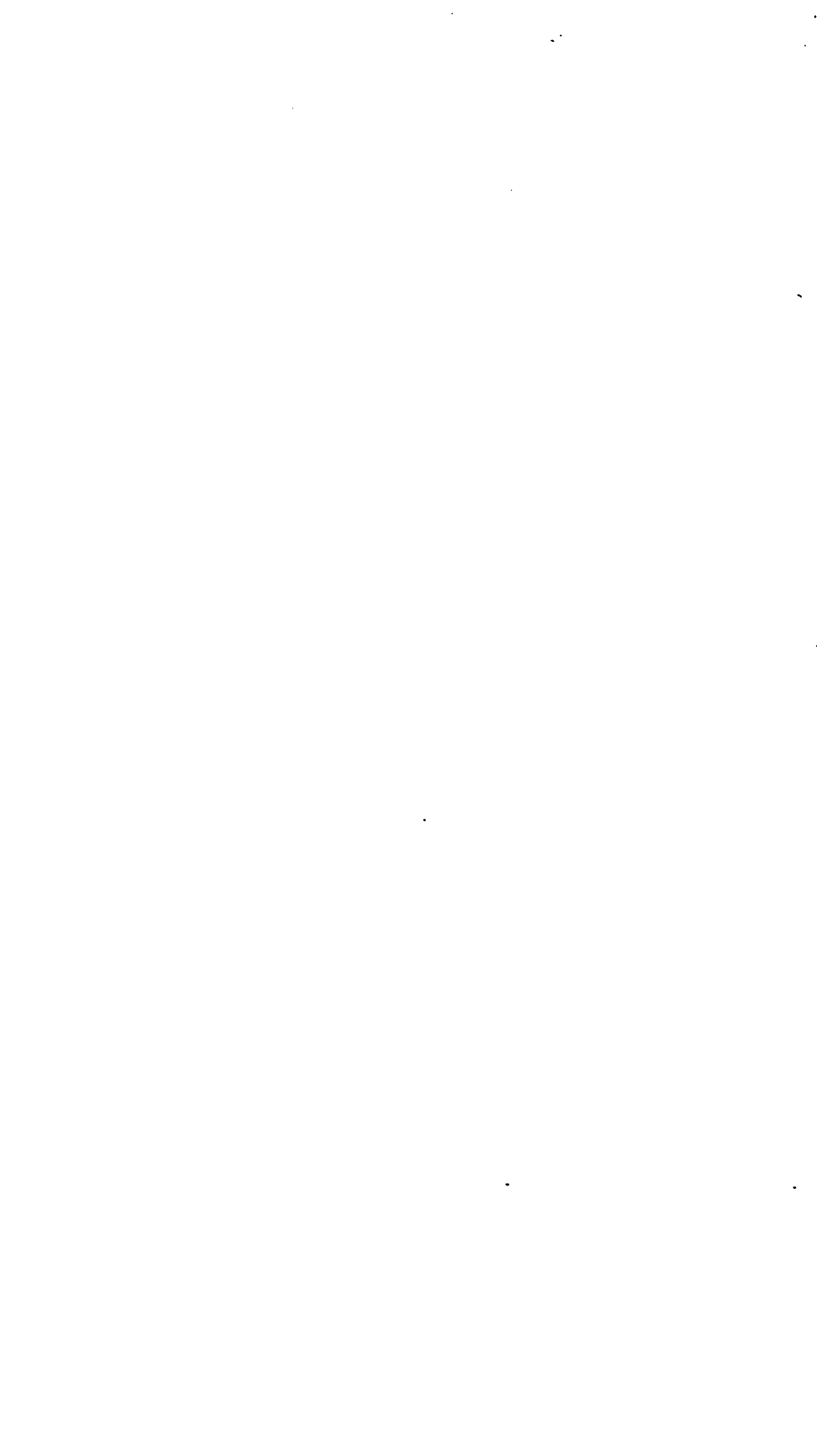


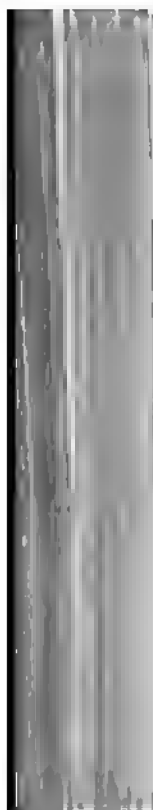














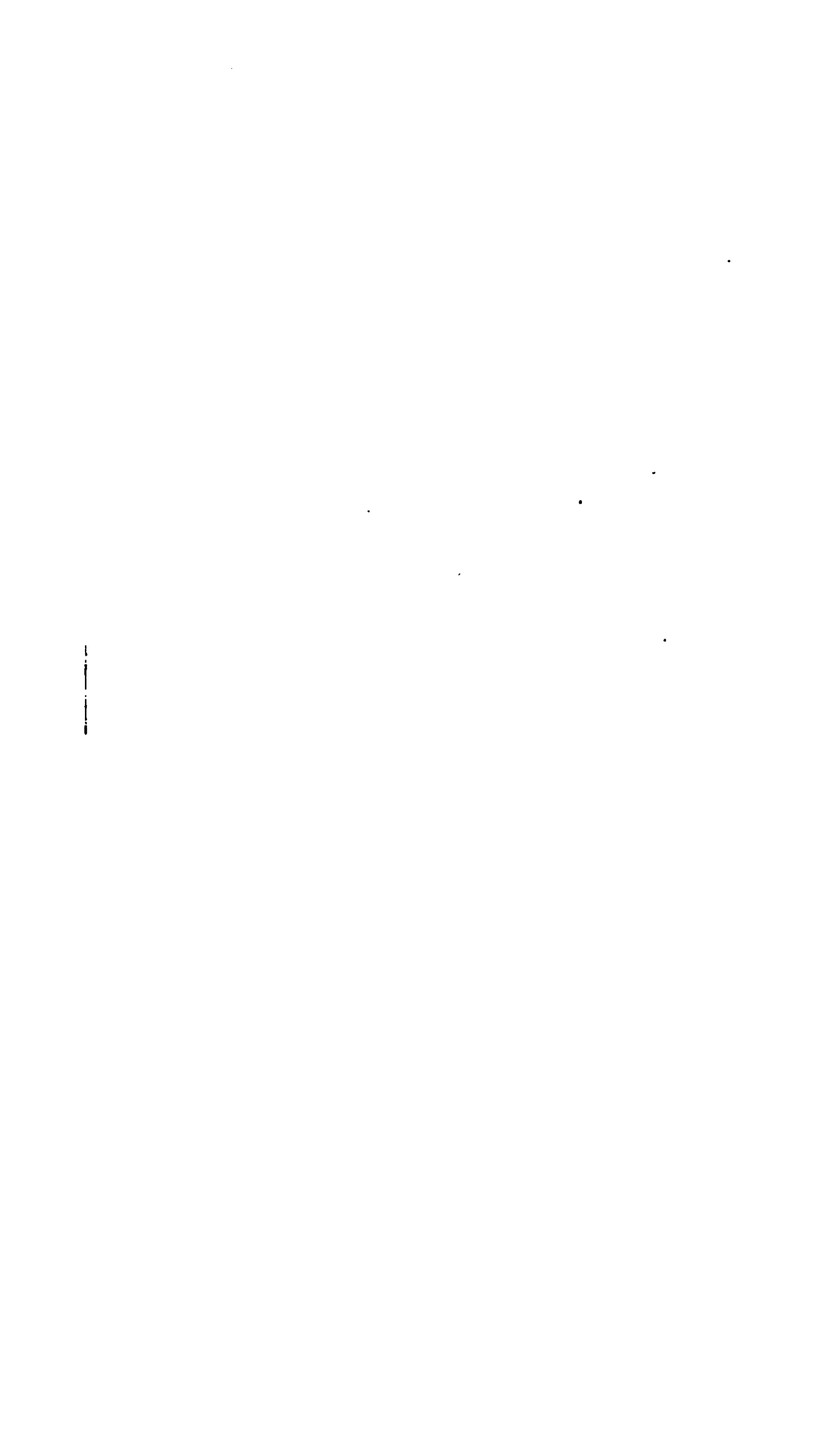


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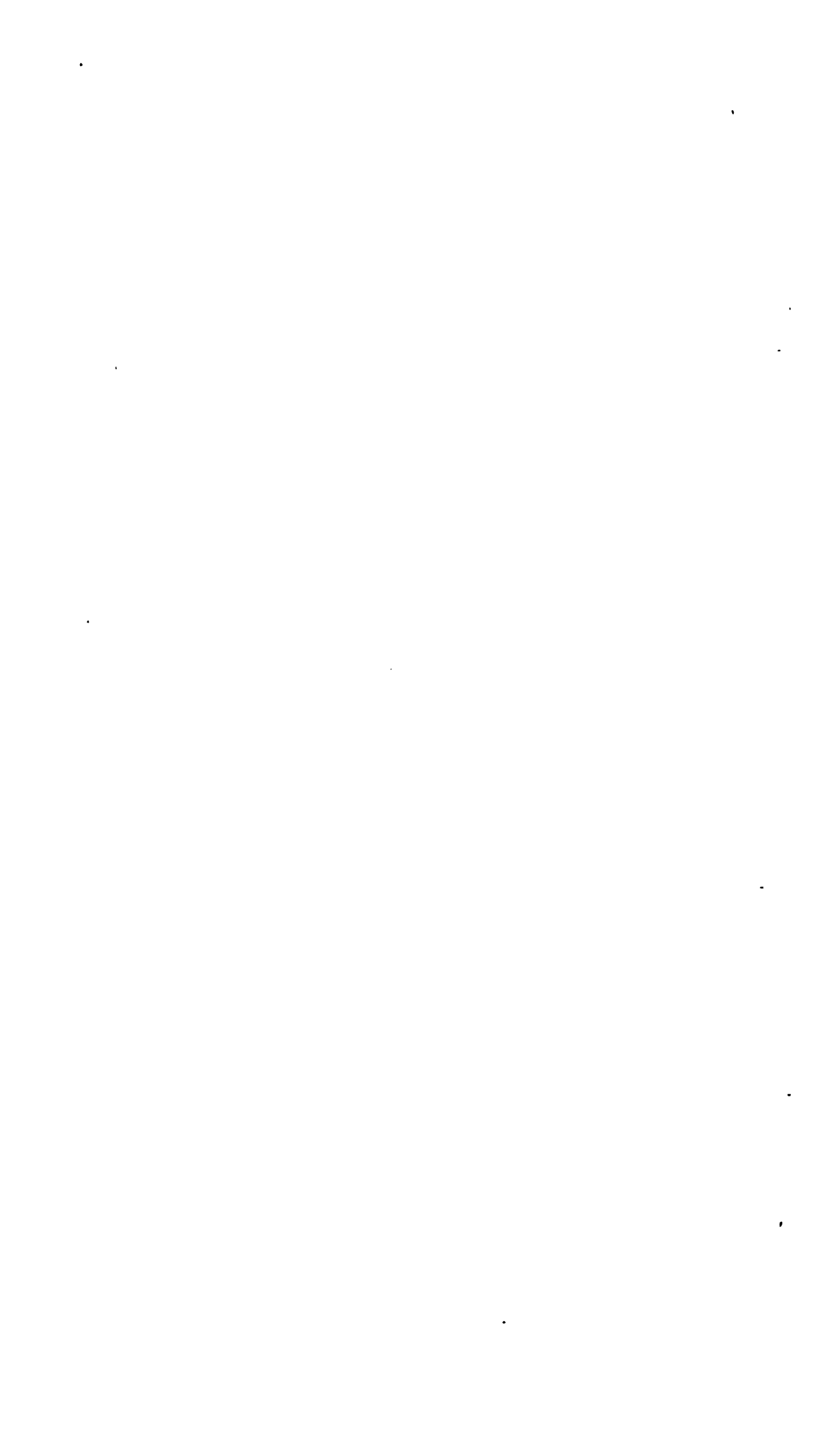




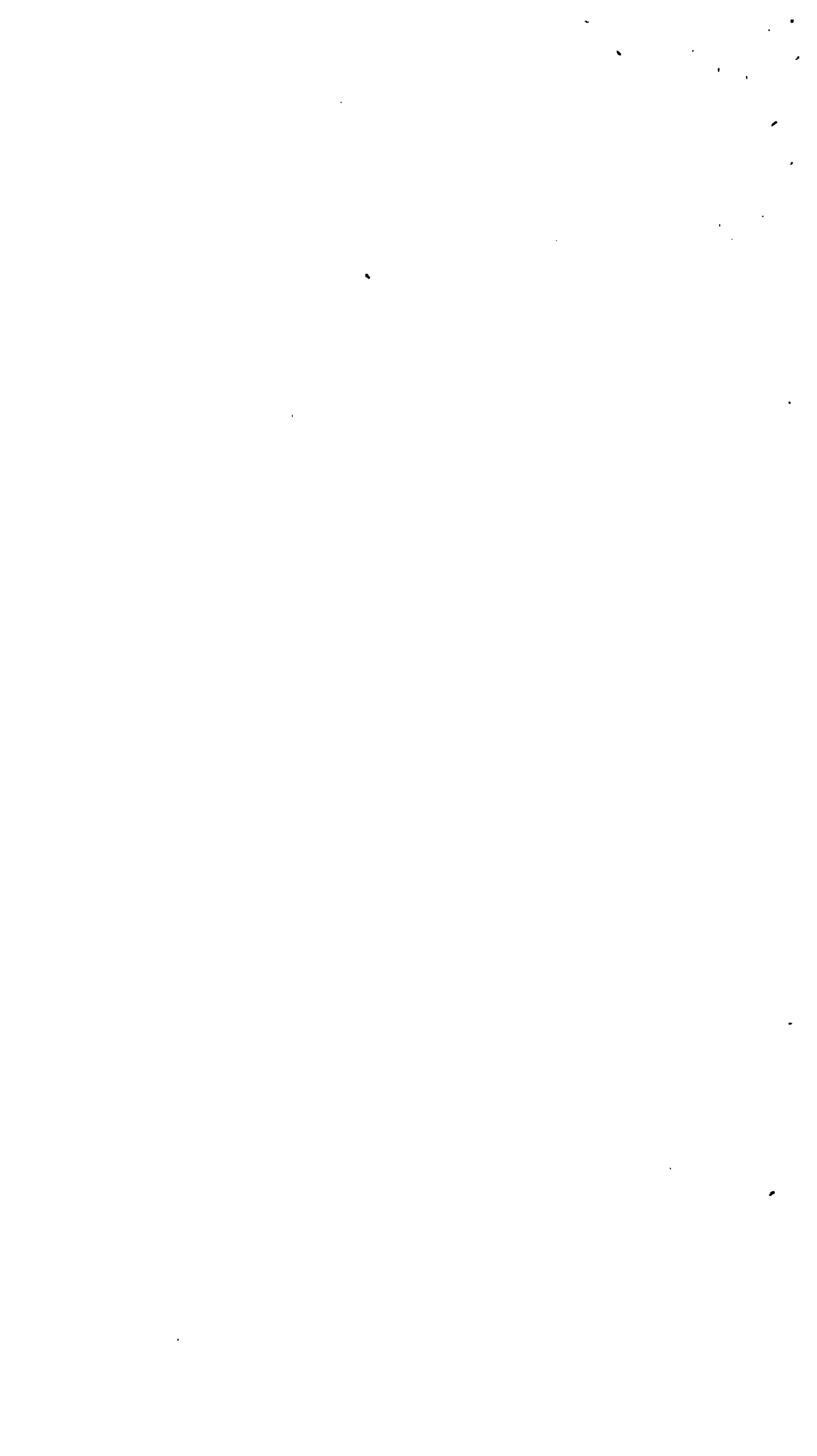
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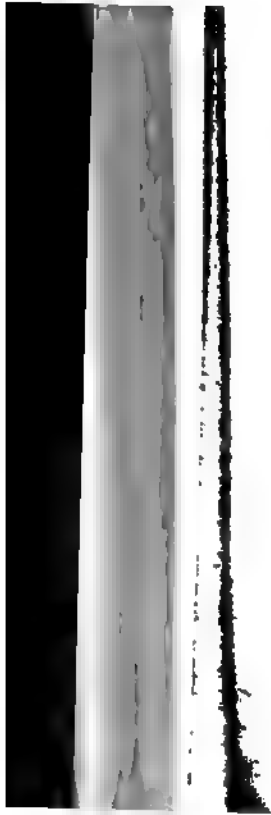


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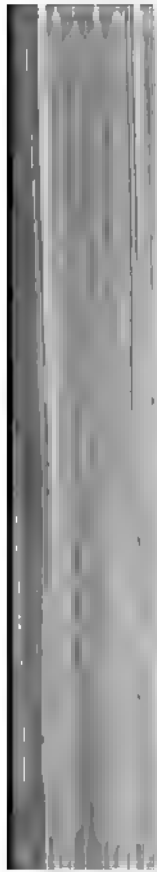


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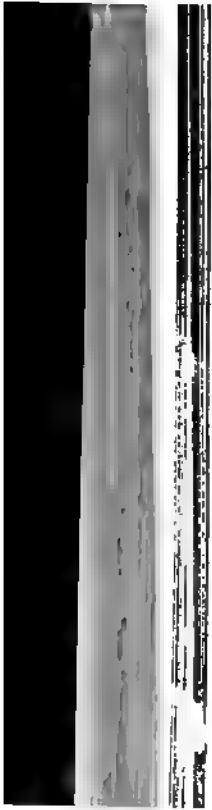


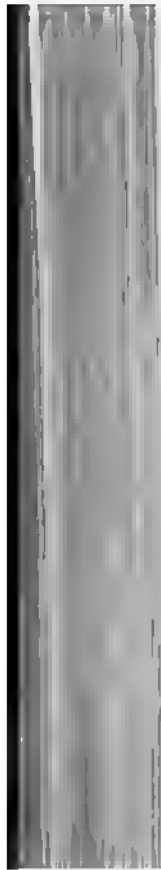


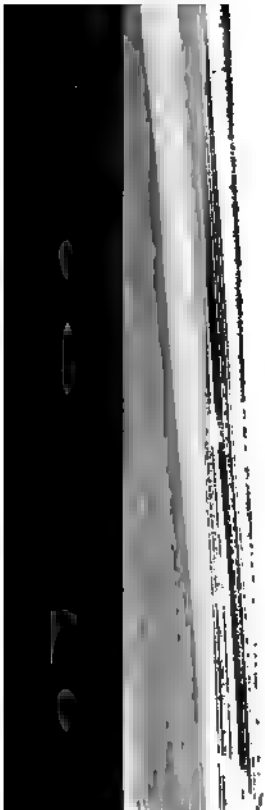










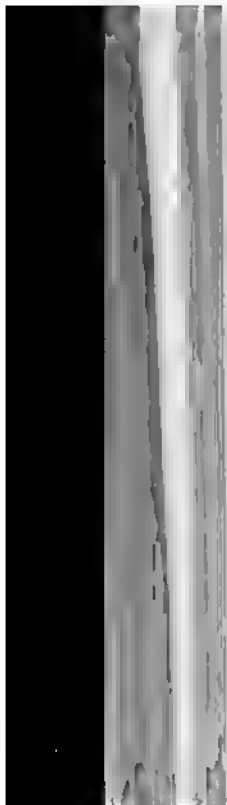








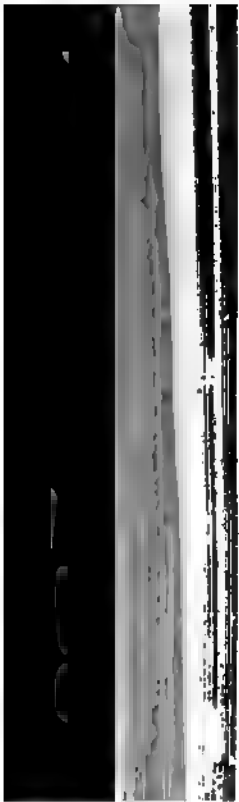






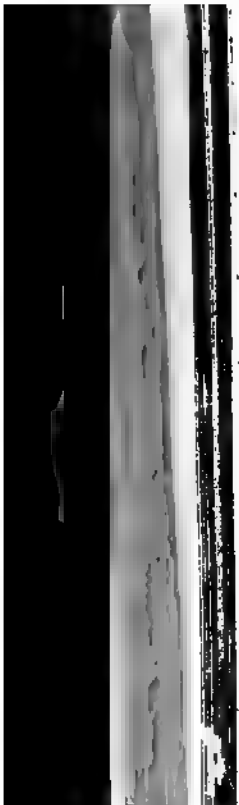








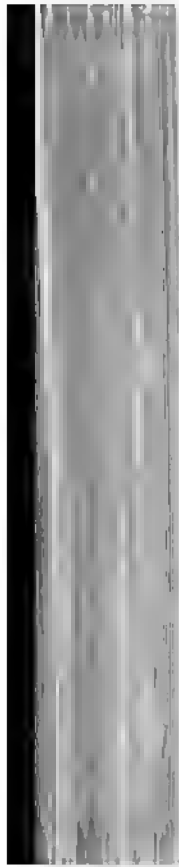






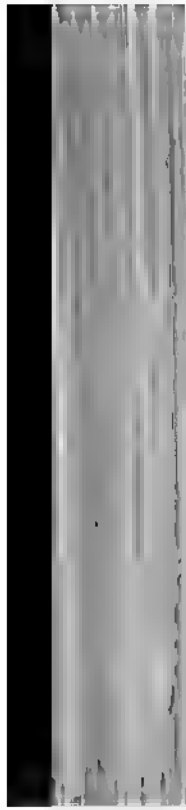


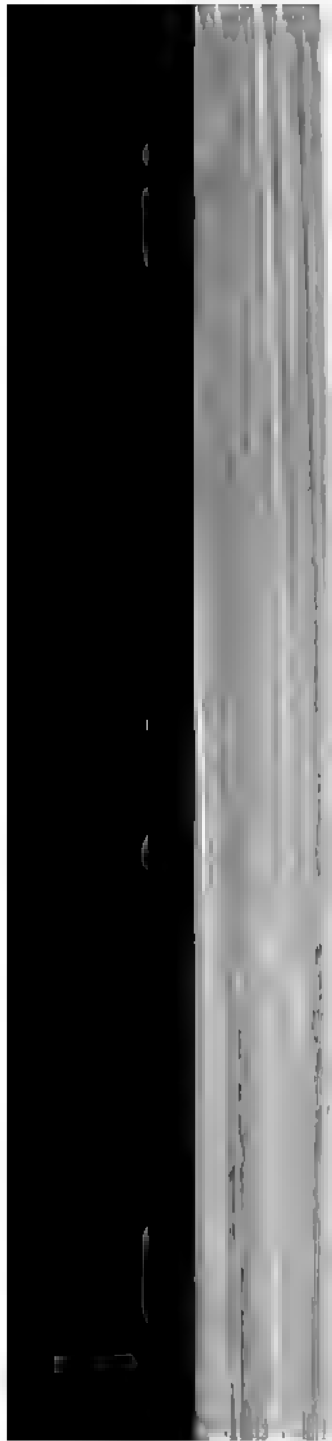














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